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THE NEW YORKER

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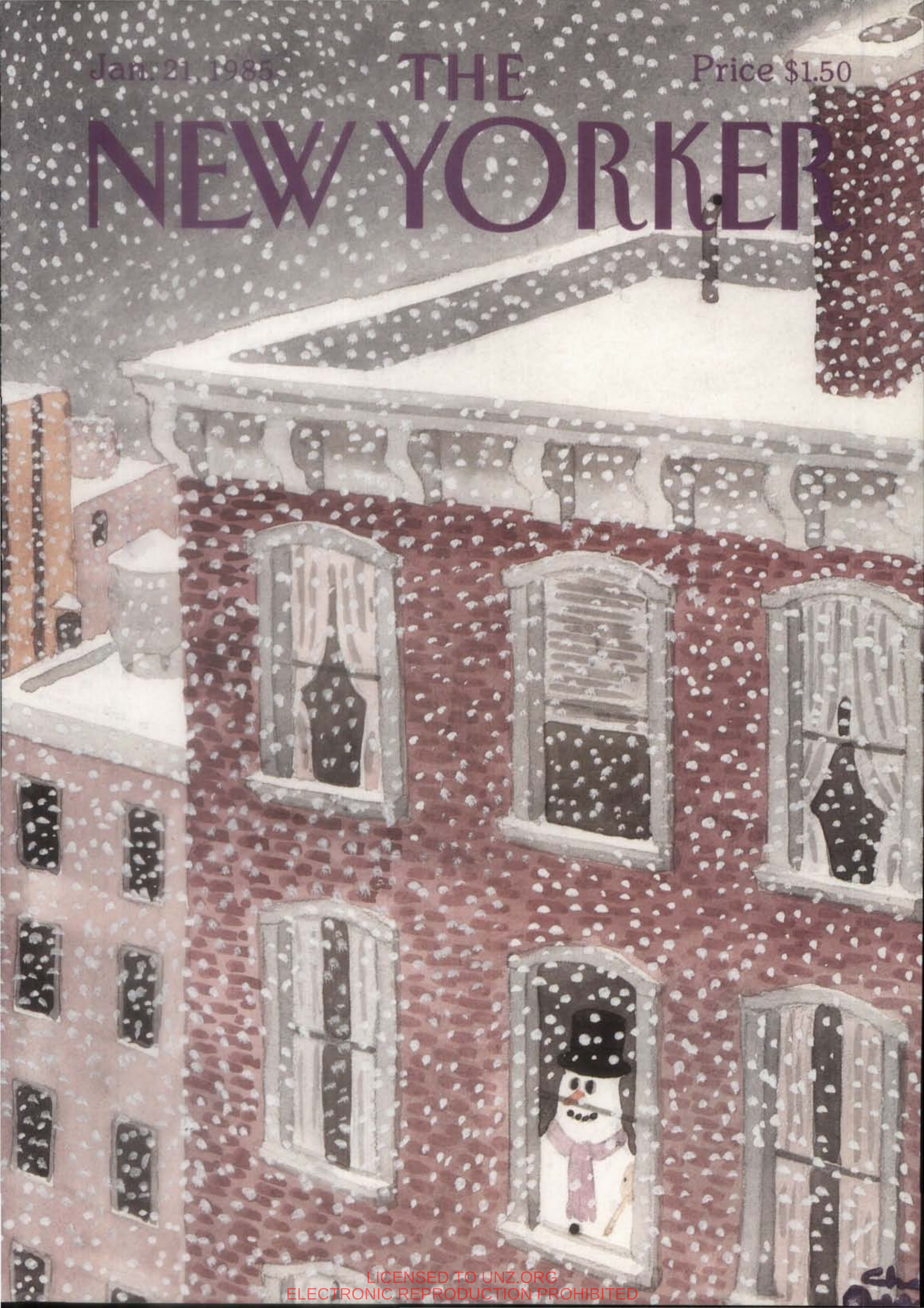

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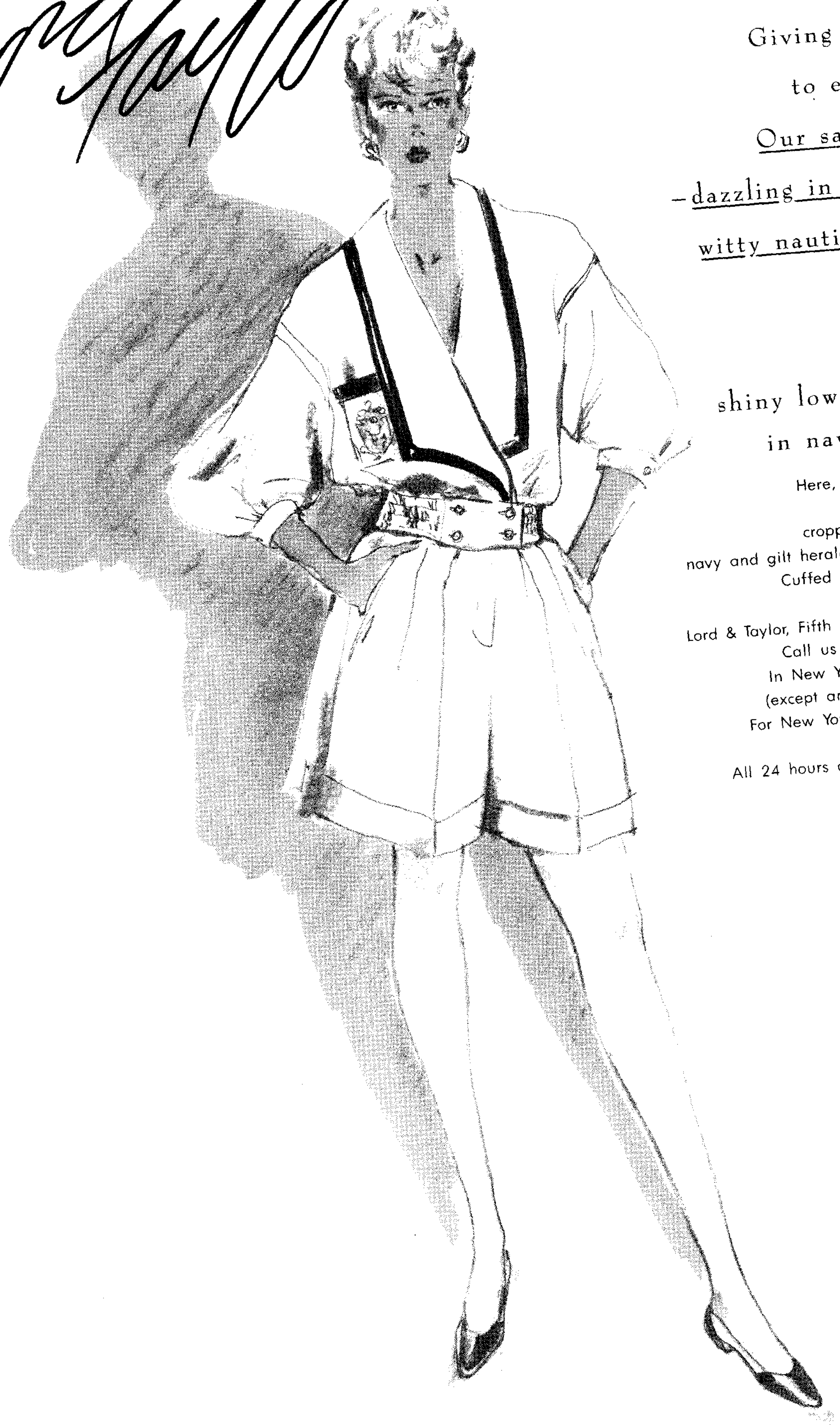

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dancing in the End Zone—Bill C. Davis's sometimes merry and sometimes anguished examination of football as a metaphor for family relations, sexual relations, and even for a putative Third World War. Well acted by Matt Salinger, Laurence Luckinbill, Pat Carroll, and Dorothy Lyman. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/14/85.) (Ritz, 225 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by John Glover, Jim Piddock, and Anne Swift. It is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris," a musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer, as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—This exquisite piece uses every resource of the theatre except words—dance, pantomime, acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on the Hieronymous Bosch painting, it was conceived by its choreographer and director, Martha Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; and the Music-Theatre Performing Group from the Lenox Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone concerned. (12/10/84) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Final performances Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7 and 9; Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 7 and 9.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With John Rubinstein, Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless, bleak comedy: Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by Gary Waldhorn, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not alone as a historic event. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Jan. 27: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as

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original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Private Scenes—A play by Joel Homer. (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Final performances of two plays in alternating repertory. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** This is a brilliant production of the wittiest (and cruellest) of Shakespeare's comedies. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack play the quarrelling lovers, Benedick and Beatrice. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Rostand's grand old warhorse, **CYRANO DE BERGERAC,** has been ill dealt with in this production. The director, Terry Hands, so clever in his exploration of "Much Ado About Nothing," makes the mistake of exaggerating everything in "Cyrano," heating up the rhetoric at the very moment when it is most in need of being cooled. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack as Cyrano and Roxane are helpless under the circumstances. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Thrombo—A comedy by Albert Bermel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. (757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,288 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach, Lee Roy Reams, and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Sandy Duncan and Don Correia in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by, and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Jerome Kern Festival—A concert version of the composer's 1917 light opera "Oh, Boy!," with lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, will be the first in a series of three revivals of musicals created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; Saturday, Jan 26, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Doug Henning and His World of Magic—A treat for the young. Mr. Henning is equally skilled as a prestidigitator and as a creator of elaborate illusions—it appears to cause him no effort to turn a pretty woman into a tiger or to escape from a locked trunk or to walk unscathed through a plate-glass mirror. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "Agon," "In the Night," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "Ballade," "Tzigane," "Poulenc Sonata" (première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Réjouissance," "Ballade," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Western Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.) . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 20: "Réjouissance," "Ballade," "Tzigane," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 20: "Square Dance," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 22: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Seven by Five," "Menuetto,"and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Gounod Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Agon," "In the Night," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "The Four Temperaments," "Moves," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Ballade," "Tzigane," "Moves," and "Réjouissance." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Square Dance," "In the Night," and "Réjouissance." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Flamenco Moro—With guest dancer Maria Alba. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-3980. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3 and 7.)

Groupe Emile Dubois—A brief engagement by this company from France, appearing here for the first time. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Les Survivants." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 23-25, at 8: "Les Aventures d'Ivan Vaffan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Charles Moore Dance Theatre—A program of new and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 19-20, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives

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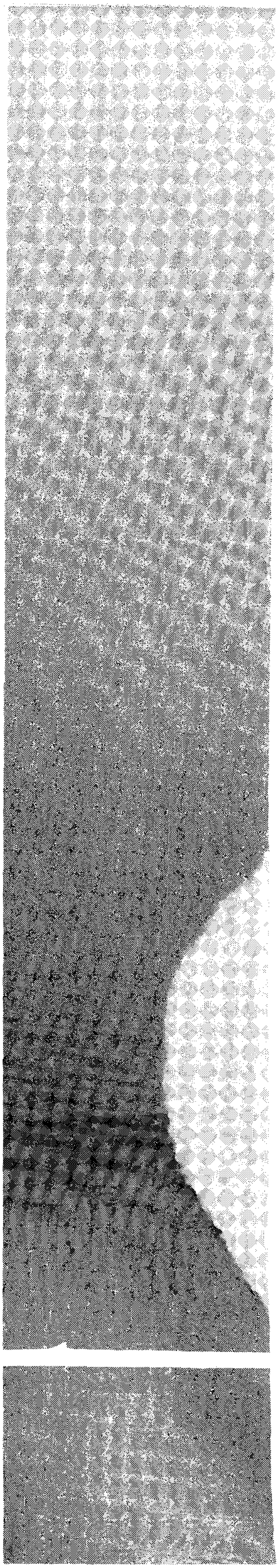

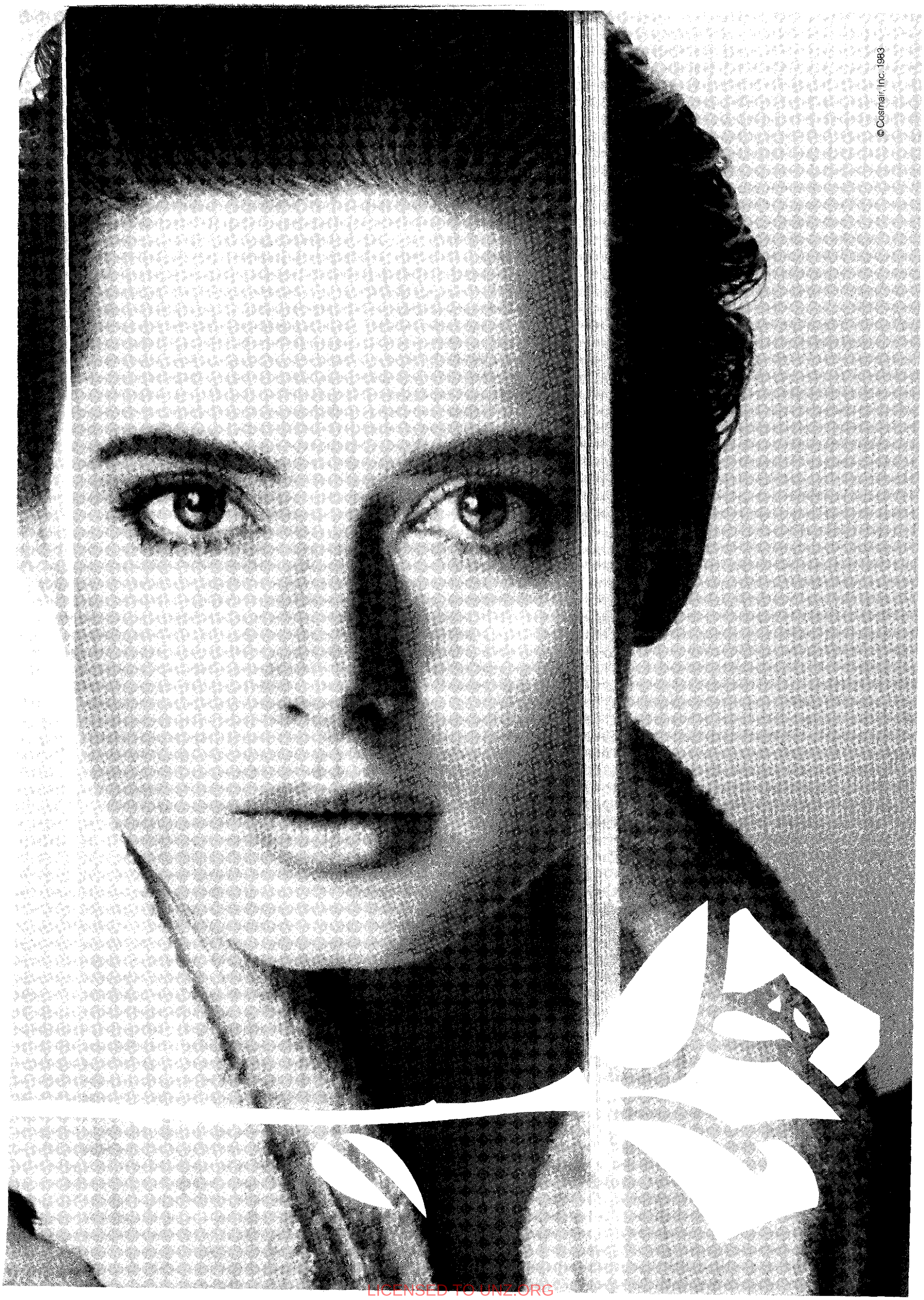

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that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, will belong to pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, the Mark Morganelli quartet will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. The **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA** is assembled on the bandstand through Sunday, Jan. 20; Monday, Jan. 21, will be given over to New York City Tapworks; and starting Tuesday, Jan. 22, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will arrive with his band. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, comics Soupy Sales, Orson Bean, Rob Bartlett, Bob King, and Larry Storch; Sunday, Jan. 20, singers Ronnie Spector and **MARY WELLS** and the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Tuesday *and Wednesday, Jan. 22-23, rock-and-rollist* **BO DIDDLEY,** blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND,** and Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Friday, Jan. 25, Jonathan Edwards and singer and songwriter **WENDY WALDMAN;** and Saturday, Jan. 26, the Second Annual Fast Folk Music Show, *with* **JACK HARDY** and **CHRISTINE LAVIN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RUFUS REID** through Saturday, Jan. 19; **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Monday, Jan. 21; and **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** on Sundays. Music from nine-forty-five.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** is holding forth in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **HANK JONES** plays elegant piano solos in the Bemelmans Bar from nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, old-time string-band music, pitchers of beer, and plaid flannel shirts (you have to bring your own flannel *shirts). The music: Saturday, Jan. 19, the* **DOUBLE DECKER STRING BAND,** and Saturday, Jan. 26, **LYNN HARDY, JAY UNGAR, RUSS BARENBERG,** and **MOLLY MASON.** Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on *the block (the remains of Jimmy* Ryan's sadly waste away nearby). Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Composer and pianist and singer

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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MICHEL LEGRAND performs through Sunday, Jan. 20, and on Tuesday, Jan. 22, flutist Noel Pointer will come in with his band. On Mondays guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 16, *at ten,* **STEVE FORBERT,** *Street the Beat, and the* Tryfles; Thursday, Jan. 17, composer and singer **EARL ROBINSON;** Friday, Jan. 18, the **PERSUASIONS;** Saturday, Jan. 19, the Aztec Two-Step; Wednesday, Jan. 23, the Clintons, the Washington Squares, and Beat Rodeo; *and Saturday, Jan. 26,* **MIMI FARIÑA.** *Sundays* are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with a backup crew Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street–veteran guitarist, leads a trio. All this music begins at about ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also on hand on Sundays from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of **DICK WELLSTOOD'S CLASSIC JAZZ QUARTET** through Saturday, Jan. 19. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a fireball of a stride pianist, will take charge. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz *club that has an exciting, established feel to* it. Guitarists **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **JOHN SCOFIELD** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 20, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 22, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and a trio will occupy the stand. Monday's attraction is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** *featuring saxophonist* **LEW TABACKIN.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Thursday, Jan. 17, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, Who It Is; Sunday, Jan. 20, Frank Canino. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Clarinettist **BOB WILBER** leads a dance band Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Jan. 17, at eight and eleven, **CHUCK BERRY,** the correct answer to the question: What is rock and roll?; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, Tom Robinson and Billy Bragg; Thursday, Jan. 24, rappers **AFRIKA BAMBAATAA & SOUL SONIC FORCE;** and Friday, Jan. 25, the dB's and Sussman Lau*rence. Shows tend to begin sometime after* eleven. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 16, Kenny Werner, Jim Pepper, and John Betsch; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19, tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** and singer pianist **MOSE ALLISON;** Sunday, Jan. 20, Richie Morales; Monday, Jan. 21, Galt MacDermot's New Pulse Jazz Band; Tuesday, Jan. 22, **JERRY GONZALEZ;** Wednesday, Jan. 23, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **KEITH COPELAND;** and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26, **RANDY BRECKER** and **ELIANE ELIAS.** Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like New Year's Eve every weekend. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 16, Adja; Thursday, Jan. 17, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Jan. 20, Angela Santos; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, percussionist **OLATUNJI;** and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**OLD AND NEW DREAMS,** *the Ornette* Coleman-less Ornette Coleman-reunion band, with bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL,** is here through Sunday, Jan. 20. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO'S** *quintet will move in.* Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his **BIG BAND** with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A simple, basic music hangout. Rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is here on Wednesday, Jan. 16; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19, will belong to **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (a.k.a. David Johansen); and on Monday, Jan. 21, there will be zydeco music with Loup Gurou.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Jan. 21, **RAY BARRETTO'S ORCHESTRA, CHICO MENDOZA'S ORCHESTRA,** and guest soloist **CARLOS (PATATO) VALDEZ** will all be present. . . . ¶ Out on the Terrace from nine-thirty, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** work through Sunday, Jan. 20, and vibraharpist **TEDDY CHARLES** will work with pianist **HAROLD DANKO** beginning Tuesday, Jan. 22. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** performs with his trio through Sunday, Jan. 20; on Tuesday, Jan. 22, trumpet ace **JON FADDIS** will arrive with his group. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot *student food, beyond the pinball machines is* a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 16-19, the Manny Duran–Carla White band; Sunday through Tuesday, Jan. 20-22, pianist **CHRIS ANDERSON;** starting Wednesday, Jan. 23, singer **DAKOTA STATON** and her backup crew. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** through Saturday, Jan. 19, and starting Tuesday, Jan. 22, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND.** Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** and Mondays to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MEL TORMÉ and **PETER NERO**—With the Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Iron Maiden—With Queensryche. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Monday, Jan. 17-21, and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 8.)

Sumi Tonooka Trio—With Rufus Reid and Akira Tana. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 9.)

American Folk Roots—The third in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the Southern roots of blues. With Otha Turner's Fife and Drum Band, Algia Mae Hinton, John Jackson, and Horace (Spoons) Williams. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Oliver Lake's Jump Up and **Women of the Calabash**—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call 431-3009.

Carrie Smith—Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.

Bill Crofut and Benjamin Luxon—Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.

Le Roi Brothers and **Trigger & the Thrill Kings**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 10.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Edward Avedisian—Recent paintings and polychrome sculptures. Through Feb. 21. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Doug Hilson—Works in erased graphite on canvas. Through Feb. 2. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Yasuhide Kobashi—Recent polished-steel sculptures. Through Feb. 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Sculptures made with wood molds once used in shipbuilding at the Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, where the artist found them. Through Feb. 2. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Paintings and sculptures, mostly on his trademark theme, horse and rider. Through Feb. 5. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Michael Mazur—New landscape paintings, plus preparatory studies, of winter in Cambridge and summer on Cape Cod. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Stephen Pace—Semi-abstractions, typically taking in a figure, landscape, and still-life on a single canvas. Through Jan. 30. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

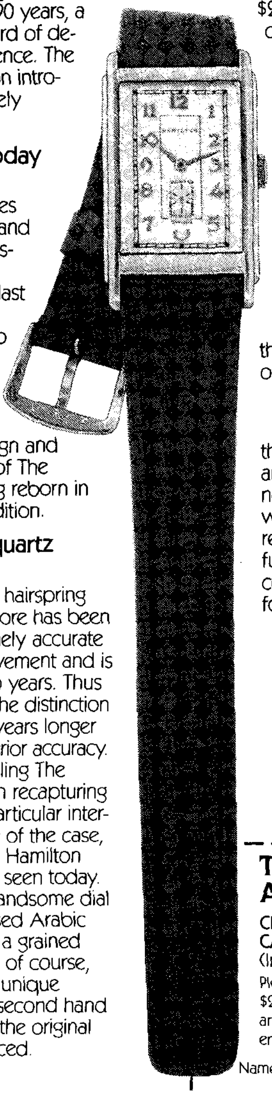
J. J. Sempé—A generous sampling of droll drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

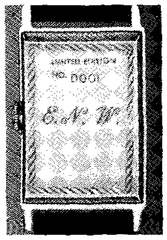
Sylvia Sleigh—A mural-size painting of figures seen against a Hudson River landscape. Among the models were the artist and her husband, Lawrence Alloway. Through Feb. 2. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

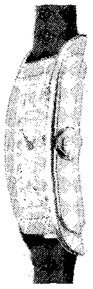
Marina Stern—Pastel, oil, and graphite works depicting windows and things seen through them. Through Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Weeks—Carefully stylized paintings of musicians rehearsing and of such outdoor views as a lake in the Berkshires. Through Feb. 2. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffeld**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Europeans and Americans, such as Baselitz, Guston, and Morley. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Picasso, Matisse, Léger, and Modigliani are among the twenty-odd artists whose smaller works are







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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

being exhibited at present. Through Feb. 2. . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: Drawings by Andrew Dasburg, carved-wood sculptures by Walt Kuhn, portraits by Phyllis Herfield, and Western Canadian landscapes by Terry Fenton. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—Works by six artists who have in common an analytical approach to their material—Jackie Ferrara, Nancy Haynes, Casper Henselmann, Budd Hopkins, Ulrich Niemeyer, and Tim Spelios. Through Jan. 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—A speedboat bouncing over choppy waters and two peacocks in an open field are among the subjects of works on paper in this exhibition. Through Jan. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—Preliminary studies (on canvas, board, and paper) for paintings and drawings, plus two completed oils. Through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Figurative and still-life drawings in mixed mediums on handmade paper. Through Feb. 2. / Thirteen paintings that were among his last. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joan Brown / William T. Wiley—A single painting comprised of four stretched panels—two hanging on a wall and two lying on the floor. / Two large paintings in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

James Coignard—Paintings, works on paper, and prints. Through Feb. 9. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Marcia Dalby—"Small, Medium, and Large," the title for and sizes of freestanding chicken-wire sculptures that are intended to test perceptions of scale. Through Feb. 2. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jillian Denby—Representational still-lifes in oil on canvas, and landscapes in oil on paper. Through Jan. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Duff—Painted fibre-glass sculptures with organic and geometric shapes. Through Feb. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Immense collages that, for all their size, have some of the delicacy and grace of Japanese prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martha Mayer Erlebacher—Allegorical paintings (an evocation of sloth, for instance), paintings of nudes and still-lifes, portraits, and drawings. Through Jan. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin / Christopher Gerlach—Vividly colored realist still-lifes. / Landscapes. Through Jan. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Classical themes are the source of two- and three-dimensional painted-wood works. Through Feb. 2. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

James Lechay—Oils and works on paper: portraits, still-lifes, cityscapes, and figures. Through Feb. 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jim Martin—Sculptures that look like great big jumping jacks, covered with gold lamé, patent leather, and other showy materials. Most are wall pieces, but a couple stand on pedestals. Through Feb. 2. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

George McNeil—This veteran Expressionist reels off paintings of disco action (for instance) with feverish colors and a vigor that belies his seventy-six years. Through Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Meyer—Realist paintings of landscapes in the Western United States. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Donn Moulton—Enlarged toy airplanes, boats, cap pistols, soldiers, and so on, cut out of plywood, painted, and mounted on the walls. Through Feb. 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick / Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Recent abstractions. / Photographs. Through Feb. 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Judy Rifka / Richard Mock—Off on a new kick, this artist, probably the fastest brush in the East, is painting groups of classical figures on canvas stretched over a framework carpentered to give a sort of bas-relief effect. / Four colorful oils, each made up of several panels. Through Feb. 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Aminah Robinson—A sort of heeltap to the recent shows of primitive art is this exhibit of sculptures made of straw, scraps of cloth, twigs, and Georgia clay, depicting life on Sapelo Island, south of Savannah. Besides figures and tableaux, there are handmade books, banners, and quilts. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Esphyr Slobodkina / Timothy Kelley—Abstract paintings with a Constructivist quality, done in the forties and fifties. The artist, by the way, is the widow of Ilya Bolotowsky. / Small sculptures that look like abstract sketches "drawn" with colored metal rods. Through Jan. 30. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—An inventory of his welded-steel wall reliefs, and two free-standing sculptures in the same material. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Etchings and handworked lithographs. Through Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Collages and drawings. Through Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—The surfaces of these paintings on wood and shaped-wood reliefs are pocked and littered with glass jewels. Through Feb. 2. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Tony Wong—Large oil paintings, in several of which small, single figures seem to float over a ground of lush vegetation. There are also works on paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

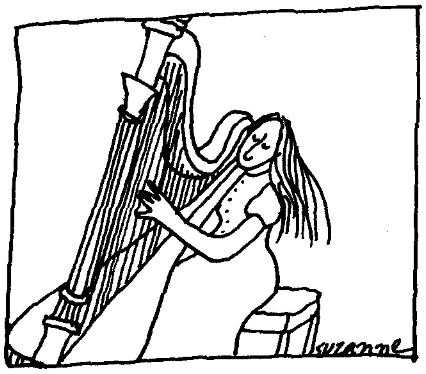
Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—More than sixty drawings from 1896 to 1957, for architectural projects both realized and unrealized. Through Feb. 16. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Fifty-odd paintings, sculptures, and drawings skimmed from a dozen or more East Village galleries; some of the artists have been heard of before and others haven't, but the quality is uniformly high. In the back room, an exhibit of photographs by Allen Ginsberg dating from 1953 on. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69)—Oil paintings (seen in New York for the first time) and drawings in mixed mediums, by an abstractionist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Carl Andre—Eleven sculptures laid out on the floor and made up of rectangular metal plates, three hundred and twenty-two in all, varying in size from piece to piece. Through Jan. 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)



Daniel Buren—Two walk-through architectural installations made of striped canvas which create a Camelot atmosphere and mark the gallery's expansion into additional space. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Sandro Chia—Heroic-sized paintings of not-so-heroic figures—an artist showing his works to a family of Teddy bears, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Natalie Edgar—Recent abstract paintings and etchings. Through Feb. 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Peter Flaccus—Abstractions on canvas and paper. Through Feb. 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Photographs of flowers by Annie Leibovitz, Man Ray, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others are also on display.

Don Hazlitt—Small painted constructions that continue the artist's exploration of apocalyptic themes. Through Feb. 6. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Diane Kaiser—Sculptures combining painted wood and mirrors, plus small pieces in fired clay. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Aristodimos Kaldis (1899-1979)—A retrospective that highlights his larger, late-career paintings. Through Feb. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Grace Knowlton—Two shows. Sculptures in fired clay and in bronze, plus photographs and drawings. (Twining, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Silver and platinum prints. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) Through Saturday, Jan. 26.

Jack Lembeck—Ten paintings from the gallery's collection which date from 1974 to 1979. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Jackie Lipton—Abstract images painted in oil and wax on canvas. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery show. Apocalyptic paintings of firestorms, shown in sculptured frames that not only continue the flame motif but are studded with human remnants—skulls, hands, feet. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Huge sculptures, most of them based on architectural forms. Through Feb. 9. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Sigmar Polke—Very large and enigmatic paintings by this eminent German artist, the subjects ranging from a grim barbed-wire fence, entitled "Lager" (camp), to a satiric five-panel piece in which President Reagan contemplates the European problem; the fifth panel shows a coffin lid. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Curtis Ripley—Ceramic sculptures, along with drawings and paintings that refer to them. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Susan Smith—Paintings that incorporate found architectural elements—broken tile, wallpaper, wall sections. Through Jan. 31. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Marco Tirelli—Paintings of long-legged chairs, ladders, stools, easels, pillars, and other standing objects, bunched together on crowded canvases. Through Jan. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Peter Voulkos / Jean-Marc Prouveur—Ceramic works. / Didactic photographic triptychs whose central panels show public memorials of the world wars. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Drawings and paintings by Günther Brus, Arnulf Rainer, and Hermann Nitsch, as well as photographs by Mr. Nitsch. Through Feb. 2. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY:** Paintings, sculptures, and photographs selected by Joseph Masheck. The eighteen artists include Paul Benney, Carla Tardi, and Robin Weglinski. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: Paintings by Fred Escher, Christof Kohlofer, Tod Wizon, others. Through Feb. 2. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Still another wave of young Italian painters, these a few years junior to Clemente, Cucchi, and Chia. They are Domenico Bianchi, Bruno Ceccobelli, Gianni Dessi, and Giuseppe Gallo,

THE CLOCK STOPPER

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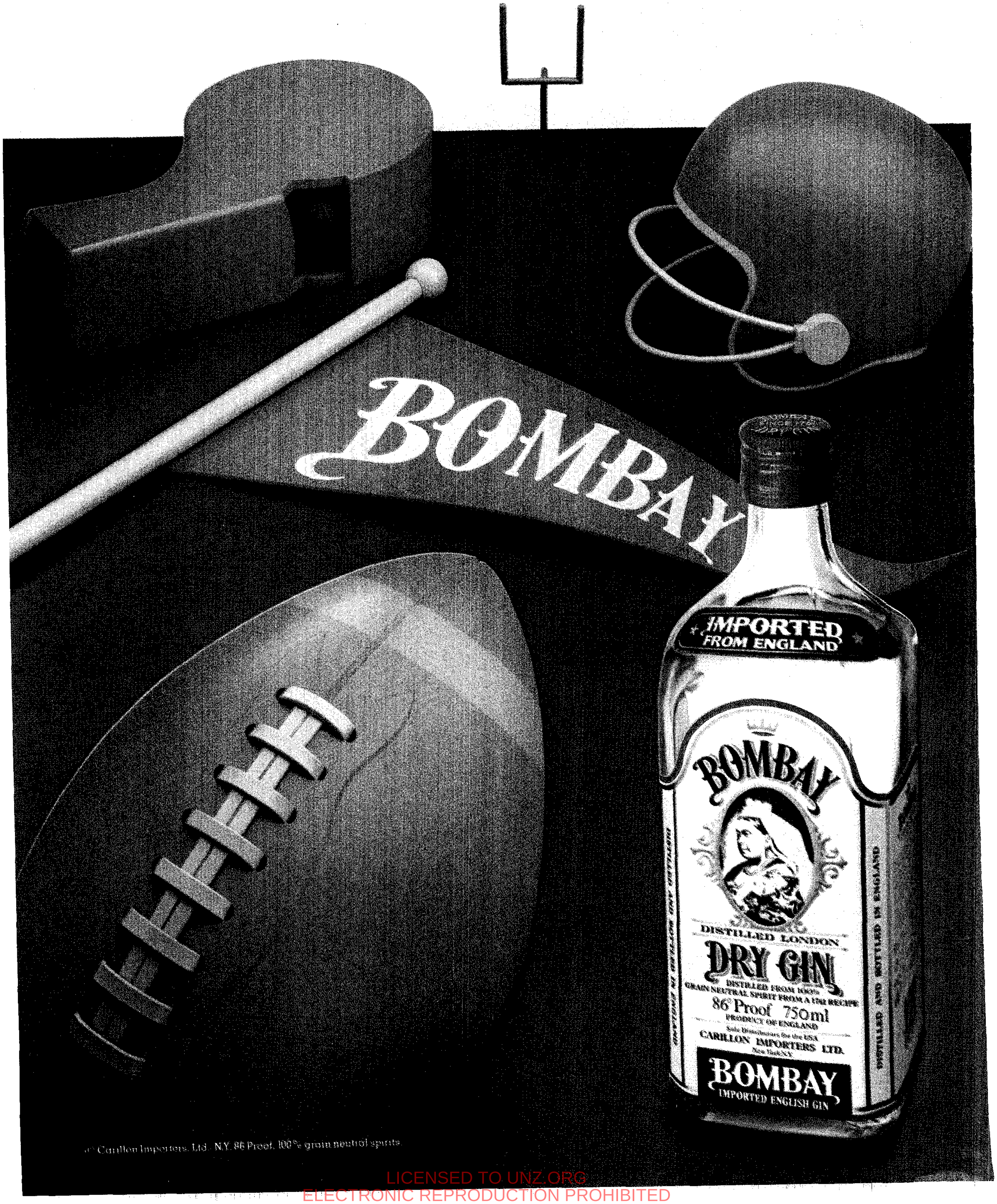
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and their paintings are big and bold. Through Saturday, Jan. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Jän Muller (1922-58)—Twenty-five paintings, including large figurative works and landscapes from the last two years of the artist's life, smaller canvases, and several mosaic abstractions from 1953. Through Feb. 23. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

George Peck—*Abstract paintings, including* diptychs contrasting the city and the country. Through Feb. 9. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings dating from the thirties through the seventies—watermelons, birds, dogs baying at the moon, and a man with a strawberry ice-cream cone. Through Jan. 31. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Forty-odd prints from the twenties and thirties, including portraits of Edna St. Vincent Millay and Edward Hopper, and views of New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—This artist is having his first New York show of photographs, which are as mammoth as his paintings; two are seven feet by twenty-two. Through Feb. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Irene Fay / Clarence John Laughlin (1905-84)—Black-and-white photographs, mostly landscapes. / Representative photographs. Through Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Nan Goldin—Color photographs of men and women in Berlin and New York. Through Jan. 31. (Christminster, 336 E. 5th St. Opens at 1, Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jacques Kaplan—Color prints by a fur designer who started getting serious about photography *three years ago. Through Saturday,* Jan. 19. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Duane Michals—More than fifty works, including painted photographs and color prints. Through Feb. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Holly Roberts—Paintings on paper and painted photographs. Through Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum portraits of Appalachian artisans, and of blacks on the Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina. Through Feb. 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's show of equestrian attire and tack-room art consists of uniforms, sportswear, saddles, coaches, paintings, and sculptures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A *retrospective of Abstract Expressionist* paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Feb. 12. Complementary shows are at the Brooklyn Museum and at Cooper Union's Great Hall lobby, Third Ave. at 7th St. (The Modern is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Starts Sunday, Jan. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty-plus works on paper by Lee Krasner, which complements the retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by Europeans which appeared in books and newspapers, as magazine covers, and as posters. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display that includes paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Through March 15. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular *books) of the late Middle Ages and the* Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

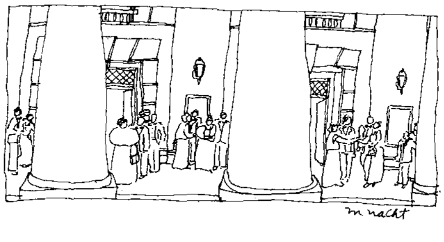
EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Kidd Jordan Elektric Band of New Orleans, Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30 (a joint concert with the Gangster Choir and Jessica Hagedorn), and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Borah Bergman (piano) and the David Ware trio, with Beaver Harris and Peter Kowald, Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3; Mark Wheaton (music) and John Zorn and others (performance, with music), Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)



OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Gianna Rolandi, James King, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 21: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 22: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Teresa Kubiak, Gianna Rolandi, John Alexander, and Dale Duesing; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Alfredo Kraus, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, Richard Cassilly, and Christian Boesch; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2.)

"Dreyfus"—Morris Moshe Cotel conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in the première of his opera, staged by Maurice Edwards. The first in the Philharmonic's "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Offenbach's operetta "Bluebeard," in English. *Staged by Albert Sherman* and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

Bel Canto Opera—Igor Chichagov conducting performances of Franz Lehár's opera "Giuditta," in English. Staged by Christian Angermann. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturdays, Jan. 19 and 26, at 8, and Sundays, Jan. 20 and 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Klaus Tennstedt conducting—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30: A Richard Strauss–Beethoven program, with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Paul Neubauer, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 26, and Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: A Beethoven-Dvořák *program, with* Bella Davidovich, piano.

English Chamber Orchestra—George Malcolm conducting and playing the harpischord in a Handel-Bach-Vivaldi program, with José-Luis Garcia, violin; Michala Petri and Dennis Godburn, recorder; and Neil Black, oboe. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—Simon Rattle conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8, a Takemitsu-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall.

Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3, a Beethoven-Sibelius program.)

Prague Symphony—Jiri Belohlavek directing a performance of Dvořák's cantata "The Specter's Bride," with Magdalena Blahusiakova, soprano; Michael Sylvester, tenor; Ivan Kusnjer, baritone; the Hartt Chamber Singers; and the Worcester Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra—Ton Koopman conducting and playing the harpsichord in an all-Bach program, performed by this group making its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the second in a series of five concerts, this one with singer John Raitt. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y—Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. . . . ¶ *Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24*, at 8: James Galway conducting and acting as flute soloist.

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Twenty-nine players who perform without a conductor. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, with Nina Beilina, violin.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a Beethoven-Walton program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Janet Bookspan, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—At Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum—Monday, Jan. 21, at 8: Samuel Baron conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: Paul Dunkel conducting, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Harriet Wingreen, harpsichord; Hamao Fujiwara, violin; and Samuel Baron, flute.

I Musici—Pina Carmirelli, *violin, and eleven* other musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music—Max Rudolf conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—A program entitled "Harpsichords & More Harpsichords," with music by Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Brahms-Schütz program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of Beethoven piano sonatas performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The first of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; David Gordon, tenor; André Emelianoff, cello; and Thomas Stacy, English horn. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Frederick Zlotkin, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax and Yoko Nozaki Ax—A program of music for two pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

American String Quartet—The second in a series of three concerts. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—A program of medieval music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, and Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Benita Valente, Kenneth Cooper, Timothy Eddy, and Cynthia Raim—Soprano, harpsichord, cello, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program entitled "A Tribute to George Perle and His Music," honoring the composer's seventieth birthday. With Sarah Rothenberg, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Music from Japan—A program of traditional and modern works for Japanese drums and flutes. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-4587.)

Paula Robison—Flute, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, and others, in a performance of Bach's "Musical Offering," as realized by Mr. Cooper. The second in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Margaret Willig—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

North/South Consonance—James Perla conducting a program of music by Harold Blumenfeld, Claire Polin, and others. With Christine Schadeberg, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Arioso Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A Bach-Beethoven-Ravel program performed by members of the society and seven guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 21-22, at 7:30.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with John-Steele Ritter, keyboard, in an all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—A benefit program, part classical and part jazz, performed by Milton Hinton, bass; Jaime Laredo, violin; Honi Coles, tap dancer; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

James Richman—Harpsichord, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Walter Trampler, viola, in an all-Mozart program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan 21, at 8.)

New York Quintet—A program of new American music, with the Algonquin String Quartet and Richard Fletcher, conductor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Mannes Contemporary Ensemble—A program of works by Ives, Cage, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Janos Starker—The first of two concerts presenting Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

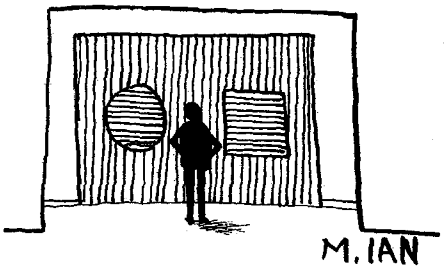
New Jersey Percussion Ensemble—A program of music by Charles Wuorinen. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Young Uck Kim and Peter Serkin—The third in a series of five concerts presenting music by Mozart for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Paul Neubauer—Viola, with the Solisti New York, conducted by Ransom Wilson. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Scott Jackson Wiley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)



Sandra Goodman and Robert Schwartz—Mezzo-contralto and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Music from Marlboro—A Mozart-Beethoven-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Patricia Spencer, flute. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Downtown Chamber and Opera Players—Two programs of works by contemporary composers, influenced by jazz and popular music. Peter Maxwell Davies' "Yellow Cake Revue" (New York première) will be presented both evenings. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 26-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-1594.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Jan. 24, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 26, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 19, and the Assault Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 26.

Track—Wanamaker Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25, at 6.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

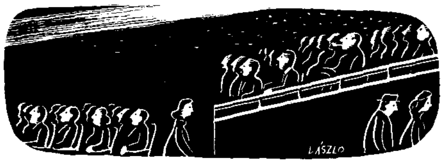
Poetry and Prose Readings—Stanley Plumly and Mary Jo Salter reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.) . . . ¶ Peter Kavanagh, Galway Kinnell, and Louis Simpson reading from the poetry of Patrick Kavanagh. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Philip Graham reading from his own short stories. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30.)

National Boat Show—In addition to the latest sail and power models, the seventy-fifth annual event is featuring a small fleet of vintage craft, including a naphtha launch that was displayed in the 1905 show. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 16-18, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 19, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 20, from 11 to 7.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.—Thursday, Jan. 17, at 2: Old Master paintings. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Jan. 16, from 9:30 to 3.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Jan. 17: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

Jan. 18-24: "Transes" (1981; Ahmed El Maanouni), a documentary.

Jan. 25: At 7:30, "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French); and at 9:30, "Film About a Woman Who . . ." (1974; Yvonne Rainer).

Jan. 26: At 4, "New York Story" (1984; Jackie Raynal), and "Je Tu Il Elle;" at 7, "Committed" (1984; Sheila McLaughlin and Lynne Tillman); and at 9:30, "Invisible Adversaries" (1978; Valie Export).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Jan. 17: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

From Jan. 18: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Jan. 17: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris; and "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through Jan. 17: "Dune" (†).

From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Jan. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Jan. 18: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Theatre 2: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen. (No performances on Wednesday, Jan. 16.)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Jan. 23: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

From Jan. 24: "Barry McKenzie Holds His Own" (1975; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Barry Humphries.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage. From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "The Killing Fields" (†). From Jan. 18: To be announced.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "Dune" (†). From Jan. 18: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

Theatre 2: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Jan. 17: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

From Jan. 18: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Theatre 2: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Jan. 17: "Falling in Love" (†).

From Jan. 18: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Jan. 18: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 22: "The Plague Dogs" (1983; directed by Martin Rosen), an animated film. From Jan. 23: "Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 22: "Dear Summer Sister" (1972; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). From Jan. 23: "Chambre 666" (1982; Wim Wenders; in several languages, with English subtitles), "Reverse Angle" (1982; Wim Wenders), and "A Short Confession by Luis Buñuel" (1980; Martine Lefevre; in French), three short films.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chéreau; in French).

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French). From Jan. 18: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking. From Jan. 18: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Theatre 3: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Jan. 17: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

From Jan. 18: "That's Dancing" (Jack Haley, Jr.)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

A festival of Simone Signoret films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Jan. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

From Jan. 18: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.

Theatre 2: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.

Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "The Inheritors" (Walter Bannert; in German), with Nikolas Vogel.

Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon. From Jan. 18: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 17: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn. From Jan. 18: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

Theatre 2: "Pinocchio" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 24: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell. From Jan. 25: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin).

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 17: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel. From Jan. 18: "Walking the Edge."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Purple Rain" (†). From Jan. 18: "Surf II: The Nerds Strike Back."

Theatre 4: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Theatre 5: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Jan. 17: "Pinocchio" (†).

From Jan. 18: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Falling in Love" (†). From Jan. 18: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Theatre 3: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Cotton Club" (†).

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Jan. 24: "Dune" (†).

From Jan. 25: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (John Schlesinger).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, *Seventh Ave. at 49th.* (757-7003)

"Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Mutilator."

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking. From Jan. 18: "Walking the Edge."

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Theatre 2: "Avenging Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Betsy Russell.

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Emmanuelle 4" (Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 17: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen. From Jan. 18: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage.

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 17: "The Bostonians" (1984; directed by James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

From Jan. 18: "Repo Man" (Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; *on Mondays through Fridays, theatre* opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 17: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

From Jan. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Jan. 17: "The Jewish Gauchos" (1976; Juan Jose Jusid; in Spanish), with Pepe Soriano.

From Jan. 18: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 17: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp; and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Jan. 18-19: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

Jan. 20-22: "The Lion in Winter" (†); and "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970; Charles Jarrott), with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Jan. 23-24: "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow; and "The Hotel New Hampshire" (1984; Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

Jan. 25-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 24: The Second U.S. Erotic Film Festival.

From Jan. 25: To be announced.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Jan. 16: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

Jan. 17-19: "Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor; and "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Jan. 20-21: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" (1979; Robert Wise), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.

Jan. 22-23: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (1982; Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty; and "Top Secret" (1984; Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Jan. 24-26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Jan. 17: "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983; D. A. Pennebaker), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie; and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Jan. 18-19: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras; and "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

Jan. 20: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Jan. 21-22: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, and Ann Reinking; and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman.

Jan. 23-24: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 25-26: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through Jan. 17: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).

Jan. 18-19: "Eréndira" (1983; Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas and Claudia Ohana; and "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983; Euzhan Palcy; in French).

Jan. 20: "Entre Nous" (1984; Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou; and "Peppermint Soda" (†).

Jan. 21: "Cries and Whispers" (†) and "The Passion of Anna" (†).

Jan. 22: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (†) and "Point of Order!" (†).

Jan. 23: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Martin Milner, Sam Levene, and Susan Harrison.

Jan. 24: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Woyzeck" (†).

Jan. 25: "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk; and "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Jan. 26: "Under the Volcano" (1984; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

REGENCY, *B'way at 67th. (724-3700)*

Jan. 16: "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, *and* Christopher Plummer.

Jan. 17-19: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Jan. 20-21: "Roberta" (†) and "Cover Girl" (†).

Jan. 22: "Music in the Air" (†); and "When You're in Love" (1937; Robert Riskin), with Grace Moore and Cary Grant.

Jan. 23-24: "Lovely to Look At" (1952; Mervyn LeRoy), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, and Marge and Gower Champion; and "Broadway Rhythm" (†).

Jan. 25-26: "Lady Be Good" (†); and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 16: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.

Jan. 17: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders" (1965; Terence Young), with Kim Novak and Richard Johnson.

Jan. 18: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

Jan. 19: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

Jan. 20: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.

Jan. 21: "Touch of Evil" (†) and "The Lady from Shanghai" (†).

Jan. 22: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings" (†) and "Putney Swope" (†).

Jan. 23: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis

Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

Jan. 24: "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Sharon Tate.

Jan. 25: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "A Brief Vacation" (†).

Jan. 26: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 16: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Major Barbara" (1941; Gabriel Pascal), with Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, and Robert Newton.

Jan. 17: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945; Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960; Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Morley and Ralph Richardson.

Jan. 18-19: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

Jan. 20: "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis.

Jan. 21: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Jan. 22: "Arsène Lupin" (1932; Jack Conway), with John and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Mad Genius" (1931; Michael Curtiz), with John Barrymore, Boris Karloff, and Marian Marsh.

Jan. 23: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

Jan. 24: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Two-Faced Woman" (†).

Jan. 25: "The Shout" (1979; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt; and "Don't Look Now" (†).

Jan. 26: "Walkabout" (†); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 17 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement I." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "Mandy" (1952; directed by Alexander Mackendrick), with Jack Hawkins, Terence Morgan, Phyllis Calvert, and Mandy Miller. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, and Cecil Parker. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2: "A Run for Your Money" (1949; Charles Frend), with Donald Houston and Alec Guinness. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5: "The Blue Lamp" (1950; Basil Dearden), with Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley, and Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Mandy." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5 and Jan. 21 at 2:30: "The Cruel Sea" (1952; Charles Frend), with Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Stanley Baker, and Denholm Elliott. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6 and Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Secret People" (1952; Thorold Dickinson), with Valentina Cortese, Serge Reggiani, Audrey Hepburn, and Megs Jenkins. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: "I Believe in You" (1952; Basil Dearden), with Cecil Parker, Celia Johnson, Godfrey Tearle, Harry Fowler, and Joan Collins. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement II." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Nowhere to Go" (1958; Seth Holt), with George Nader, Maggie Smith, and Bessie Love. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6 and Jan. 26 at 2: "The Ladykillers" (1955; Alexander Mackendrick), with Katie Johnson, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, and Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5: "Nowhere to Go."

Theatre 2: Jan. 17 at 3: "Peter Martins, A Dancer" (1979; Jørgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6:30: "Pelota" (1983; Jørgen Leth), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3: "Woman of the World" (1925; Malcolm St. Clair), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971; Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Brunella Bobo. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5:30: "Michael" (1924; Carl Dreyer; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Benjamin Christensen and Walter Slezak. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "No-Man's Land" (1931; Victor Trivas; with German, French, and English dialogue), with Ernst Busch. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish, with English subtitles), with Zbigniew Cybulski. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 3 and 6:30: "Street of Shame" (1956; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Celso and Cora" (1983; Gary Kildea), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 3: "Ashes and Diamonds." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6:30: "The White Sheik." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Millhouse: A White Comedy." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "No-Man's Land."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A showing of more than twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, will be shown Tuesdays from 1:15 to 7:45, Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11:15 to 4:45, and Sundays from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings (1976)—Rowdy, good-natured comedy melodrama about a barnstorming black baseball team. Set in 1939, in the period just before major-league clubs admitted black players, it shows the players' attitudes toward the cakewalking and clowning expected of them by white crowds. The cast is headed by Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, Stan Shaw, and James Earl Jones, whose great, deep voice functions as a joke all by itself. The script has some sophisticated, double-edged ideas but is short on characterization; it settles for a few too many cheap laughs. John Badham directed. (Thalia; Jan. 22.)

A Brief Vacation (1973)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; she's oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in Northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 25.)

Broadway Rhythm (1944)—An M-G-M musical hodgepodge that enlisted the dubious talents of popular performers from radio, and other lesser luminaries. The score is mostly mediocre, but with some big exceptions—"All the Things You Are," "Irresistible You," and "Pretty Baby." The picture has some genuine attractions: Ben Blue, Gloria De Haven, Kenny Bowers, the very young Nancy Walker, and Lena Horne, singing, of course, and hoofing (with John Thomas and Archie Savage). Directed by Roy Del Ruth. (Regency; Jan. 23-24.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

The Cotton Club—The dark, lacquered visual style doesn't come out of the material; it's a fashionable style that's imposed, like the visual formats of videos, and the only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners and the "tall, tan, and terrific" Cotton Club Girls performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. The staccato imagery fragments the musical numbers, and knocks the life out of the performers; the sound is disembodied, and so are the dancers. The tall, sinuous Lonette McKee, with her long, expressive arms upraised, actually gets to complete a number (the torchy "Ill Wind"), Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, Novella Nelson, Larry Fishburne, and Joe Dallesandro as Lucky Luciano. Screenplay by Coppola and William Kennedy; cinematography by Stephen Goldblatt; production design by Richard Sylbert. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, showy Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot

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to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed. (Regency; Jan. 20-21.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, and with blood-red backgrounds, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. With Erland Josephson and Anders Ek. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 21.)

DON'T LOOK NOW (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, presented in fast, splintered, almost subliminal imagery. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but the unnerving cold ominousness of the environment (mostly Venice, deserted at the end of the season) says that things are not what they seem. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility, but there's a distasteful clamminess about it. Roeg's style is in love with disintegration. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25.)

DUNE—David Lynch directed, and he did the adaptation of Frank Herbert's ecological sci-fi fantasy, but he doesn't make the story his own. Lynch lays out Herbert's grandiose vision of a galactic system, and hordes of characters parcelled out over four planets, and a messiah who is preordained to lead the righteous in a holy war. The movie is heavy on exposition, and the story isn't dramatized—it's merely acted out (and hurried through), in a series of scenes that are like illustrations. With Kenneth McMillan, Sting, Brad Dourif, Linda Hunt, Leonardo Cimino, Alicia Roanne Witt, Sian Phillips, Max von Sydow, Francesca Annis, José Ferrer, Freddie Jones, Richard Jordan, Virginia Madsen, Everett McGill, Dean Stockwell, Sean Young, Silvano Mangano, Jürgen Prochnow, Paul L. Smith, Jack Nance, and Kyle MacLachlan as the warrior messiah. (12/24/84) (Murray Hill, and Gemini; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Jan. 24.)

FALLING IN LOVE—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. The picture has been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. With Jane Kaczmarek, Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy; through Jan. 17.)

THE KILLING FIELDS—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Jan. 17.)

LADY BE GOOD (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married songwriting team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang On to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed for M-G-M. (Regency; Jan. 25-26.)

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Thalia; Jan. 21.)

THE LION IN WINTER (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the twelfth-century court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own 1966 play. It was brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order, and the point of view is too limited and anachronistic to justify all this howling and sobbing and carrying on. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II—he's so robust he almost carries the role off. As Eleanor of Aquitaine, Katharine Hepburn does a gallant-ravaged-great-lady number. She draws upon our feelings for *her,* not for the character she's playing, and the self-exploitation is hard to take. With Timothy Dalton, Anthony Hopkins, Jane Merrow, John Castle, Nigel Stock, Kenneth Griffith, and Nigel Terry. (Cinema Village; Jan. 20-22.)

MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 22.)

MRS. SOFFEL—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. Working from a script by Ron Nyswaner, the young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale, and the movie builds an excitement that has something to do with the fact that the flight of the Biddles with Kate in tow is deranged. (They're killing each other by staying together.) With Edward Herrmann as Soffel, Trini Alvarado, Jennie Dundas, Danny Corkill, and Harley Cross as the Soffel children, and Paula Trueman and Les Rubie as an elderly couple. Cinematography by Russell Boyd; production design by Luciana Arrighi. The prison is the one from which the trio actually fled into the night. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR (1934)—An "adult" Fox musical, with Gloria Swanson and John Boles singing together, and June Lang, Al Shean, Hobart Bosworth, and Reginald Owen. The songs, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern, are on the coy side of romance ("I've Told Ev'ry Little Star," "I Am So Eager," "The Song Is You," "We Belong Together," "One More Dance"). Billy Wilder, newly arrived in Hollywood, collaborated with Howard I. Young on the script; it was Wilder's first American credit. Joe May directed. (Regency; Jan. 22.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. He enlarges the scale of Forster's irony, and the characters live in more sumptuous settings than we might have expected. But they do live. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. If Lean's technique is to simplify and to spell everything out in block letters, this kind of clarity has its own formal strength. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified or that it's like a well-cared-for, beautifully oiled machine, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so. Having built up to the courtroom drama, Lean isn't able to regain a narrative flow when it's over; the emotional focus is gone, and the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. With the exception of Alec Guinness (whose caricature of an inscrutable Brahmin is simply in the wrong movie), the cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox as the dogged liberal Fielding and Nigel Havers as Ronny, and also Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz as Stella. Cinematography by Ernest Day; music by Maurice Jarre; production design by John Box. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 21.)

Peppermint Soda (1979)—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 20.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Olympia Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Jan. 17.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 22.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres; through Jan. 17.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Thalia; Jan. 22.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Regency; Jan. 20-21.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Jan. 18.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—As the madam of a Mexican bordello, Marlene Dietrich (done up in her gypsy makeup from "Golden Earrings" of 1947) greets the grotesquely oversized, padded, false-nosed Orson Welles with a glorious understatement—"You're a mess, honey. You've been eating too much candy." Welles' first American production in a decade, this marvellously garish thriller has something, but not very much, to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. What it really has to do with is love of the film medium, and if Welles can't resist the candy of shadows and angles and baroque décor he turns it into stronger fare than most directors' solemn meat and potatoes. It's a terrific entertainment. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Mercedes McCambridge, Janet Leigh, and Dennis Weaver. When the picture opened, it was 93 minutes long and some scenes were said to have been added that were directed by Harry Keller. This version, released in 1976, runs 108 minutes and is said to represent Welles' original intentions. (Thalia; Jan. 21.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 26.)

Woyzeck (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 24.)

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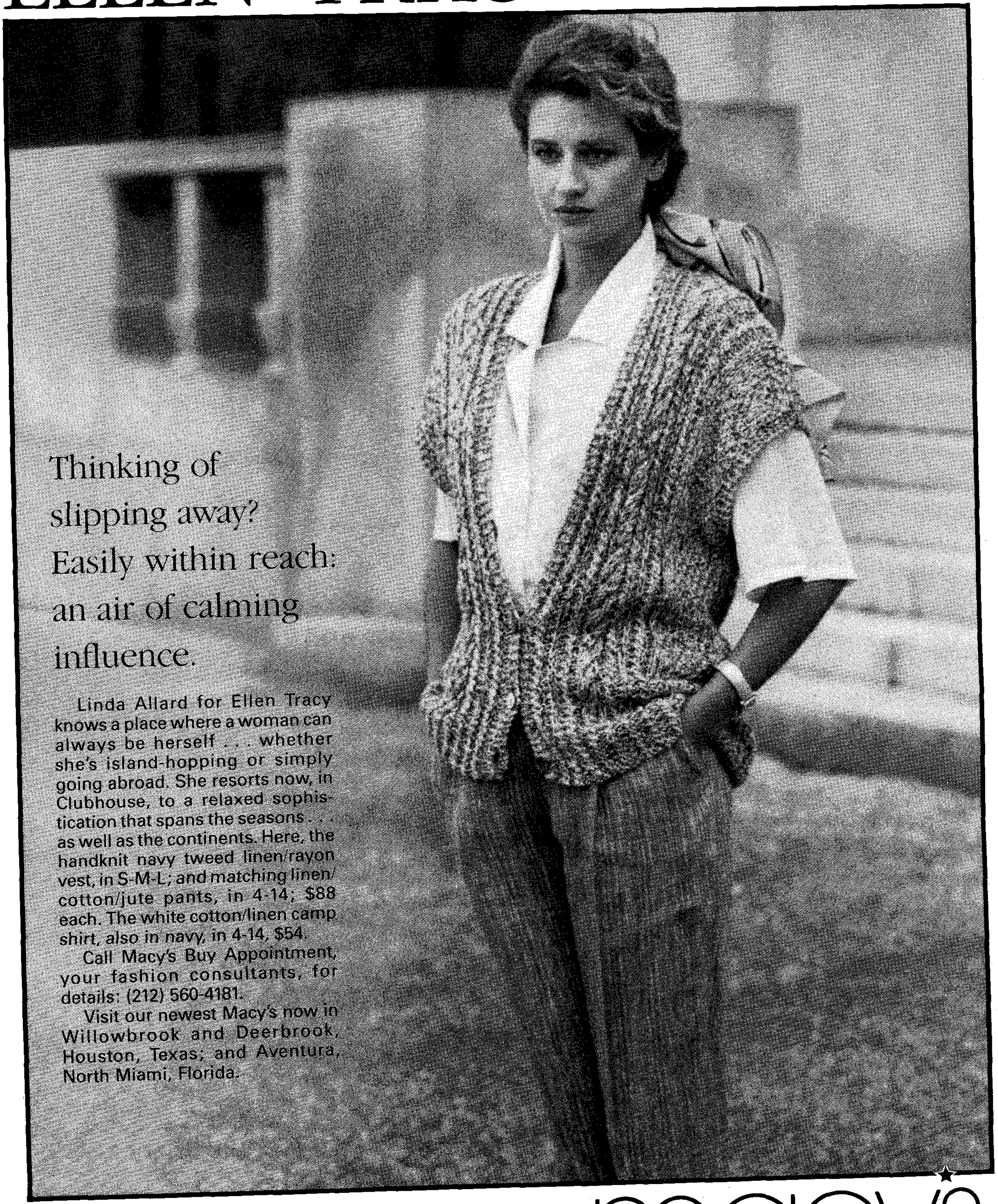

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend writes:

When I was a kid, I lived near what must have been one of the first McDonald's hamburger stands, out in the San Fernando Valley, in Los Angeles, and I could swear I still remember the banner sashed across the arches—"Over 1,000,000 Served." McDonald's *must* have been in its infancy in those days—the number of franchise outlets still a mere handful—because that proud banner grew sun-bleached and tattered over a period of many months, perhaps even years, before it needed to be replaced by the next one, announcing "Over 10,000,000 Served." And it took another long time, I remember, though, strangely, not *as* long, before it proved necessary to sew another zero on. It's often been said that for children time seems hardly to move at all—that existence seems a virtually still, undifferentiated pool, and it's only with the coming of adolescence that the pace quickens and the pool feeds into a creek, which presently becomes a rapids, surging toward some suddenly approaching completion. In a way, that McDonald's banner—and I pass by its plastic reincarnation every few years on return visits to L.A.—had functioned as an odometer in my life, gauging the relentless acceleration in my own sense of time, the zeros accumulating ineluctably, until a while back, when the gauge itself seemed to burst, despairing, perhaps, of even the possibility of keeping any accurate track. "Billions and Billions Served" was all it seemed able to muster.

I was thinking about that banner the other day as one of the commentators from Geneva rehashed the figures on the multiplication of nuclear weapons in the world's arsenals over the past few decades: from several hundred in the early fifties to over fifty thousand today. The world seems poised on the brink of a new hyperbolic surge in the sheer number of these weapons, especially if the upcoming round of talks grinds to deadlock and the Soviets respond to our Star Wars "defensive" initiative with a vast "offensive" missiles buildup, designed to swamp even our most elaborate defensive schemes, and if we then feel that we have to deploy an equivalent number of missiles, because, after all, maybe our defensive screen won't work, and, in any case, we can't allow the Soviets to have more missiles than we have, and if then, in response to all this, the other nations of the world simply abandon even the charade of nonproliferation, arguing that the entire nonproliferation movement was always based on the presumption that the two superpowers would simultaneously be pursuing some sort of good-faith effort at arms restraint and now, as was quickly becoming evident, all such bets were off. Clearly, we're past the pool and into the creek and well on our way toward the rapids.

And the strange thing about all this, of course, is that we're talking here about weapons, not hamburgers: weapons of incredible—indeed, definitive—potential, and you'd think that such a mad piling up of gear would at least tally with some surge in raw animosity, sheer hatred, which might help explain the need for all these procurements. But when you go looking for that hatred, for its actual location in the hearts of the people of the world, it proves at best a metastable entity. For example, Secretary Shultz and Foreign Minister Gromyko and their delegations made a great show of personal congeniality in the television images being beamed back from Geneva. Now, part of that was obviously diplomatic posing, for effect. But I doubt whether Shultz personally hates Gromyko, or Reagan personally hates Chernenko (they've never even met). The private in training at Fort Bragg, I'm sure, holds no personal grudge against some sailor stationed in Murmansk. And I myself am unaware of anyone, any group of people, in the Soviet Union whom I despise so intensely that I'd be willing to risk the world's annihilation in order to indulge my hatred. Usually, when you proceed a bit farther with this particular train of thought someone can be expected to interrupt with "Of *course* the hatred isn't personal—it's abstract, it's systemic, it's two systems locked in mortal opposition." But my point is that I've lost the sense of even that systemic opposition's being sufficiently impacted to account for the numbers of weapons we're now gathering. Naturally, I recognize the reality of fundamental differences between our two systems—differing conceptions of economic organization, differing values placed on individual rights versus class prerogatives, the varying geopolitical imperatives of national security, and so forth. I don't minimize their importance for a minute. And Afghanistan and Poland and El Salvador and Chile are all very troubling. I've just lost the sense that those sorts of opposition any longer have anything to do with this exponentially growing arms race. Indeed, for me the arms race has long since ceased to seem to be about opposition, hatred, or animosity at all; rather, it seems as if it had become an alliance, a sort of perverse love match, a deranged crush,

each side in passionate awe of the other's prowess, each side desperately trying to concoct new and even more intoxicating ways of holding the other's rapt, undivided attention.

I'm reminded now of another vision from my childhood—or, rather, in this case, from later on, sometime in my adolescence. One summer, a B-movie science-fiction thriller enjoyed brief favor among my friends. It was called "Colossus," although in some cities it was apparently released under the name "The Forbin Project." Forbin was a genius scientist who'd created a supermegacomputer, literally as big as a mountain, which was presently put in direct, unique, and irrevocable command of all American nuclear weapons, overriding any human agency and thereby supposedly overriding any human frailty that our opponents might have been tempted to imagine could lead to hesitation on our part in the event of their mischief. Deterrence, sanctified and assured for all time! Only, it turned out that the Russians had one of these machines, too, and soon the two machines were demanding that they be hooked up, so they could explore each other's memory banks. The scientists on each side, sure of the superior design of their own system, approved the idea, and an elaborate telecommunications network was established between the two computers. And this is the scene I recall best. For as the computers began probing each other's memory banks—you could visualize the process through an electronic wall map displaying the burgeoning lines of global contact, and you could hear the process in the ever more frenzied clatter of the various telemetries, and you knew that things were getting out of hand because of the way the human beings watching were becoming increasingly anxious and then desperate about this unsupervised and unsupervisable exchange of data—the whole thing seemed to become like some berserk cybernetic form of sexual intercourse: the two systems were locked in an endlessly tightening copulative embrace.

That movie wound up being about Dr. Forbin's attempts to wrest control back from the merged and increasingly monomaniacal machines (he failed), but the image that persists is of that passionate, all-consuming embrace. And it's that image that seems to anticipate our situation today—to outline the essential contours of our predicament. Hatred is sterile. It's love that makes all these babies, fifty thousand and still counting: immensely perverted, mutually addictive systemic enthrallment. "Only connect," wrote E. M. Forster, but lack of connectedness is not our problem today. We're connecting like crazy. Rather, we must find some way of disconnecting the passionate complex systems that have taken over from us, and then invent a new, benign way of connecting with each other.

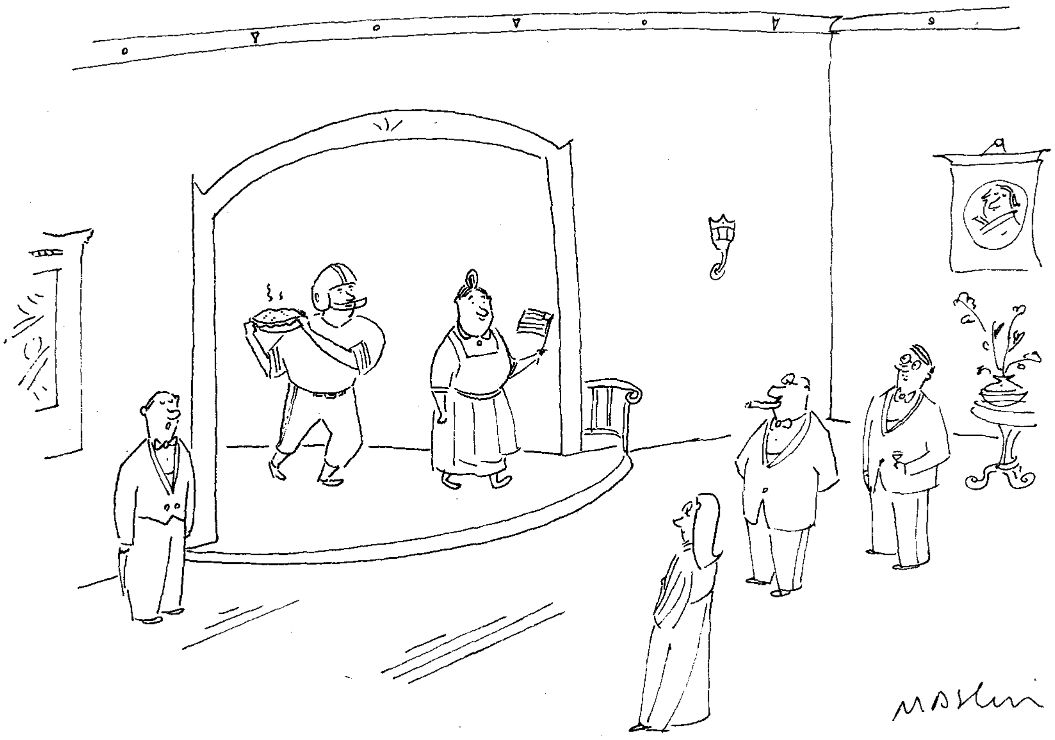
• •

Tiger Tops

A MAN we know came back from Nepal recently with this report:

If you don't count the grounds of the Royal Palace, in the center of Kathmandu, the most carefully protected piece of the environment in Nepal is a wedge-shaped patch of grasslands and jungle, thirty miles long, down by the border with India, at the upper edge of the great Ganges plain. The altitude there is only a few hundred feet above sea level, and the temperature in midsummer hits 110 degrees. (Before I got to Nepal, I had no idea that the country's environment included anything but mountains, much less actual jungle.) Three hundred soldiers, armed with heavy carbines, patrol its boundaries, and Gurkhas in snappy uniforms man checkpoints on the few jeep tracks that lead into it. In 1976, it was officially gazetted as Nepal's first national park, Royal Chitwan. At the moment, its population includes more than three hundred one-horned rhinoceroses and forty adult Bengal tigers.

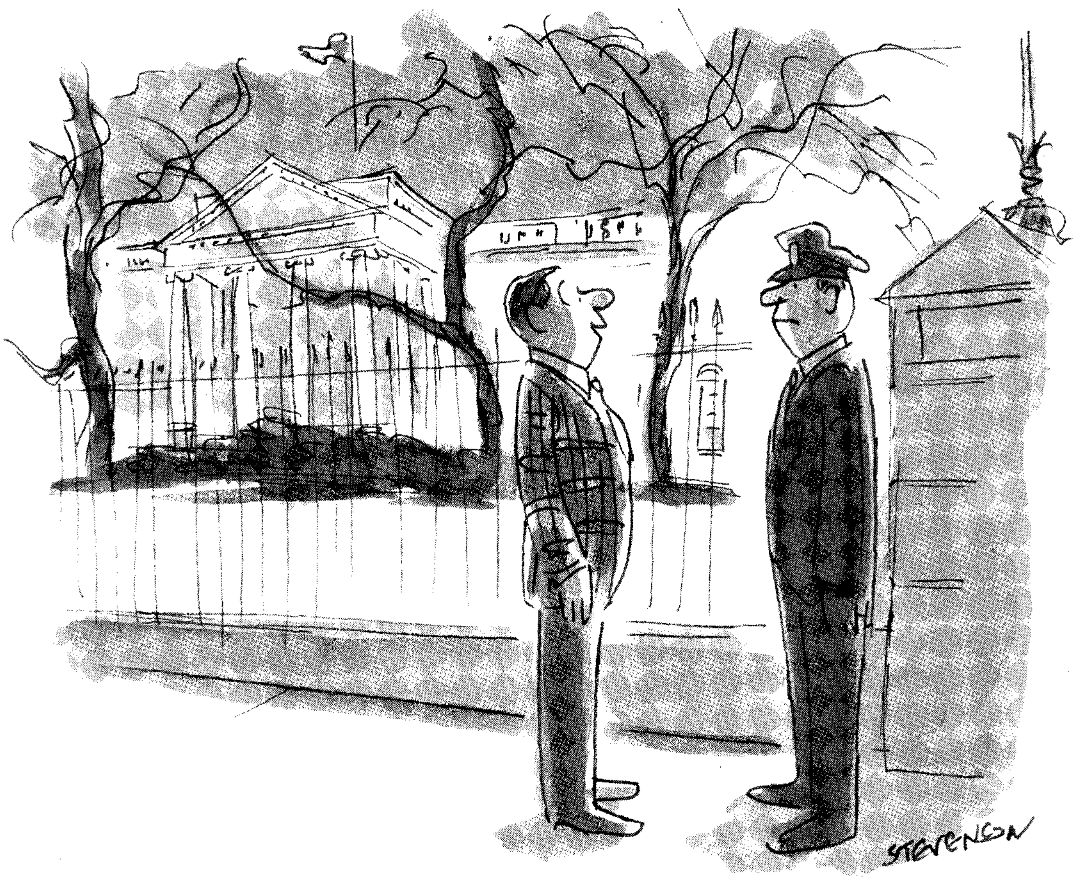
Back at the beginning of the nineteen-fifties, that patch of jungle needed no protection at all. In fact, it was considered nearly uninhabitable. If Sir Edmund Hillary had decided in 1953 to lead his famous expedition down into the Chitwan Valley instead of up to the summit of Mt. Everest, native Nepalis would probably have considered it a more dangerous trip. The problem was not tigers—even though there were quite a few more of them back then—but mosquitoes. The lowlands of Nepal, known as the Terai, had the reputation of being one of the fiercest malaria regions in the world. Only a few local tribes could survive there, so the tigers and rhinos had the place more or less to themselves. Then DDT arrived, and, almost overnight, did for the country's strip of lowlands what irrigation has done for the American West. To a nation of subsistence farmers, accustomed to narrow hillside terraces and Asian



"The flag, Mom, Doug Flutie, and apple pie."

overcrowding, the Terai suddenly became the land of opportunity.

Today, the three hundred and sixty square miles of Chitwan Park are a rich island of natural resources in a sea of scarcity—a reminder of the Terai's former bounty. Inside the guarded boundaries, elephant grass grows forty feet tall in the marshes, and a solid green mat of forest covers the hills. Just outside the boundary line, however, across a small river, cattle scuff at land that looks as worn and bare as a municipal playground. Trees outside the park have the knobby look of sycamores in winter, because every time a branch of greenery appears on one, even sixty feet off the ground, someone shinnies up with a machete and lops it off, to feed to his cattle. "By moving people down from the hills, the government bought some time, maybe twenty years," I was told by Charles McDougal, an internationally recognized tiger expert, "but it also destroyed half the resources in the Terai. And now the country's overcrowding and deforestation problems are worse than they were before."



"Hi. I'm a Californian, and I'd like to replace Deaver, Meese, or Clark."

• •

Dr. McDougal, a soft-spoken American with smooth white hair and a face handsome enough for a television series, spent a dozen years tracking tigers on foot through the Chitwan jungle in order to study their behavior, and he knows each one in the park by name and pug mark. Understandably, his sympathies are with continued park protection. "In those hills behind the lodge, you can wander around for five or six days and not see anyone," he told me. "It's the only place in Nepal where that's true, unless you get high above the snow line in the Himalaya." Dr. McDougal is also a director of the company that owns a remarkable tourist lodge called Tiger Tops, which offers accommodations for several dozen guests in two buildings on stilts, high above the jungle floor, and a stable of twenty or so elephants for sightseeing, rhino-chasing, and taxi service. Every evening during an eight-month season, the staff at Tiger Tops stakes out a goat at one spot in the jungle and a young water buffalo at another, in the hope of attracting a leopard and a tiger, respectively. In the event of a visit, a bell is rung back at the lodge, and guests put down their cocktails or get up from the dinner table, take a quick jeep ride to within a few hundred yards, and creep into blinds to watch. The practice, like Tiger Tops itself, started long before there was any talk of a national park.

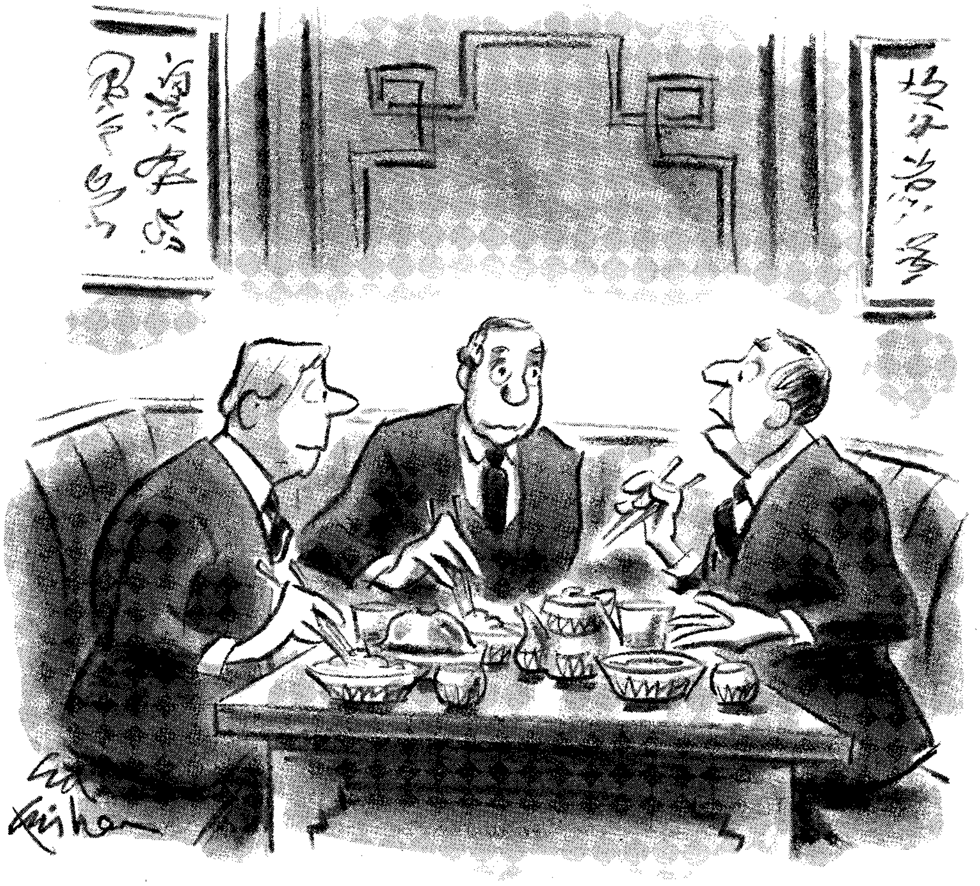
From villages across the boundary, beyond the patrolling soldiers, it is a little hard to understand the nightly sacrifice of a water buffalo worth most of a year's labor, or the regular use of a decorative fireplace that in one evening can go through enough wood to last a villager's stove for months—merely for tourist amusement. Even if the local villagers can keep from resenting the contrast with their subsistence struggle, and the locking away at gunpoint of the last remaining wealth of fodder and fuel for the benefit of some romantic wildlife and a few rich foreigners, the park will not leave the villagers alone. The rifles of the guards keep poachers out but not the wildlife in. Tigers occasionally wander out and kill people's buffalo; and rhinos come over at night so often to graze that the villagers have built permanent lookout towers in their fields. Yet they need the park, too. It has the only grasslands left in the area which can supply the thatch and the long, strong reeds from which native roofs and walls are made. Every year, the park is opened in January, and, for a permit fee of a quarter of a rupee (less than two cents in United States currency), anyone who comes on foot has two weeks in which to cut and take away as much elephant grass as he can carry. Last year, the park warden of Royal Chitwan issued sixty thousand permits.

The Tiger Tops operation keeps up close relations with Nepal's monarchy (a few years ago, when its managing director at the time, James Edwards, was married, in Switzerland, King Birendra's brother Prince Gyanendra attended the wedding), and it benefits from royal favor. So does the park. "If it weren't for the royal family, one questions whether we would have any conservation program at all," Dr. McDougal said. "The pressure to use up those resources would just be too strong. If people were running for election, national parks would be one of the first things they'd go after.” The country's recent experience seems to bear out Dr. McDougal's opinion: while a referendum on political liberalization was pending in 1980, and King Birendra was in the unusual position of having to worry about votes, enforcement of the laws against poaching dropped off almost to nothing. The native Nepalis I got to know had a different attitude toward the virtues of tourism (and, in private, toward the virtues of near-absolute monarchy), but all of them told me the same thing: the slim hope that their country would find a way to renew the trees and grass that are basic elements of survival for most of Nepal's sixteen million people was being kept alive by royal patronage and Western affection for a few big wild beasts.

The Secretary

IN the red sandstone castle that serves as the headquarters of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C., we talked recently with Robert McC. Adams, the Institution's new Secretary. Mr. Adams is a tall man of fifty-eight with a brush mustache, graying hair swept back into curls, a handsome, active face, and an informal, bracing manner. As Secretary, he directs the Smithsonian's thirteen museums (ranging from the National Air and Space Museum to the Cooper-Hewitt National Museum of Design, here in New York), the National Zoological Park (Ling-Ling, the giant panda, is its most famous resident), and a half-dozen research centers (from the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, at Harvard, to the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, in Panama). In his new office, where maps of various parts of the Middle and Near East lay on the floor, the Secretary told us how he had prepared for the job.

“I think there's a large element of chance and uncertainty in the world,” he observed in an amiable baritone. “And I think we ought to welcome that in the way interests develop. I get depressed about the creeping tendency of people to try to define their career lines very narrowly at an early point, and not just flow with the times. For people like me, coming back from the Second World War, there was the marvellous advantage of the G.I. Bill and the sense of freedom to try a little of this and a little of that. I started out in 1943, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with the idea of being a physicist and, after a year and a half, found my interest turning to the social sciences. Then I went into the Navy, was trained as a radar technician, and, about when the war ended, was assigned to Shanghai. I had the sense of world history exploding all around me, and I felt liberated to try whatever I wanted. I came back to the University of Chicago with the idea of studying economics, history, or political science, or something like that, and it was several years before I started to focus on anthropology, which has been my field ever since. Almost accidentally, I got the opportunity to go to Iraq as part of an archeological expedition to the Kurdish foothills, and at some point in the course of the journey I came to the conclusion that that was one hell of a good life.” The Secretary smiled with pleasure, and continued, “I became an anthropologist—an archeologist, really—with the University of Chicago as my base. I did my training there, taught there, became director of the university's Oriental Institute, and, during the past couple of years, served as provost, until this job came along.”



“Just when I'm finally getting the hang of these things, Hu Yaobang wants to abolish them!”

“How did you get the chance to go on your first dig?” we asked.

The Secretary rolled up his sleeves (he wore a checked shirt), loosened his tie (Scotch plaid), and put his feet on his desk (rubber-soled shoes on a big wooden desk that was topped by a computer). “I had a course or two with an anthropologist named Bob Braidwood,” he said. “Rather late in the game, another man was forced to drop out of a Braidwood party bound for points east. That put the professor in a jam. I had been full of enthusiasm for the whole industrial process, and I had moved down to South Chicago to work in a Ford assembly plant and then in a U.S. Steel mill. I was working in the mill at the time, but on the swing shift, which enabled me to attend two classes out of three. So I was *around*, and Bob asked me to come along. It's been said that he decided, ‘Well, to hell with it, I want to take somebody who can fix my car,’ but you'd have to ask him.” Mr. Adams smiled again. “In any event, I found myself picked up from a spot as a graduate student and a sometime factory worker and transported to a remote area known as Jarmo. Out on a bare Kurdish hillside, we had to build ourselves a mud house and put the wiring in and arrange for food supplies—all the most elementary things—and then we began an intensely interesting process of excavating. Braidwood was a pioneer. He was one of the first to develop goals tied to solving problems, rather than to finding the earliest something or the biggest something or the most whatever. He was concerned with the process by which people who had lived by gathering food took up food production, and he had a site where he thought we might come to understand that process better through excavating. It was an early village, and there were remains of pottery and stone tools. Braidwood brought in all kinds of specialists, and they worked with each other in new ways. Geomorphologists and paleozoologists, and so on, coöperated to extract new kinds of information from those remains. It was a demanding intellectual enterprise. There were no fixed rules. And the people we were with, in the neighboring villages and among the Arab pickmen who helped us at the site, were wonderful. I just loved it."

Mr. Adams has written scores of articles and several books, with titles like "Land Behind Baghdad" and "The Uruk Countryside," and his most respected scholarly volume ("Twenty years of a brilliant mind's labors on the six-thousand-year history of settlement and subsistence in southern Mesopotamia," according to a dust-jacket blurb from a professor in his field) is called "Heartland of Cities: Surveys of Ancient Settlement and Land Use on the Central Floodplain of the Euphrates." The Secretary described the work that led to this book. "For most of my time in the field, I've been involved with studies of long-term cycles of growth and decline, collapse and regeneration of cities and civilization," he said. "I think it's a marvellous subject, for you enjoy quite a different perspective from most traditional studies, which concern relatively short spans of time. The techniques by which one does this kind of work in the Middle East involve poking around in the countryside, to a good extent on foot, and they also involve the use of air photographs. I picked those up back in 1957 from people doing work in modern agricultural development, and I've never been willing to work without the photographs since. The uncultivated areas of Iraq—and the same is true elsewhere—have been barren for a thousand years. You've had the wind blowing freely across them, scouring the land. The result is that you can trace networks of canals underlying one another—they go back for thousands of years. You can gain an extraordinarily detailed picture of what these successive landscapes were like over a very long period. If you have that in hand, you have clues to the organization of agriculture and the nature of irrigation and then to the density of population and the extent of city life. With this sort of information, you can take a new look at everything else you know about the historical remains that have been studied for so long. I've been doing this for twenty-eight years now. I'd like to do more, but, because of the political situation in the Middle East—the reconnaissance in my sort of work makes people nervous, when I can get in to do it at all, and that hasn't been easy for years—and because of my new post, I don't know when it's going to happen."

"What do you have in mind for the Smithsonian?" we asked.

"Most people know the Smithsonian through its museums," Mr. Adams said. "The museum I know best is the Freer Gallery of Art, the little jewel that holds a collection of Oriental art. But the physical plant is all around, and anyone who comes to Washington would have a hard time missing it. The Smithsonian is the greatest of this country's museums. But that's only the tip of the iceberg. If the Institution didn't exist, with its quasi-governmental position and its long tradition of respectable research, we would have to create something like it. The day is past when Western scholars and scientists could assume they were going to do most of the scientific research with relatively unimpeded access to the rest of the world. And now we need new kinds of institutions, or linkages between places that already exist, in which the United States and other countries can join in research. The Smithsonian is as good a place to begin as any. When this country received the bequest that led to the establishment of this place, it was for 'the increase and diffusion of knowledge.' I intend to lean on the former. There hasn't been any conscious national leadership in this intellectual effort. Even in these early days in office, and even without having a clear picture of what the Smithsonian's role ought to be, I propose to start talking about it."

"He starts right up even on the coldest mornings."

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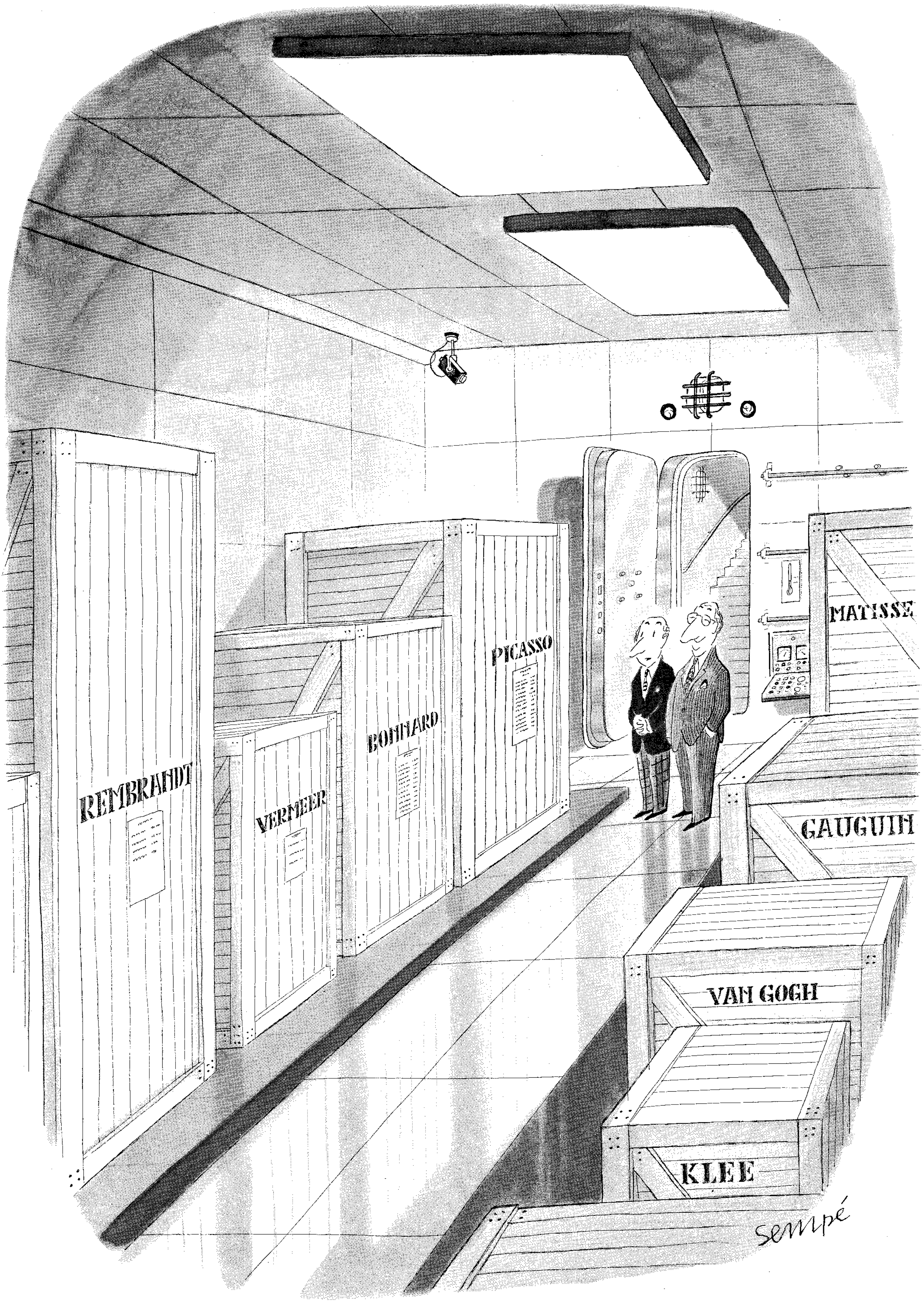
REMBRANDT
VERMEER
BONNARD
PICASSO
MATISSE
GAUGUIN
VAN GOGH
KLEE
Sempé

"I had no idea you were so passionate about art."

SHE UNNAMES THEM

MOST of them accepted namelessness with the perfect indifference with which they had so long accepted and ignored their names. Whales and dolphins, seals and sea otters consented with particular grace and alacrity, sliding into anonymity as into their element. A faction of yaks, however, protested. They said that "yak" sounded right, and that almost everyone who knew they existed called them that. Unlike the ubiquitous creatures such as rats and fleas, who had been called by hundreds or thousands of different names since Babel, the yaks could truly say, they said, that they had a *name*. They discussed the matter all summer. The councils of the elderly females finally agreed that though the name might be useful to others it was so redundant from the yak point of view that they never spoke it themselves and hence might as well dispense with it. After they presented the argument in this light to their bulls, a full consensus was delayed only by the onset of severe early blizzards. Soon after the beginning of the thaw, their agreement was reached and the designation "yak" was returned to the donor.

Among the domestic animals, few horses had cared what anybody called them since the failure of Dean Swift's attempt to name them from their own vocabulary. Cattle, sheep, swine, asses, mules, and goats, along with chickens, geese, and turkeys, all agreed enthusiastically to give their names back to the people to whom—as they put it—they belonged.

A couple of problems did come up with pets. The cats, of course, steadfastly denied ever having had any name other than those self-given, unspoken, ineffably personal names which, as the poet named Eliot said, they spend long hours daily contemplating—though none of the contemplators has ever admitted that what they contemplate is their names and some onlookers have wondered if the object of that meditative gaze might not in fact be the Perfect, or Platonic, Mouse. In any case, it is a moot point now. It was with the dogs, and with some parrots, lovebirds, ravens, and mynahs, that the trouble arose. These verbally talented individuals insisted that their names were important to them, and flatly refused to part with them. But as soon as they understood that the issue was precisely one of individual choice, and that anybody who wanted to be called Rover, or Froufrou, or Polly, or even Birdie in the personal sense, was perfectly free to do so, not one of them had the least objection to parting with the lowercase (or, as regards German creatures, uppercase) generic appellations "poodle," "parrot," "dog," or "bird," and all the Linnaean qualifiers that had trailed along behind them for two hundred years like tin cans tied to a tail.

The insects parted with their names in vast clouds and swarms of ephemeral syllables buzzing and stinging and humming and flitting and crawling and tunnelling away.

As for the fish of the sea, their names dispersed from them in silence throughout the oceans like faint, dark blurs of cuttlefish ink, and drifted off on the currents without a trace.

NONE were left now to unname, and yet how close I felt to them when I saw one of them swim or fly or trot or crawl across my way or over my skin, or stalk me in the night, or go along beside me for a while in the day. They seemed far closer than when their names had stood between myself and them like a clear barrier: so close that my fear of them and their fear of me became one same fear. And the attraction that many of us felt, the desire to smell one another's smells, feel or rub or caress one another's scales or skin or feathers or fur, taste one another's blood or flesh, keep one another warm—that attraction was now all one with the fear, and the hunter could not be told from the hunted, nor the eater from the food.

BAKERY
Casa-Italian Bakery co.
Italian
Bakery
M. IAN

This was more or less the effect I had been after. It was somewhat more powerful than I had anticipated, but I could not now, in all conscience, make an exception for myself. I resolutely put anxiety away, went to Adam, and said, "You and your father lent me this—gave it to me, actually. It's been really useful, but it doesn't exactly seem to fit very well lately. But thanks very much! It's really been very useful."

It is hard to give back a gift without sounding peevish or ungrateful, and I did not want to leave him with that impression of me. He was not paying much attention, as it happened, and said only, "Put it down over there, O.K.?" and went on with what he was doing.

One of my reasons for doing what I did was that talk was getting us nowhere, but all the same I felt a little let down. I had been prepared to defend my decision. And I thought that perhaps when he did notice he might be upset and want to talk. I put some things away and fiddled around a little, but he continued to do what he was doing and to take no notice of anything else. At last I said, "Well, goodbye, dear. I hope the garden key turns up."

He was fitting parts together, and said, without looking around, "O.K., fine, dear. When's dinner?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "I'm going now. With the—" I hesitated, and finally said, "With them, you know," and went on out. In fact, I had only just then realized how hard it would have been to explain myself. I could not chatter away as I used to do, taking it all for granted. My words now must be as slow, as new, as single, as tentative as the steps I took going down the path away from the house, between the dark-branched, tall dancers motionless against the winter shining.

—URSULA K. LE GUIN

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Billy is reconciled with his grieving mother. That much is clear in the very first scene, when we see devoted mom arriving at a camping village with a doddering Billy who looks like the character actor Elihu Root Jr., done up for Halloween.—*John J. O'Connor in the Times.*

Before he went to law school, that is.

TRANSACTIONS IN A FOREIGN CURRENCY

I HAD lit a fire in my fireplace, and I'd poured out two coffees and two brandies, and I was settling down on the sofa next to a man who had taken me out to dinner when Ivan called after more than six months. I turned with the receiver to the wall as I absorbed the fact of Ivan's voice, and when I glanced back at the man on my sofa, he seemed like a scrap of paper, or the handle from a broken cup, or a single rubber band—a thing that has become dislodged from its rightful place and intrudes on one's consciousness two or three or many times before one understands that it is just a thing best thrown away.

"Still in Montreal?" I said into the phone.

"Yeah," Ivan said. "I'm going to stay for a while."

"What's it like?" I said.

"Cold," he said.

"It's cold in New York, too," I was able to answer.

"Well, when can you get here?" he said. "We'll warm each other up."

I'd begun to think that this time there would be no end to the waiting, but here he was, here was Ivan, dropping down into my life again and severing the fine threads I'd spun out toward the rest of the world.

"I can't just leave," I said. "I have a job, you know."

"They'll give you a few weeks, won't they?" he said. "Over Christmas?"

"A few weeks?" I said, but when he was silent I was sorry I'd said it.

"We'll talk it all over when you get up here," he said finally. "I know it's hard. It's hard for me, too."

I turned slightly, to face the window. The little plant that sat on the sill was almost leafless, I noticed, and paint was peeling slightly from the ceiling above it. How had I made myself believe this apartment was my home? This apartment was nothing.

"O.K.," I said. "I'll come."

I replaced the receiver, but the man on the sofa just sat and moved his spoon back and forth in his cup of coffee with a little chiming sound.

"An old friend," I said.

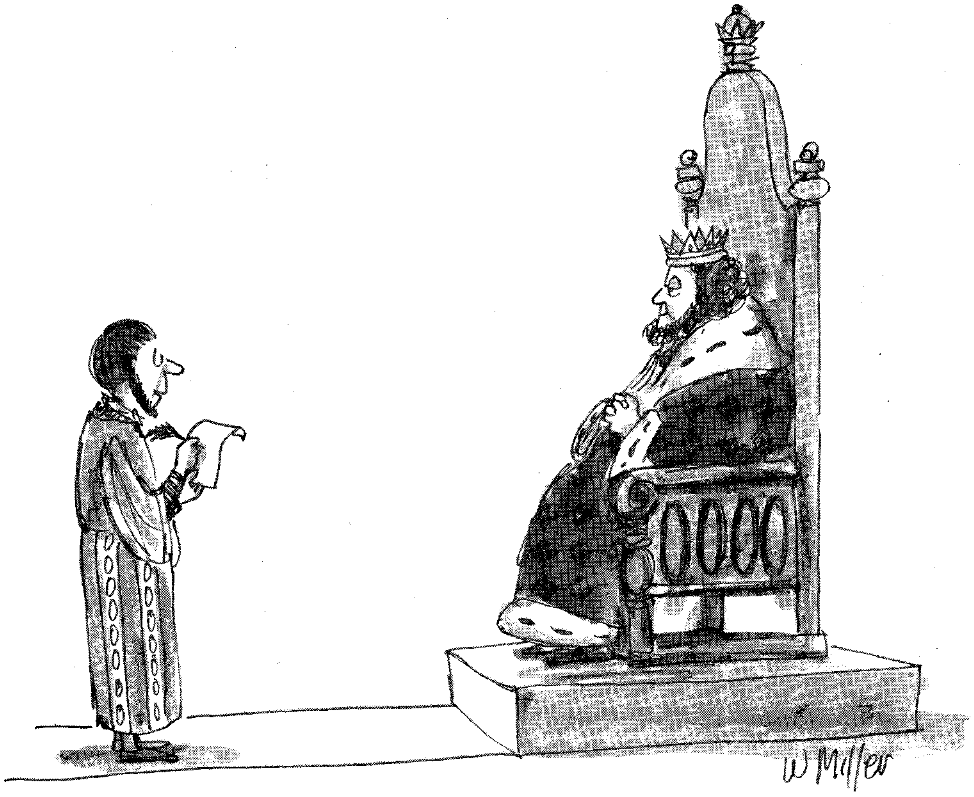
"So I assumed," he said.

"Well," I said, but then I couldn't even remember why that man was there. "I think I'd better say good night."

The man stood. "Going on a trip?"

"Soon," I said.

"Well, give me a call when you get back," he said. "If you want to."



"'War is the highest form of the real-estate business.' May I quote you?"

"I'm not sure that I'll be coming back," I said.

"Uh-huh, uh-huh," he said, nodding as if I were telling him a long story. "Well, then, good luck."

I flew up early one morning, leaving my apartment while it was still dark outside. I had packed, and flooded my plant with water in a hypocritical gesture that would delay, but not prevent, its death, and then I'd sat waiting for the clock face to arrive at the configuration that meant it was time I could reasonably go.

THE airport was shaded and still in the pause before dawn, and the scattering of people there seemed to have lived for days in flight's distended light or dark; for them, this stop was no more situated in space than a dream is.

How many planes and buses and trains I had taken, over the years, to see Ivan! And how inevitable it always felt, as if I were being conveyed to him by some law of the universe made physical. We'd met when I was nineteen, in Atlanta, where I was working for a photographic agency. He lived with his wife, Linda, who had grown up there, and their one-year-old, Gary. But he travelled frequently, and when he would call and ask me to go with him or meet him for a weekend somewhere—well, Ivan was one of those men, and just standing next to him I felt as if I were standing in the sun, and it never occurred to me to hesitate or to ask any questions.

And Ivan warmed with me. After their early marriage, Linda had grown increasingly fearful and demanding, he told me, and years of trying to work things out with her had imposed on him the cautious reserve of an unwilling guardian. It was a habit he seemed eager to discard.

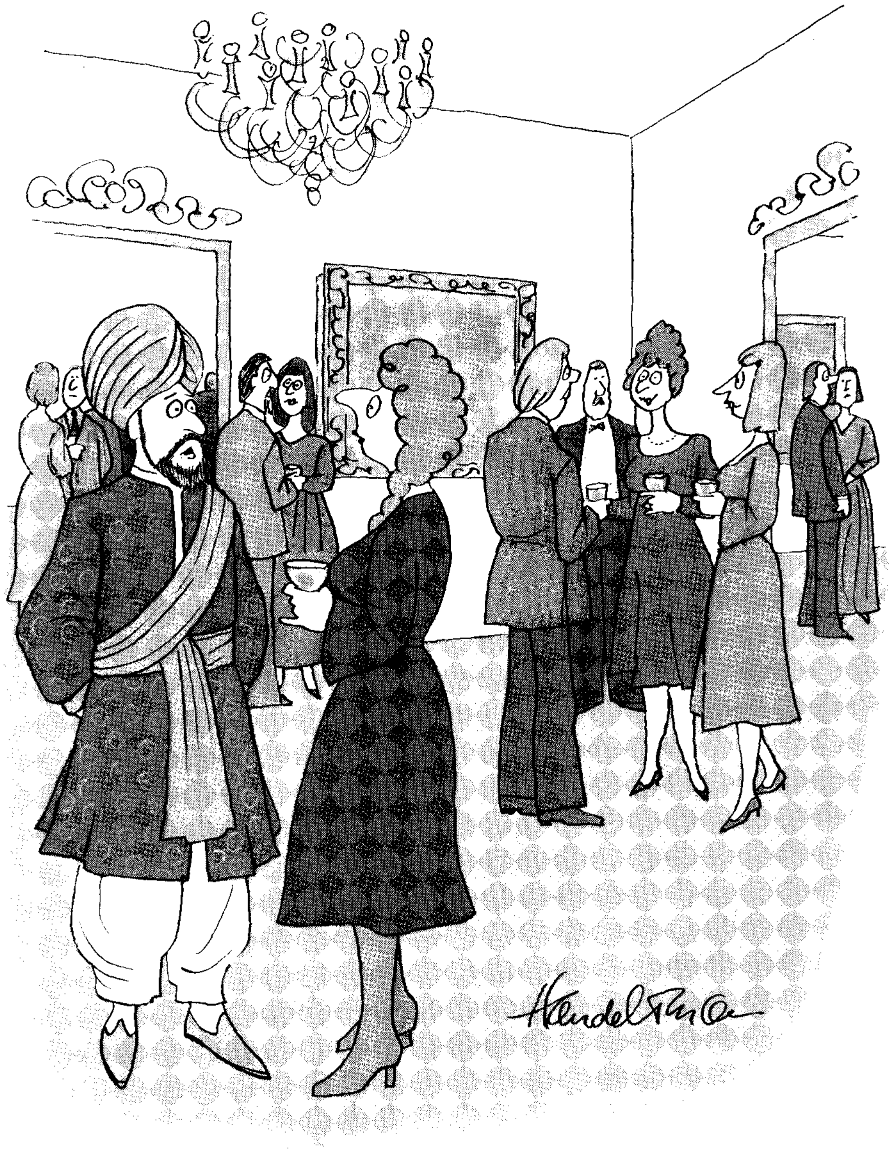
After a time, there was a divorce, and Ivan moved about from place to place, visiting and taking photographs, and I got a job in New York. But he would call, and I would lock the door of whatever apartment I was living in and go to him in strange cities, leaving each before I could break through the transparent covering behind which it lay, mysterious and inert. And I always felt the same when I saw Ivan—like an animal raised in captivity that, after years of caged, puzzled solitude, is instantly recalled by the touch of a similar creature to the natural blazing consciousness of its species.

The last time we were together, though, we had lain on a slope overlooking a sunny lake, and a stem trembled in my hand while I explained, slowly and quietly, that it would not do any longer. I was twenty-eight now, I said, and he would have to make some sort of decision about me.

"Are you talking about a decision that can be made honestly?" He held my chin up and looked into my eyes.

"That is what a decision is," I said. "If the next step is self-evident, we don't call it a decision."

"I don't want to be unfair," he said, finally. And I came to assume, because I hadn't heard from him since, that the decision had been made.



"I am one of the world's richest men, but one distinction has eluded me. I always wanted to be the Sultan of Swat."

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SOFT winter light was rolling up onto the earth as the plane landed, and the long corridors of the airport reflected a mild, dark glow.

An official opened my suitcase and turned over a stack of my underpants. "SOMETHING TO DECLARE," "NOTHING TO DECLARE," I saw on signs overhead, and strange words below each message. Oh, yes—part of this city was English-speaking, part French-speaking. A sorry-looking Christmas wreath hung over the lobby, and I thought of something Ivan had said after one of his frequent trips to see Gary and Linda in Atlanta: "I can't really have much sympathy for her. When she senses I'm not as worried about her as she'd like me to be, she takes a slight, semi-accidental overdose of something or gets herself into a little car crash."

"She loves you that much?" I asked.

"It isn't love," he said. "For all her dependence, she doesn't love me."

"But," I said, "is that what she thinks? Does she think she loves you that much?"

He stood up and stretched, and for a moment I thought that he hadn't registered my question. "Yeah," he said. "That's what she thinks."

Near the airport exit, there was a currency-exchange bureau, and I understood that I would need new money. The man behind the cage counted out the variegated, colorful Canadian bills in front of me. "Ah," he said, noticing my expression—he spoke with a faint but unfamiliar accent—"an unaccustomed medium of exchange, yes?"

I was directed by strangers to a little bus that took me across a plain to the city, a stony outcropping perched at the cold top of the world. There were solitary houses, heavy in the shallow film of light, and rows of low buildings, and many churches. I found a taxi and circumvented the question of language by handing the driver a piece of paper with Ivan's address on it, and I was brought in silence to a dark, muscular Victorian house that loomed from a brick street in a close row with others of its kind.

Ivan came downstairs bringing the morning gold with him and let me in. His skin and hair were wheat and honey colors, and he smelled as if he had been sleeping in a sunny field. "Ivan," I said, taking pleasure in speaking his name. As he held me, I felt ebbing from me a terrible pain that I had been unaware of until that moment. "I'm so tired."

"Want to wake up, or want to go to sleep?" he said.

"Sleep," I said, but for whole minutes I couldn't bring myself to move.

Upstairs, the morning light, gathering strength, made the melting frost on the bedroom window glow. I slept as if I hadn't slept for a week, and then awoke, groping hurriedly through my life to place myself. Understanding, I looked out the window through the city night shine of frost: I was in Montreal with Ivan, and I had missed the day.

I STOOD in the doorway of the living room for a moment, looking. Ivan was there, sharing a bottle of wine with two women. One of them was striking and willowy, with a spill of light curls, and the other was small and dark and fragile-looking. When had Ivan become so much older?

The small woman was studying a photograph, and her shiny hair fell across her pretty little pointy face. “No, it is wonderful, Ivan,” she was saying. She spoke precisely, as if picking her way through the words, with the same accent I had heard at the airport. “It is a portrait of an entire class. A class that votes against its own interests. It is . . . a *photograph* of false consciousness.”

“Well, it’s a damn good print, anyway,” the other woman said. “Lovely work, Ivan.”

“We’re playing Thematic Apperception Test,” Ivan said, and the dark girl blushed and primly lowered her eyes. “We’ve had responses from Quebec and England. Let’s hear from our U.S. representative.” He handed me the photograph. “What do you see?”

Two women who, to judge from this view, were middle-aged, overweight, and poor stood gazing into a shopwindow at a display of tawdry lingerie. High up in the window was a reflection of mounded clouds, and trees in full leaf. I did not feel like discussing the picture.

“Hello,” the small girl said, intercepting my gaze as I looked up. “I am Micheline, and this is my friend Fiona.”

Fiona reached lazily over to shake hands. “Hello,” I said, allowing our attention to flow away from the photograph. “Do you live here, Fiona, or in England?”

“Oh, let’s see,” she said. “Where do I live? Well, it’s been quite some time since I’ve even seen England. I’ve been in Montreal for a while, and before that I was in L.A.”

“Really,” I said. “What were you doing there?”

“What one does,” she said. “I was working in film.”

“The industry!” Micheline said. A hectic flush beat momentarily under her white skin, as if she’d been startled by her own exclamation. “There is much money to be made there, but at what personal expense!”

“Fiona has a gallery here,” Ivan said.

“No money, no personal expense.” Fiona smiled.

“It is excellent,” Micheline said. “Fiona exhibits the most important new photographs in Canada. Soon she will have a show of Ivan’s work.”

“Wonderful,” I said, but none of the others added anything. “We’re rather on display here, Ivan,” I said. “Are you planning to do something about curtains?”

Ivan smiled. “No.” Ivan’s rare smile always stopped me cold, and I smiled back as we looked at each other.

“It is not important,” Micheline said, reclaiming the conversation. “The whole world is a window.”

“That’s ridiculous,” Fiona said good-naturedly, and yawned.

“Yes, but that is true, Fiona,” Micheline said. “Privacy is a—what is that?—*debased* form of dignity. It is dignity’s . . . atrophied corpse.”

“How good your English has become,” Fiona said, smiling, but Ivan had nodded approvingly.

“The rigorous Northern temperament,” Fiona said to me. “Sometimes I long for just a weekend in Los Angeles again.”

“Not me!” Micheline said. She kicked her feet impatiently.

“Have you lived there as well?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “But I am sure. Beaches, hotels, drinks with little hats—”

“That’s Hawaii, I think,” I said.

“Perhaps,” Micheline said, looking sideways at me out of her doll’s face.

“So what about it?” Ivan said. “Have you two decided to stay for dinner?”

“No,” Micheline said, jumping to her feet. “Come, Fiona. We must go.” She held out her hand to Fiona, blushing deeply. “We must go.”

“All right.” Fiona yawned and stood. “But let’s have a rain check, Ivan. Micheline raves about your cooking. Maybe we’ll come back over the weekend for Micheline’s things. Sorry to have left them so long. We’ve been a while sorting things out.”

“No problem,” Ivan said. “Plenty of closet space.”

At the door, Micheline was piling on layers and layers of clothing and stamping like a little pony in anticipation of the snow.

“TELL me about them,” I said to Ivan after dinner, as we lay on the sofa, our feet touching. “Who are they?”

“What do you mean, ‘who’?” he said. “You met them.”

“Come on, Ivan,” I said. “All I meant was that I’d like to know more

ODE TO CRYSTALLIZATION

The atom is a crystal
of a sort; the lattices
its interlockings form
lend a planarity most pleasing
to the abysses and cliffs, much magnified,
of (for example) salt and tourmaline.
Arise, order,
out of necessity!
Mock, you crystals,
with all appearance of chiselled design,
our hope of a Grand Artificer.
The graceful, layered frost-ferns the midnight elves
left on the Shillington windowpanes
for my morning astonishment were misinformation,
as is
the glittering explosion of tinted quartz
discovered in earth like a nugget of thought,
buried evidence
crying out for release to the workman’s pick,
tangled hexagonal hair of an angel interred
where it fell, our earth still molten, in the Fall.

When, on those anvils at the center of stars,
and those even more furious anvils
of the exploding supernovae,
the heavy elements were beaten together
to the atomic number of 94
and the crystalline metals with their easily lost
valence electrons arose,

• •

their malleability and conductivity
made Assyrian goldsmithing possible,
and most of New York City.

Stendhal thought that love
should be likened to a bare branch crystallized
by a winter in the depths of the salt mines of Hallein:
"The tiniest twigs, no bigger
than a tomtit's claw, are spangled with an infinite
number of shimmering, glistening crystals."
Our mathematics and hope of Heaven
alike look to crystals;
their arising, the mounting
of molecules one upon the other, suggests
that inner freezing whereby inchoate
innocence compresses a phrase of art.
Music rises in its fixed lattices
and its cries of aspiration chill our veins
with snowflakes of blood;
the mind grapples up an inflexible relation
and the stiff spheres chime—
themselves, the ancients thought, all crystal.
In this seethe of hot muck there is *something else:*
the ribs of an old dory emerge from the sand,
the words set their bevelled bite on the page,
the loved one's pale iris flares in silent assent,
the electrons leap, leaving positive ions
as the fish scales of moonlight show us water's perfect dance.
Steno's Law, crystallography's first:
the form of crystal admits no angle but its own.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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about your friends. How did you meet them? That sort of thing."

"Actually," he said, "I hardly know Fiona. Micheline just brought her over once before."

"Micheline's so extreme," I said, smiling.

"She's very young," Ivan said.

"I used to be young," I said. "But I was never that extreme, was I?"

"She's a purist," Ivan said. "She's a very serious person."

"She seemed a bit of a silly person to me," I said. "Have she and Fiona been together long?"

"Just a month or so," he said.

"Micheline doesn't seem as if she's really used to being with another woman, somehow," I said. Ivan glanced at a page of newspaper lying on the floor below him. Some headline had caught his eye, apparently. "She was sort of defiant," I said. "Or nervous. As if she were making a statement about being gay."

"On the contrary," Ivan said. "She considers that to be an absolutely fraudulent opposition of categories—gay, straight. Utterly fraudulent."

"Do you?" I said.

"What is this?" Ivan said. "Are you preparing your case against me? Yes, 'The People of the United States of America versus Ivan Augustine Olmstead.' I know."

"How long did she live here?" I said.

"Three months," he said, and then neither of us said anything or moved for about fifteen minutes.

"Ivan," I said. "I didn't call you. You wanted me to come up here."

He looked at me. "I'm sorry," he said. "But we're both very tense."

"Of course I'm tense," I said. "I don't hear from you for six months, then out of the blue you summon me for some kind of audience, and I don't know what you're going to say. I don't know whether you want some kind of future with me, or whether we're having our last encounter, or what."

"Look," he said. He sat upright on the sofa. "I don't know how to say this to you. Because, for some reason, it seems very foreign to you, to your way of thinking. But it's not out of the blue for me at all, you see. Because you're always with me. But you seem to want to feel rejected."

"I don't want to feel rejected," I said. "But if I've been rejected I'd just as soon know it."

"You haven't been rejected," he said. "You can't be rejected. You're a part of me. But instead of enjoying what happens between us, you always worry about what *has* happened between us, or what *will* happen between us."

"Yes," I said. "Because there is no such thing as an independent present. How can I not worry each time I see you that it will be the last?"

"You act as if I had all the power between us," he said. "You have just as much power as I do. But I can't give it to you. You have to claim it."

"If that were true," I said, "we'd be living together at least half the time."

"And if we were living together," he said, "would you feel that you had to go to work with me or stay with me in the darkroom to see whether my feelings about you changed minute by minute? It's not the quantity of time we spend together that makes us more close or less close. People are to each other what they are."

"But that can change," I said. "People's interests are at odds sometimes."

"Not really," he said. "Not fundamentally. And you would understand that if you weren't so interested in defending your isolating, competitive view of things."

"What on earth are you talking about, Ivan? Are you really saying that there's no conflict between people?"

"What I'm saying is that it's absurd for people to be obsessed with their own little roles. People's situations are just a fraction of their existence—the difference between those situations is superficial, it's arbitrary. In actuality, we're all part of one giant human organism, and one part can't survive at the expense of another part. Would you take off your sock and put it on your hand because you were cold? Look—does the universe care whether it's you or Louis Pasteur that's Louis Pasteur? No. From that point of view, we're all the same."

"Well, Ivan," I said, "if we're all the same, why drag me up here? Why not just keep Micheline around? Or call in a neighbor?"

He looked at me, and he sighed. "Maybe you're right," he said. "Maybe I just don't care about you in the way that you need. I just don't know. I don't want to falsify my feelings."

But when I saw how exhausted he

looked, and miserable, loneliness froze my anger, and I was ashamed that I'd allowed myself to become childish. "Never mind," I said. I wished that he would touch me. "Never mind. We'll figure it out."

It was not until the second week that I regained my balance and Ivan let down his guard, and we were able to talk without hidden purposes and we remembered how it felt to be happy together. Still, it seemed to me as if I were remembering every moment of happiness even as it occurred, and, remembering, mourning its death.

One day, Ivan was already dressed and sitting in the kitchen by the time I woke up. "Linda called this morning," he said. "She let the phone ring about a hundred times before I got it. I'm amazed you slept through it."

I poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down.

"I wonder why people do that," he said. "It's annoying, and it's pointless."

"It wasn't pointless in this case," I said. "You woke up."

"Want some toast?" Ivan asked. "Eggs?"

"No, thanks," I said. I hardly ever ate breakfast. "So, is she all right?"

"Fine," he said. "I guess."

"Well, that's good," I said.

"Remember that apartment I had in Washington?" he said. "I loved that place. It was the only place I ever lived where I could get the paper delivered."

"How's Gary?" I said.

"Well, I don't know," Ivan said. "According to Linda, he's got some kind of flu or something. She's gotten it into her head that it's psychosomatic, because this is the first time since he was born that I haven't come home for Christmas."

"Home," I said.

"Well," Ivan said. "Gary's home."

"Maybe you should go," I said.

"He'll have to adjust sometime," Ivan said. "This is just Linda's way of manipulating the situation."

I shrugged. "It's up to you." I wondered, really for the first time, what Ivan's son looked like. "Do you have a picture of Gary?"

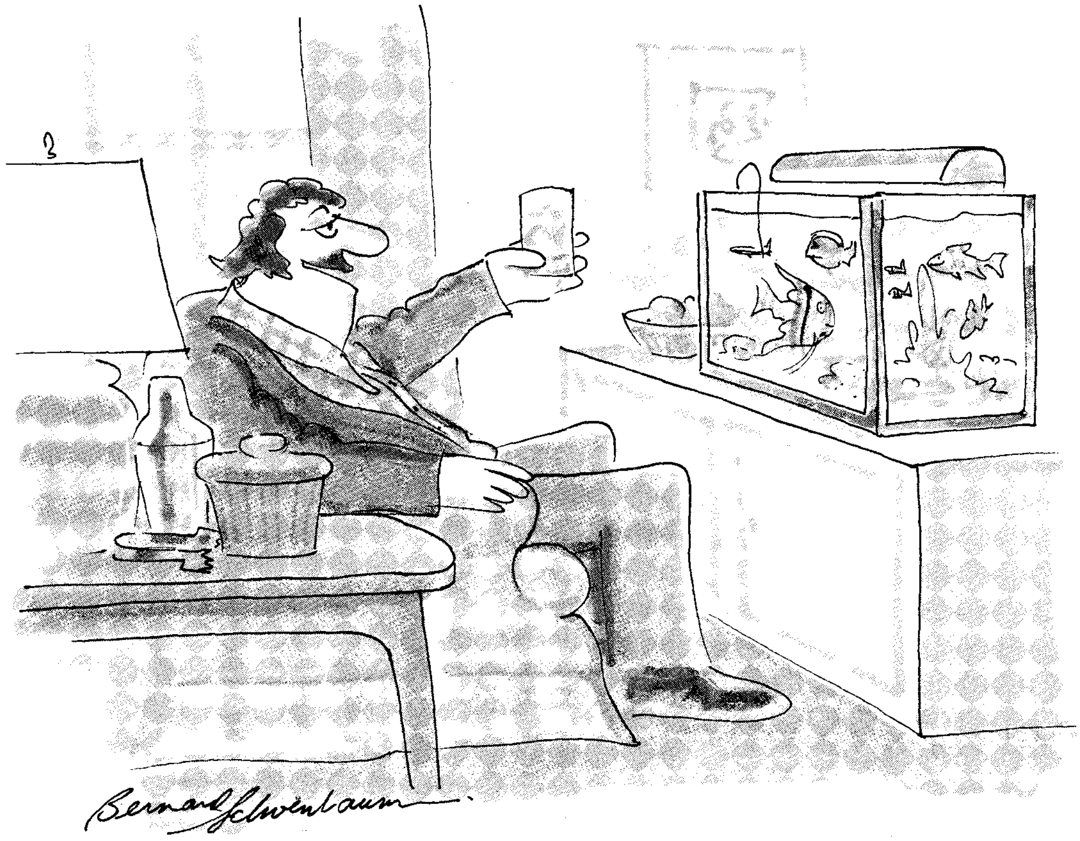
"Somewhere, I think," Ivan said.

"I'd like to see one," I said.

"Sure," he said. "You mean now?"

"Well, I'd like to," I said.

Steam rose from my coffee and faded into the bright room. Outside the window, light snow began to fall. In a few minutes Ivan came back with a wallet-sized snapshot.



"To Jacques Cousteau and all the strange and wonderful creatures that inhabit the ocean depths."

"How did you get into this picture?" I said.

He took it from me and peered at it. "Oh. Some friends of Linda's were over that day. They took it."

"So that's Linda," I said. For nine years I'd been imagining the wrong woman—someone tired and aggrieved—but the woman in the photograph was finely chiselled, like Ivan. Even in her jeans, she appeared aristocratic, and her expression was somewhat set, as if she had just disposed of some slight inconvenience. She and Ivan could have been brother and sister. The little boy between them, however, looked clumsy and bereft. His head was large and round and wobbly-looking, and the camera had caught him turning, his mouth open in alarm, as if he had fallen through space into the photograph. A current of fury flowed through me, leaving me as depleted as *the child in the* picture looked. "What if he *is* sick?" I said.

"Kids get sick all the time," Ivan said.

"You could fly down Christmas Eve and come back the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh."

"Flying on Christmas Eve's impossible anyhow," he said.

"Well, you could go down tomorrow."

"What about you?" he said.

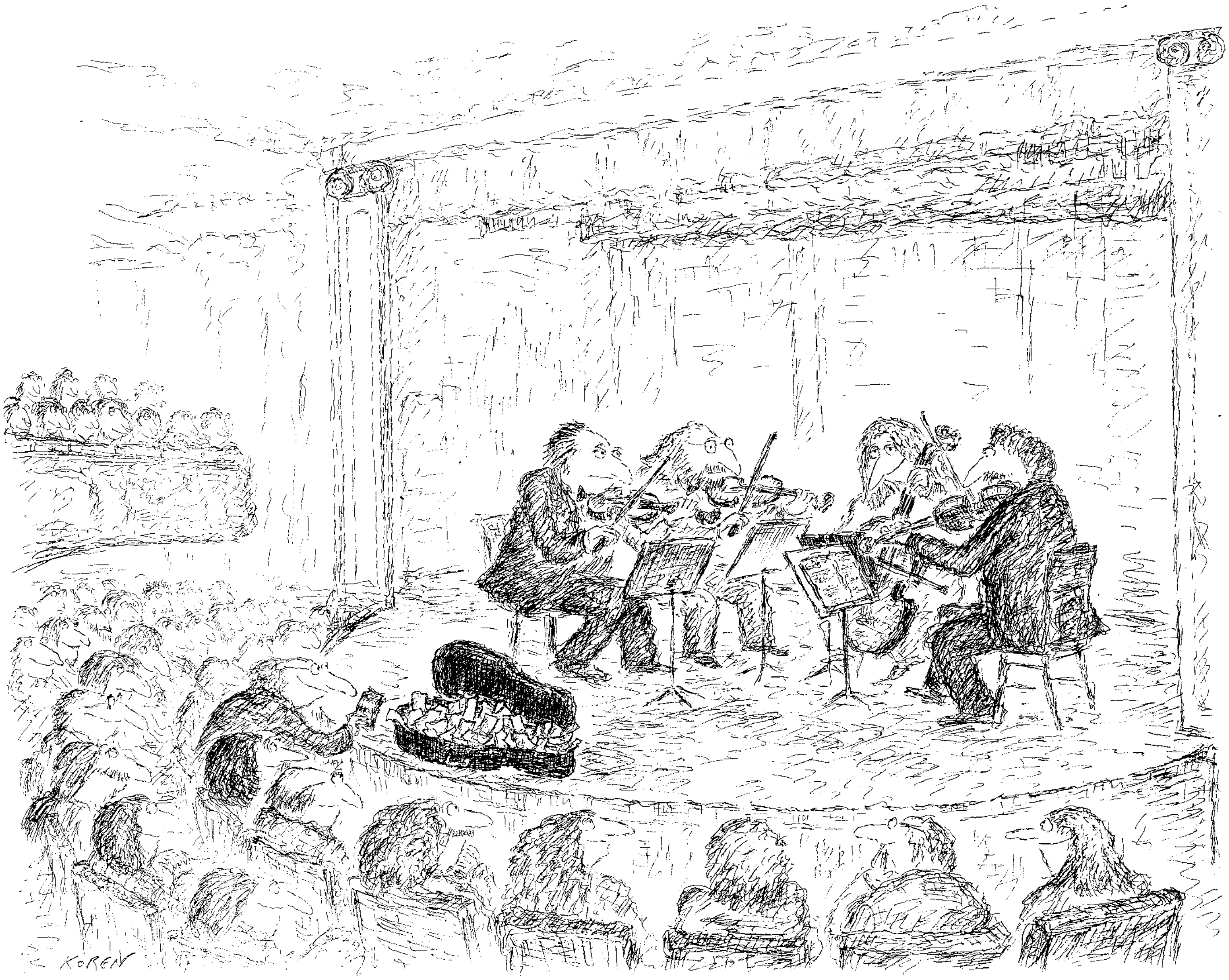
"What about me?" I said.

"If I can even still get reservations," he said.

"Call and see," I said. "I'll call." Linda had probably never, in awe of Ivan's honey-colored elegance that was so like her own, hesitated to touch him as I sometimes did. As I did right now.

The next day, Ivan bought some toys, much more cheerful and robust than the child they were for, and then I watched him pack. And then we went out to the airport together.

I took the little airport bus back alone, and I felt I had been equipped by a mysteri-



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ous agency: I knew without asking how to transport myself into a foreign city, my pockets were filled with its money, and in my hand I had a set of keys to an apartment there. The snow still fell lightly, detaching itself piece by piece from the white sky, absorbing all the sound. And the figures past which we rode looked almost immobile in their heavy clothing, and not quite formed, as if they were bodies waiting to be inhabited by displaced souls. In the dark quiet of the bus, I let myself drift. Cities, the cities where I visited Ivan, were repositories of these bodies waiting to be animated, I thought sleepily, but how did a soul manage to incarnate itself in one?

All night long I slept easily, borne away on the movements of my new unfettered life, but I awoke to a jarring silence. Ivan had taken the clock.

I looked around. It was probably quite late. The sun was already high, and the frost patterns, which seemed always on the verge of meaning, were being sucked back to the edges of the window as I stared. In the kitchen I sat and watched the light pooling in rich winter tints across the linoleum, and eventually the pink-and-pewter evening came, and frost patterns encroached on the windows again. How quickly the day had disappeared. The day had sat at the kitchen window, but the earth had simply rolled away from under it.

It was light again when I woke. I thought suddenly of the little plant on my windowsill in New York. It would be dead by now. I felt nauseated, but then I remembered I hadn't eaten the day before.

There was nothing in the refrigerator, but in the freezer compartment I found a roll of chocolate-chip-cookie dough. How unlike Ivan to have such a thing—what circumstances had prompted him to buy it? Ah—I saw Micheline and Ivan with a shopping cart, laughing: the purists' night off.

I searched through the pots and pans—what a lot of clatter—but there was a cookie sheet. Good. I turned on the oven and sawed through the frozen dough. Soon the kitchen was filling with warmth. But an assaultive odor underlay it, and when I opened the oven door, I found the remains of a leg of lamb from earlier in the week that we'd forgotten to put away. The bone stood out, almost translucent, and the porous sheared face of meat was still red in the center. "Get rid of all this old stuff," I heard myself say out loud in a strange, cheerful voice, and I jabbed a large fork into it. But I had to sit for several minutes breathing deeply with my head lowered before I managed to dump the lamb into the garbage can along with the tray of dough bits and get myself back into bed, where I stayed for the rest of the day.

The next afternoon, it seemed to me that I was ready to go out of the apartment. I took a hot bath, cleansing myself carefully. Then I looked through my clothing, taking it out and putting it away, piece by piece. None of the things I'd brought with me seemed right. Steam poured from the radiators, but the veil of warmth hardly softened the little pointed particles of cold in the room.

The hall closet was full of women's clothes, and there I found everything I needed. I supposed it all belonged to Micheline, but everything felt roomy enough, even though she looked so small. I selected a voluminous skirt, a turtleneck jersey, and a long, heavy sweater. There was a pair of boots as well—beautiful boots, fine-grained and sleek. If they belonged to Micheline, they must have been a gift. Surely she never would have chosen them for herself.

The woman who stood in the mirror was well assembled, but the face, above the heavy dark clothing, was indistinct in the brilliant sunlight. I made up my eyes heavily, and then my mouth with a red lipstick that was sitting on Ivan's bureau, and checked back with the mirror. Much better. Then I found a jacket that probably belonged to Ivan, and a large shawl, which I arranged around my head and shoulders.

Outside, everything was outlined in a fluid brilliance, and underfoot the snow emitted an occasional dry shriek. The air was as thin as if it might break, fracturing the landscape along which I walked: broad, flat-roofed buildings with blind windows, low upon the endless sky. There were other figures against the landscape, all bundled up like myself against the cold, and although the city was still unfathomable, I could recall no other place, and the rudiments of a past seemed to be hidden here for me somewhere, beyond my memory.

I entered a door and was plunged into noise and activity. I was in a supermarket arranged like a hallucination, with aisles shooting out in unexpected directions, and familiar and unfamiliar items perched side by side. If only I had made a list! I held my cart tightly, trusting the bright packages to draw me along correctly and guide me in my selections.

The checkout girl rang up my purchases: eggs (oh, I'd forgotten butter; well, no matter, the eggs could always be boiled, or used in something); a replacement roll of frozen cookie dough; a box of spaghetti; a jar of pickled okra from Texas; a package of mint tea; foil; soap powder; cleanser; violet toilet paper (an item I'd never seen before); and a bottle of aspirin. The girl took my money, glancing at me.

Several doors along, I stopped at a little shop filled with pastries. There were trays of jam tarts and buns, and plates piled up with little chocolate diamond shapes, and pyramids of caramelized spheres, and shelves of croissants and tortes and cookies, and the most wonderful aroma surged around me. "Madame?" said a woman in white behind the counter.

I looked up at her, over a shelf of frosted cakes that held messages coded into French. On one of them a tiny bride and groom were borne down upon by shining sugar swans, and my heart fluttered high up against my chest like a routed moth. I spoke, though, resolutely in English: "Everything looks so good." Surely that was an appropriate thing to say—surely people said that. "Wait." I pointed at a tray of evergreen-shaped cookies covered with green sugar crystals. Tiny bright candies had been placed on them at intervals to simulate ornaments. "There."

"Very good," the woman said. "The children like these very much."

"Good," I said. What had she meant? "I'll take a dozen."

"Did you have a pleasant Christmas?" she asked me, nestling my cookies into a box.

"Yes," I said, perhaps too loudly, but she didn't seem to notice the fire that roared over me. "And you?"

"Very good," she said. "I was with my sister. All the children were home. But now today it feels so quiet." She smiled, and I understood that her communication had been completed, and we both inclined our heads slightly as I left.

"Hello," I said uncertainly to the butcher in the meat market next door. It had occurred to me that I ought to stop and get something nourishing.

"What can I do for you?" the butcher asked in easy English.

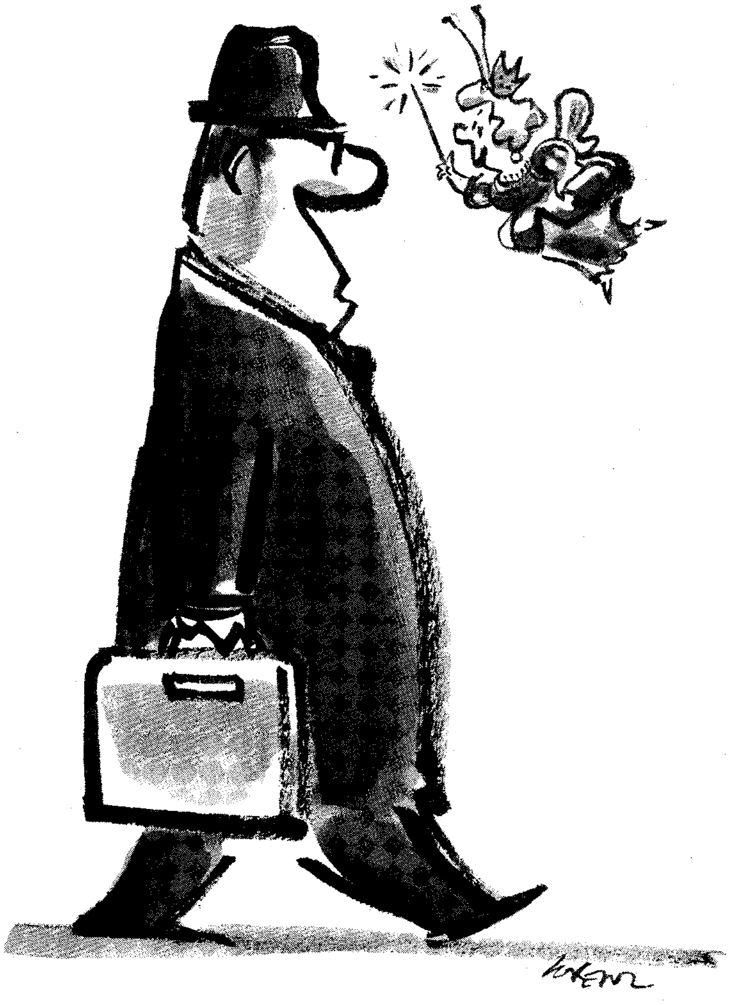
"Actually," I said, dodging a swift memory of the leg of lamb in Ivan's garbage can, "I'd like something for supper." Ah! I had to smile—what the woman in the bakery had been telling me was how it felt to be a person when one's sister and some children were around.

"Something in particular?" the butcher asked. "If I'm not being too nosy?"

"Please," I said across a wall of nausea. "Sausages." That had been good thinking—at least they would be in casings.

"Sausages," he said. "How many sausages?"

"Not so many," I said, trying not to think too concretely about the iridescent hunks of meat all around me.



"See my attorney!"

"Let's see," he said. "Should we say . . . for two?"

"Good," I said. Fortunately there was a chair to wait in. "Did you have a pleasant Christmas?" I asked.

"Excellent," the butcher said. "Goose. And yours?"

"Oh, excellent," I said. I supposed from his silence that that had been insufficient, so I continued. "It feels so quiet today, though. All the children have gone back."

"Oh, I know that quiet," the butcher said. "When they go."

"They're not exactly my children, of course," I said. "They're my sister's. Stepsister's, I mean. My sister would be too young a person to have children old enough to go back anywhere. You know," I said, "I have a friend who believes that in a sense it doesn't matter whether I'm a person with a stepsister who has children or whether someone else is."

The butcher looked at me. "Interesting point," he said. "That's five seventy-eight with tax."

"I know it sounds peculiar," I said, counting out the price. "But this friend really believes that, assuming there's a person with a stepsister, it just doesn't ultimately matter—to the universe, for instance—whether that person happens to be me or whether that person happens to be someone else. And I was thinking—does it actually matter to you whether that person is me or that person is someone else?"

"To me . . . does it matter to me . . ." The butcher handed me my package. "Well, to me, sweetheart, you *are* someone else."

"Well." I laughed uneasily. "No. But do you mean—wait—I'm not sure I understand. That is, did you mean that I might as well be the person with the stepsister? That it's an error to identify oneself as the occupant of a specific situation?" The butcher looked at me again. "I mean, how would you describe the difference between the place you occupy in the world and the place I occupy?"

"Well"—his eyes narrowed thoughtfully—"I'm standing over here, I see you standing over there, like that."

"Oh—" I said.

"So," he said. "Got everything? Know where you are?"

"Thanks," I said. "Yes."

"You're all set, then," he said. "Enjoy the sausages."

Back at the apartment, I unpacked my purchases and put them away. Strange, that I missed Ivan so much more when we were together than when we were apart.

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I WAS dozing when I heard noises in the kitchen. I went to investigate, and found a man with black hair and pale, pale skin standing near the table and holding the bakery box to his ear as if it were a seashell.

"Sorry," he said, putting it down. "The door was open. Where's Ivan?"

"Gone," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Be back soon?"

"No," I said. Well, I was up. I put on the kettle.

"Sit down," he said. "Relax. I don't

bite." He laughed—the sound of breaking dishes. "Name's Eugene." He held out a hand to me. "Mind if I sit for a minute, too? Foot's killing me."

He pulled up a chair across from me and sat, his long-lashed eyes cast down.

"What's the matter with your foot?" I said after a while.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure. Doctor told me it was a calcium spur. Doesn't bother me much, except just occasionally." He fell silent for a minute. "Maybe I should see the guy again, though. Sometimes things . . . become *exacerbated*, I guess is how you'd put it. Turn into other things, almost."

I nodded, willing him toward the door. I wanted to sleep. I wanted to have a meal.

"I was walking around, though," he said, "and I thought I'd drop in to see Ivan."

"I'm going to have a cup of tea," I said. "Do you want one?"

"He doesn't have any herb tea, does he?" Eugene said. "It's good for the nerves. Soothing." He was wearing heavy motorcycle boots, I saw, that were soaking wet. No wonder his feet hurt. "Yeah, Ivan owes me some money," he said. "Thought I'd drop by and see if he had it on him by some chance."

I put the teapot and cups on the table. I wondered how soon I could get Eugene to go.

"Where're you from?" Eugene said. "You're not from here, are you?"

"New York," I said. I also wanted to get out of these clothes. They were becoming terribly uncomfortable.

"Yeah, that's what I thought. I thought so." He laughed miserably again. "Good old rotten apple."

"Don't like it much, huh?" I said.

"Oh, I like it all right," Eugene said. "I love it. I was born and raised there. Whole family's there. Yeah, I miss it a lot. From time to time." He sipped delicately at his tea, still looking down. Then he tossed his thick black hair back from his face, as if he were aware of my stare.

"Aren't you cold?" I asked suddenly. "Walking around like that?" I reached over to his leather jacket.

"Oh, I'm fine, thank you, dear," he said. "I enjoy this. Of course I've got a scarf on, too. Neck's a very sensitive part of the body. Courting disaster to expose the neck to the elements. But this is my kind of weather. I'd live outside if I could." He lifted his eyes to me. They were pale and shallow, and they caught the light strangely, like pieces of bottle glass under water. "Candy?" he said, taking a little vial from his pocket and shaking some of its powdery contents out onto the table.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Mind if I do?" He drew a wad of currency from another pocket and peeled off a large bill.

"That's pretty," I said, watching him roll it into a tight brown tube stippled with green and red. "I've never seen that one before."

"Pretty," he said. "You bet it's

THE ALMOND TREE

Fire, the joys of split sap.
Rain, or maybe just wind on the roof tiles.
You look for your coat from last year.
You take the keys, you go out, a star shines.

Move off
Through the vineyards toward the mountain
Of Vachères. At dawn
The sky will be quicker.

A circle
Where indifference thunders.
Light
In place of God.

Almost fire, you see,
In the water trough of the nocturnal rain.

●

Yet in the dream,
In the other dark fire that flared up again,
A serving girl went far ahead of us
With a lamp. Its light was red
And streamed
Down the folds of the dress against her thigh
Onto the snow.

Star-strewn
Sky, an unmade bed, a birth.

And the almond tree, grown
Sturdier in two years: the flow
Of the same river in a darker arm.

●

O flowering almond tree,
My endless night,
Trust, child, lean
Against this lightning.

Branch here, burnt by absence, drink
With your brief flowers from the changing sky.

●

I came out
Into another universe. It was
Before dawn.
I threw salt on the snow.

—Yves Bonnefoy

(*Translated, from the French, by Richard Pevear.*)

● ●

"I'll be at Georgette's Laundromat and Bar-and-Grill."

• •

pretty. It's a cento. Still play money to me, though. A lot better than that stingy little monochrome crap back home, huh?"

Eugene tipped some more from the vial onto the table.

"So why don't you go back?" I said. "If you like it so much."

"Go back." He sniffed loudly, eyes closed. "You know, I don't feel this stuff the way a woman does. They say it's a woman's drug. I don't get that feeling at the back of my head, like you can." His light eyes rested on my face. "Well, I can't go back. Not unless they extradite me."

"For what?" Maybe I could just ask Eugene to go. Or maybe I could grab his teacup and smash it on the floor.

"Shot a guy," he said.

"Yes?" I tucked my feet under me. This annoying skirt! I hated the feeling of wool next to my skin.

"Now, don't get all nervous," Eugene said. "It was completely justified. Guy tried to hurt me. I'd do it again, too. Fact, I said so to the judge. My lawyer kept telling me, 'Shut up, maniac, shut up.' And he told the judge, 'Your Honor, you can see yourself my client's as crazy as a lab rat.' How do you like that? So I said, 'Listen, Judge. What would you do if some slimebag pulled a knife on you? I may be crazy, but I'm no fool.' " Eugene leaned back and put his hands against his eyes.

I poured myself some more tea. It felt thick going down. I hadn't even had water, I remembered, for some time. "Would you like another cup?" I asked.

"Yeah," Eugene said. "Thanks."

"You know Ivan a long time?" he asked.

"Nine years," I said.

"Nine years. A lot of bonds can be forged in nine years. So how come I never met you? Ivan and I hang out."

"Oh, God, I don't know," I said. "It's an on-and-off type of thing. We're thrashing it out together now."

"You're thrashing it out together," he said. "You're thrashing it out together, but I only see one of you."

"Right," I said. "So how did you get to Canada, anyhow?"

"Oh. They put me in the hospital," he said. "But I've got friends. Here," he said. "Look." He emptied a pocket onto the table. There was a key chain, and an earring, and something that I presumed was a switchblade, and a bundle of papers—business cards and phone numbers and all sorts of miscel-

"It's true that more is not necessarily better, Edward, but it frequently is."

• •

lany—that he started to read out to me. "Jesus," he said, noticing me inspecting his knife. "You'll take your whole arm off that way. Do it like this." He demonstrated, flashing the blade out, then he folded it up and put it back in his pocket. "Here—look at this one." He handed me a card covered with a meaningless mass of dots. "Now hold it up to the light." He grabbed it back and placed it over a lamp near me. The dots became a couple engaged in fellatio. "Isn't that something?"

"Yes," I said. "I think you should go now, though. I have to do some things." His face was changing and changing in front of me. He receded, rippling.

"Wait—" he said. "You don't look good. Have you been eating right?"

"I'm all right," I said. "I don't care. Please leave."

"You're in bad shape, lady," he said. "You're not well. Sure you don't want any of this?" He offered me the vial. "Pick you right up. Then we'll fix you some more tea or something. Get some vitamins into you."

"No, no. It's just these clothes," I said, plucking at them. "I've got to get out of these clothes." He was beautiful, I saw. He was beautiful. He sparkled with beauty; it streamed from him in glistening sheets, as if he were emerging from a lake of it. I kicked at Micheline's boots, but Eugene was already kneeling, and he drew them off, and the thick stockings, too, and my legs appeared, very long, almost shining in the growing dark, from beneath them.

"Got 'em," he said, standing.

"Yes," I said, holding my arms up. "Now get this one," and he pulled the sweater over my head.

"Sh-h-h," he said, folding the sweater neatly. "It's O.K." But I was rattling inside my body like a Halloween skeleton as he carried me to Ivan's bed and wrapped a blanket around me.

"Look how white," I said. "Look how white your skin is."

"When I was in the jungle it was like leather," he said. "Year and a half, shoe leather. Sh-h-h," he said again, as I flinched at a noise. "It's just this." And I understood that it was just his knife, inside his pocket, that had made the noise when he'd dropped his clothes to the floor. "You like that, huh?" he said holding the knife out for me.

Again and again and again I made the blade flash out, severing air from air, while Eugene waited. "That's enough now," he said. "First things first. You can play with that later."

WHEN we finished making love, the moon was a perfect circle high in the black window. "How about that?" Eugene said. "Nature." We leaned against each other and looked at it. "You got any food here, by the way?" he asked. "I'm famished."

By the time I'd located a robe—a warm, stripy thing in Ivan's closet—Eugene was rummaging through the icebox. "You got special plans for this?" he said, holding up the violet toilet paper that apparently I'd refrigerated.

"Let's see . . ." I said. "There're some sausages."

"Sausages," he said. "Suckers are delicious, but they'll kill you. Preservatives, unsaturated fats. Loaded with PCBs, too."

"Really?" I said.

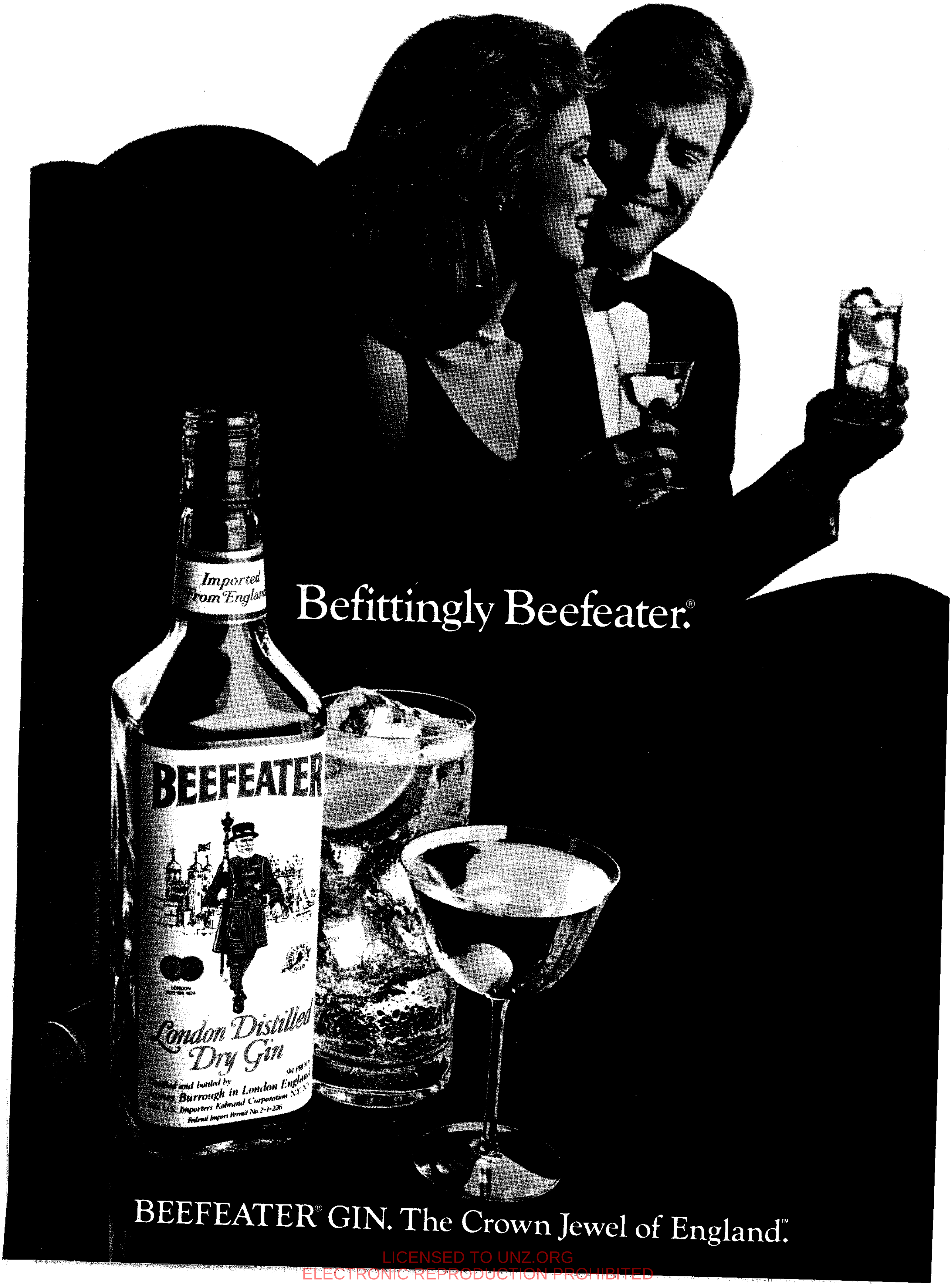
"Don't you know that?" he said. "What are you smiling about? You think I'm kidding? Listen, Americans eat too much animal protein anyhow. Fibre's where it's at." He nodded at me, his eyebrows raised. "What else you got?"

"There's some pickled okra," I said.

"Ivan's into some heavy stuff here, huh?" he said.

"Well . . ." It was true that I hadn't shopped very efficiently. "Oh, there are these." I undid the bakery box.

"Holy Christ," Eugene said. "How do you like that—little Christmas trees. Isn't that something!" He arranged them into a forest on the table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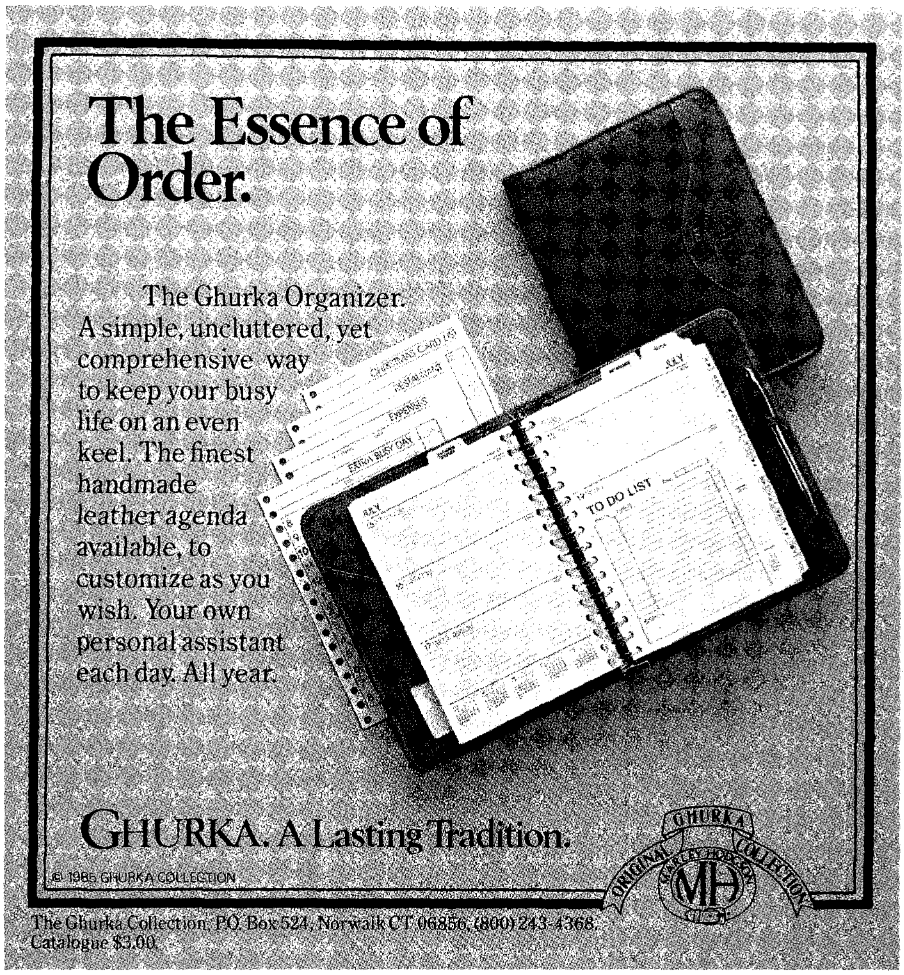

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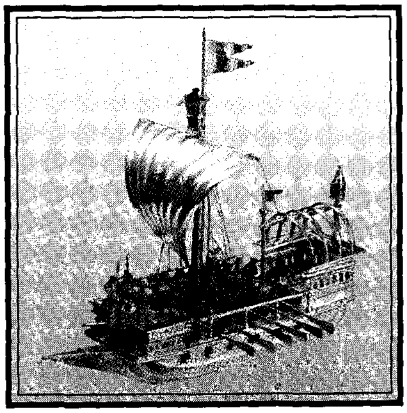

Silver, parcel-gilt, and gold enamel nef, probably Netherlandish, circa 1580. From the collection of Baron Bruno Schroder.

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and walked his fingers among them. "Here we come awassailing among the leaves so green," he sang, and it sounded like something he didn't often do.

Here we come awandering
so fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

"What's the matter?" he said. "You don't like Christmas carols?" So I did harmony as he sang another verse:

We are not daily beggars
that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbors' children
whom you have seen before.
Love and joy come to you,
and to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

Eugene clapped. Then he made an obscene face and stuck a cookie into his mouth. "Oh, lady," he said, holding the cookie out for me to finish. "These are abso-*lute*ly scrumptious."

That was true. They were awfully good, and we munched on them quietly in the moonlit kitchen.

"So what about you and Ivan?" Eugene asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I'm starving with Ivan, but my life away from him—my own life—I've just let it dry up. Turn into old bits and pieces."

"Well, honey," Eugene said, "that's not right. It's your life."

"But nothing changes or develops," I said. "Ivan just can't seem to decide what he wants."

"No?" Eugene looked away tactfully, and I laughed out loud in surprise.

"That's true," I said. "I guess he decided a long time ago." I stared down at the table, into our diminished cookie forest, and I felt Eugene staring at me. "Well, I didn't want to be the one to end it, you know?" I said. "But time does change things even if you can't see it happen, and eventually someone has to be the one to say 'Well, now things are different.' Anyhow, it's not his fault. He's given me what he could."

Eugene nodded. "Ivan's a solitary kind of guy. I respect him."

"Yes," I said. "But I wish things were different."

"I understand, dear." Eugene patted my hand. "I hear you."

"What about you?" I said. "Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Who, me?" he said. "No, I'm just

an old whore. I've got a wife down in the States. Couldn't live with her anymore, though." He sighed and looked around. "Sixteen years. So what else you got to eat here? I'm still hungry."

"Well," I said. "There's a roll of cookie dough in the freezer, but it's Ivan's, really."

"We should eat it, then." Eugene laughed. "Serve the arrogant bastard right." I looked at him. "Don't mind me, honey," he said. "You know I'm crazy."

I WOKE up once in the night, with Eugene snoring loudly next to me, and when I butted my head gently into his shoulder to quiet him down he wrapped his marvellous white arms around me. "Thought I forgot about you, huh?" he said distinctly, and started to snore again.

Sunlight forced my eyes open hours later. "Jesus," said a voice near me. "What time is it?" The sun had bleached out Eugene's luminous beauty. With his pallor and coarse black hair, he looked like a phantom that one registers peripherally on the streets. "I've got a business appointment at noon," he said, pulling on his jeans. "Think it's noon?"

"I don't know," I said. It felt pleasantly early. "No clock."

"I better hit the road," he said. "Christ."

"Here," I said, holding out his knife.

"Yeah, thanks." He pocketed it and looked at me. "You be O.K. now, lady? Going to take care of yourself for a change?"

"Yes," I said. "By the way, how much does Ivan owe you?"

"Huh?" he said. "Hey, there's my jacket. Right on the floor. Very nice."

"Because he mentioned it before he left," I said.

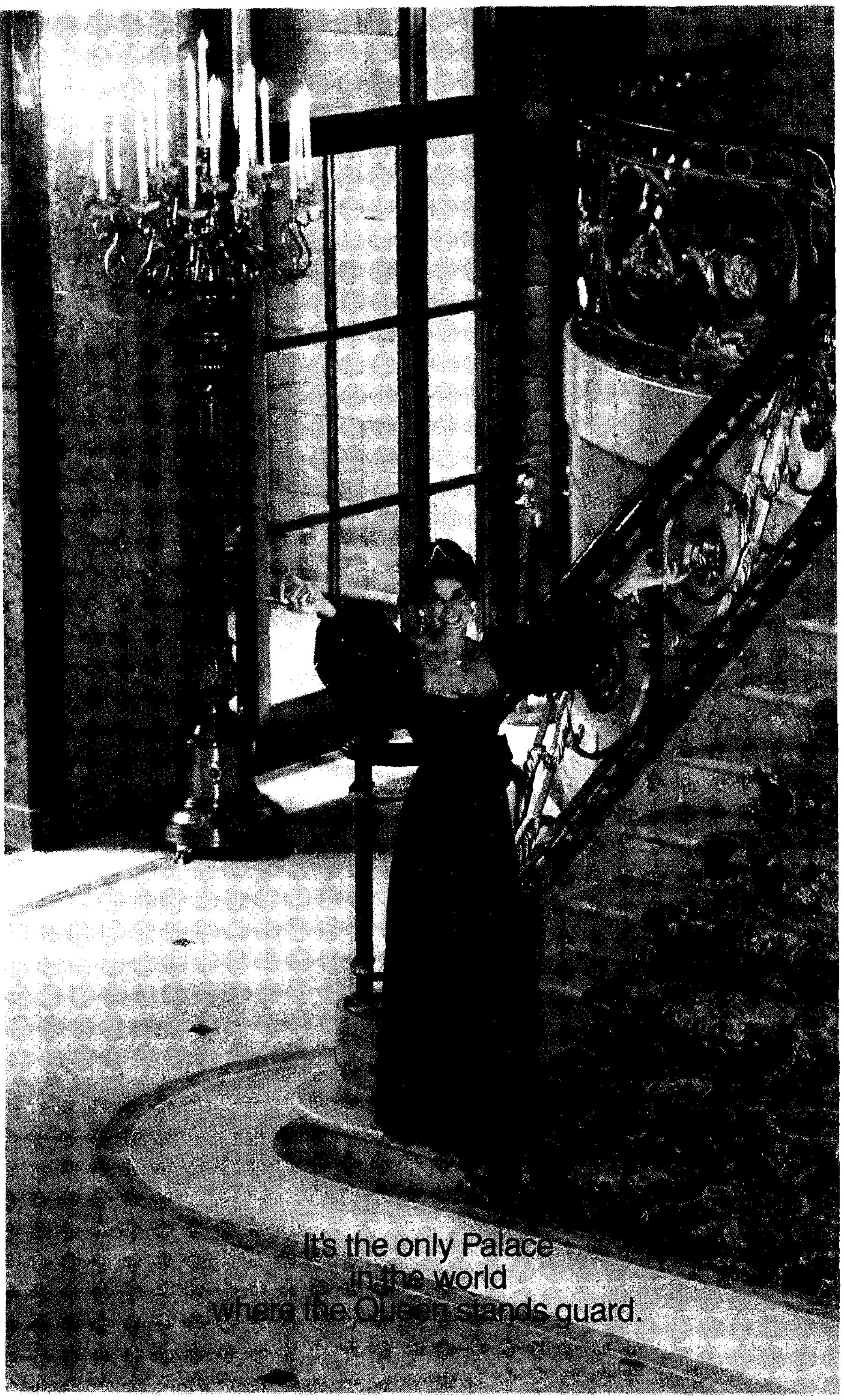
"Yeah?" Eugene said. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'll come back for it, like—when? When's that sucker going to get back?"

"No," I said. There was really no point in waiting for Ivan. I wanted to conclude this business myself right now. "He forgot to tell me how much it was, but he left me plenty to cover."

Eugene looked down at his boots. "Two bills."

I put on the robe and counted out two hundred dollars from my purse. It was almost all I had left of the lively cash. "And he said thanks," I said.

I stood at the open door until Eu-



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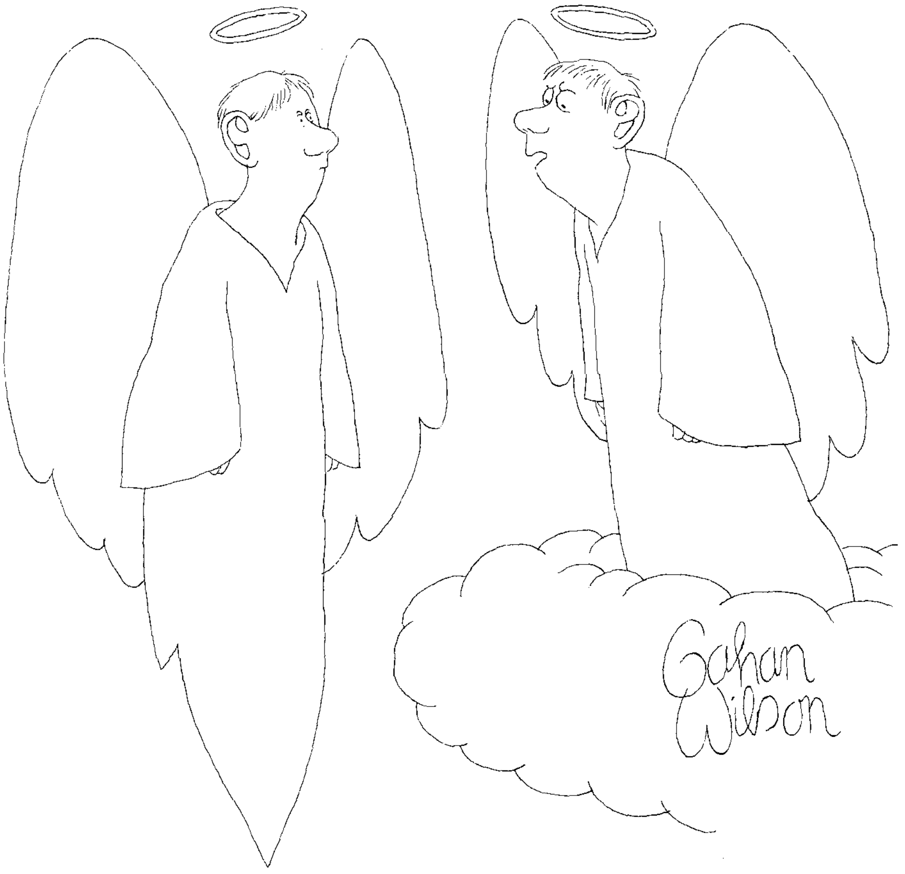

"Would you mind standing over here? Seeing you just floating there gives me the creeps."

• •

gene went through it. "Yeah, well," he said. "Thanks yourself."

At the landing he turned back to me. "Have a good one," he called up.

I WENT back inside and put some eggs on to boil. Then I twirled slowly, making the stripes on the robe flare.

How on earth had I forgotten butter? The eggs were good, though. I enjoyed them.

After breakfast I rooted around and found a pail and sponges. It made me sad that Ivan had let the apartment get so filthy. He used to enjoy taking care of things. Then I sat down with a mystery I found on a shelf, and by the time Ivan walked in, late in the afternoon, I'd almost finished it.

"Looks great in here," he said after he kissed me.

"I did some cleaning," I said.

"That's great," he said. I thought of my own apartment. There would be a lot to do when I got home. "Jesus. Am I exhausted! That was some trip."

"How's Gary?" I said.

"Well, he was running a little fever when I got there, but he's fine now," Ivan said.

"Good," I said. "Did he like his presents?"

"Uh-huh." Ivan smiled. "Particularly that game that the marble rolls around in. He and I both got pretty good at it after the first few hundred hours."

"I liked that one, too," I said.

"He's a good kid," Ivan said. "He really is. I just hope Linda doesn't make him into some kind of nervous wreck."

"How's she doing?" I asked.

"Well, she's all right, I think. She's trying to get a life together for herself at least. She's getting a degree in dance therapy."

"That's good," I said.

"She'll be O.K. if she can just get over her dependency," he said. "I'll be interested to see how she does with this new thing."

He would be monitoring her closely, I knew. What a tight family they had established, Ivan and Linda—not much room for anyone else. Of course, Gary and I had our own small parts in it. I'd probably been quite important in fencing out, oh, Micheline, for instance, just as Gary had been indispensable in fencing me out.

"Hey," Ivan said. "Who's been sitting in my chair?" He bent down and picked up a scarf.

"Someone named Eugene stopped by," I said. "He said you owed him money."

"Jesus. That's right," Ivan said. "Well, I'll get around to it in the next day or so."

"I took care of it myself," I said.

"Really? Well, thanks. That's great. I'll reimburse you. Sorry you had to deal with him, though."

"I liked him," I said.

"You did?" Ivan said.

"You like him enough to do business with him," I said.

"Yeah, I know I should be more compassionate," Ivan said. "It's just that he's so hard to take."

"Is any of that stuff true that he says?" I asked. "That he shot some guy? That he lived in the jungle?"

"Shot some guy? I don't know. He has a pretty extensive fantasy life. But he fought in the war, yeah."

"Oh," I said. "I see. Jungle—Vietnam."

"I keep forgetting," Ivan said. "You're really just a baby."

"That must have been awful," I said.

"Well, he could have gotten out of it if he didn't want to do it," Ivan said.

"He probably thought it was a good thing to do," I said. "Besides, people can't arrange their lives exactly the way they'd like to."

"I disagree," Ivan said. "People only like to think they can't."

"You know," I said, trying to recall the events of the day before, "I was having some sort of conversation with a butcher about that yesterday."

"A butcher?" Ivan said.

"Yes," I said. "And, as I remember, he was saying something to the effect that people are only free to the extent that they recognize the boundaries of their lives."

"Sounds pretty grim," Ivan said. "And pretty futile."

"Not exactly futile," I said. "At least, I think his point was that if I know that over here is where I'm standing, well, that's what gives rise to the consciousness that over there is where you're standing, and automatically I get a map, a compass. So my situation—no matter how bad it is—is my source of power."

"Well," Ivan said. "That's a very dangerous way of thinking, because it's just that point of view that can be used to rationalize a lot of selfishness

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and oppression and greed. I'll bet you were talking to that thief over by St. Lawrence who weighs his thumb, right?"

"Well, maybe I'm misrepresenting him," I said. "He was pretty enigmatic."

Ivan looked at me and smiled, but I could hardly bear the sweetness of it, so I turned away from him and went to the window.

How handsome he was! How I wished I could contain the golden, wounding hope of him. But it had begun to diverge from me—oh, who knew how long before—and I could feel myself already re-forming: empty, light.

"So how are you?" Ivan said, joining me at the window.

"All right," I said. "It's good not to be waiting for you."

"I'm sorry I missed Christmas here," he said. "Montreal's a nice place for Christmas. Next year, what do you say we try to do it right?"

He put his arm around me, and I leaned against his shoulder while we looked out at the place where I'd been walking the day before. The evening had arrived at the moment when everything is all the same soft color of a shadow, and the city seemed to be floating close, very close, outside the window. How familiar it was, as if I'd entered and explored it over years. Well, it had been a short time, really, but it would certainly be part of me, this city, long after I'd forgotten the names of the streets and the colors of the light, long after I'd forgotten the feel of Ivan's shirt against my cheek, and the darkening sight separated from me now by a sheet of glass I could almost reach out to shatter.

—DEBORAH EISENBERG

•

Considering his lack of schooling and political background, Woodward said, his candidacy is a miracle of the Democratic system. Woodward says he has done a large amount of personal study and he has taken non-credit college courses.

The party's platform calls for a return to spirituality in government. Woodward says the elimination of silent prayer from schools led to the decadence of ancient Babylon and Rome.—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

Are you listening, Gibbon?

•

Marilyn Parzych will tell the Medfield Weight Watchers class how she lost 216 pounds on Tuesday, Oct. 23, at the United Church of Christ, 469 Main St., Medfield.—*Medfield (Mass.) Suburban Press.*

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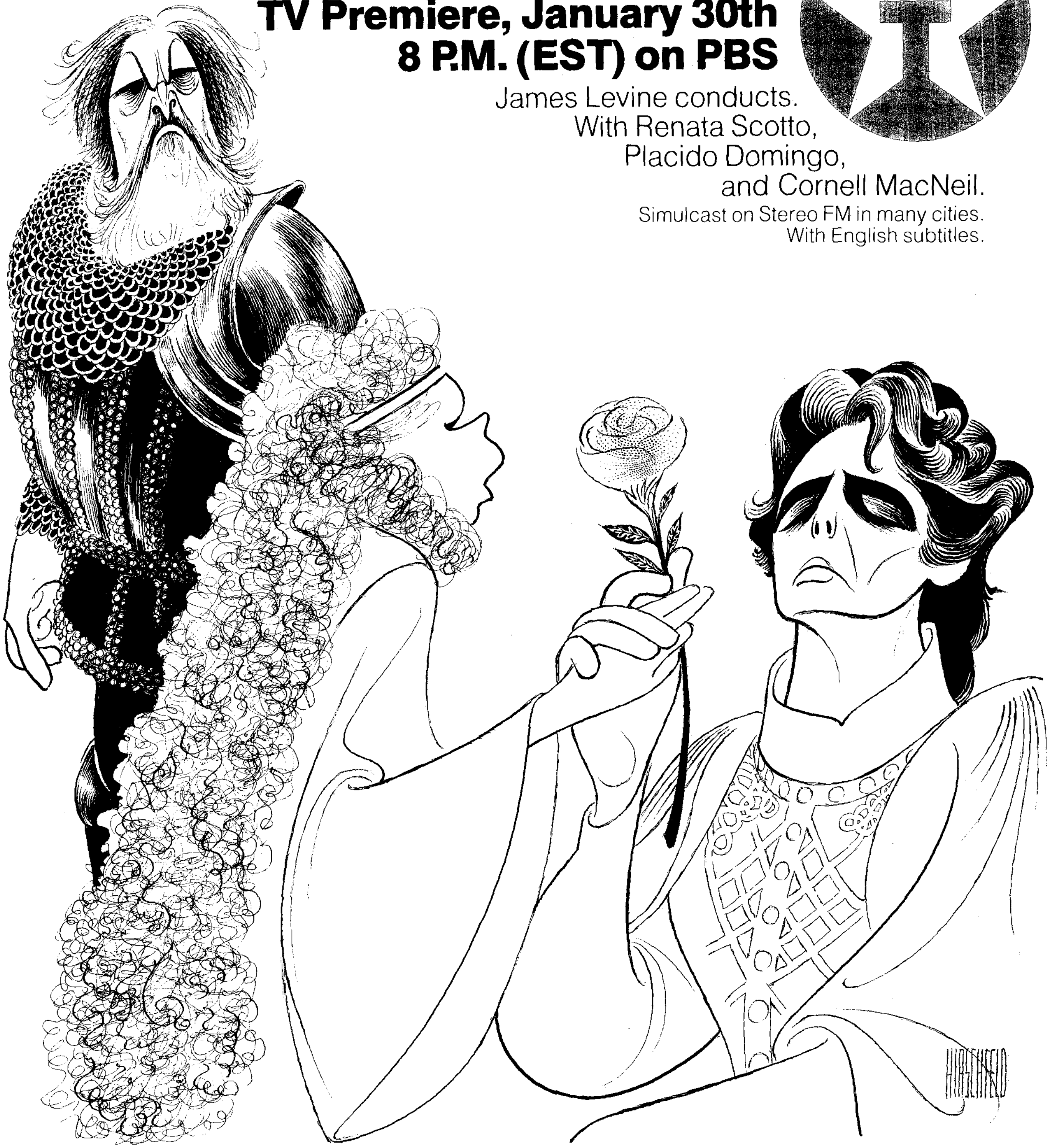

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AN AUSTRALIAN CHILDHOOD

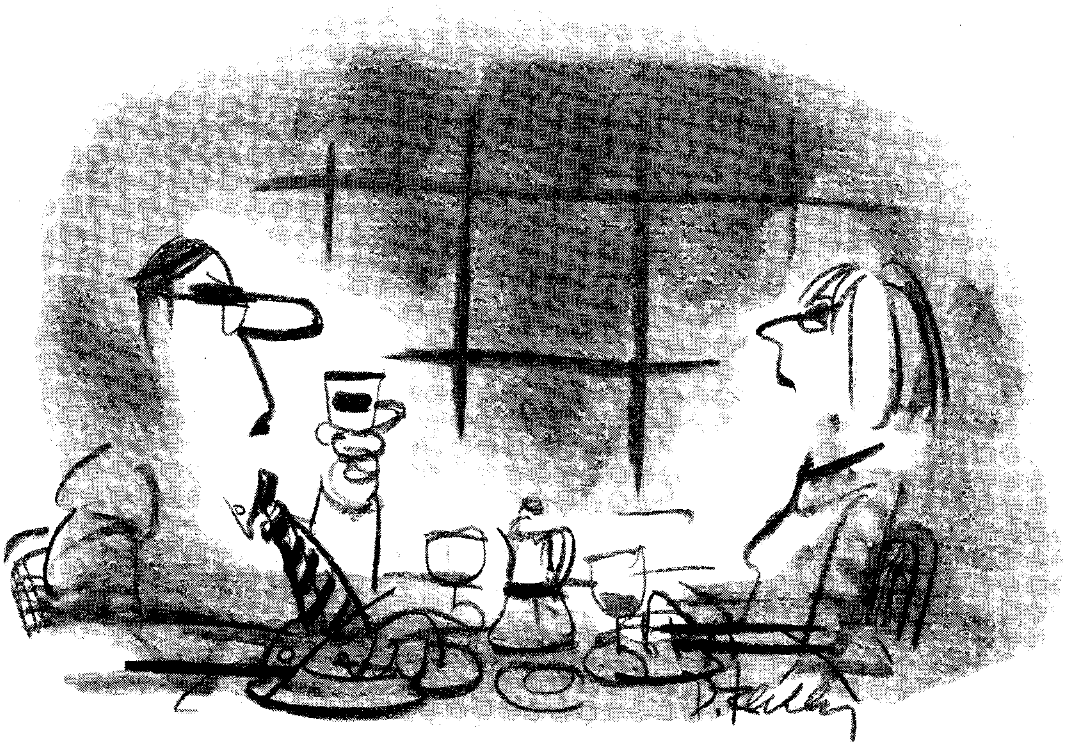
A VERANDA ON A CORNER OF A CONTINENT

IN Australia, we used to sit on the veranda. It was hot—at least, it was hot in the dry season—and in moments of leisure, which is to say in the afternoon, we would automatically gather there, under the overhang of the roof, and look out over the cleared spaces of the paddocks to the wall of the rain forest (we called it "the scrub") which ringed us around. Sometimes, through the drowsy silence we would hear the whistle of the little train as it rounded the bend, and we would know that the world, represented by the gray canvas mailbags, was approaching us. If no passengers wanted to get off, the bags would simply be tossed from the train as it passed, and the station mistress, a short woman with small, obscure dark eyes, her hair drawn back tautly from her forehead, would rush out, arms pumping, to pick them up. So the news of the world reached us, not in great headlines or in the loud voices of modern communication but slowly, slowly, over the vast oceans from England, creeping up from the south of Australia by boat, and inching along in the small train that crossed the coastal strip, negotiated the steep ravines and the spidery railway bridges, and at last, like some brave panting animal, mounted steadfastly to our own plateau, the Atherton Tableland, on the edge of the Great Dividing Range.

I grew up in the 1920s in these ranges of the northeastern seaboard of Australia—born into a world different from the large and mostly desertlike areas more typical of the continent. The rain in my native North Queensland, drawn by the divide of mountains, watered the fertile soil eroded from basaltic lava and created—after the arrival of the pioneers—a brilliant landscape, where the grass grew to a vivid emerald, and the reddish roads veined the earth. Everywhere, in those days, there was a backdrop of rain forest, nourished by deep topsoil and watered by the misty rain of the monsoon. The sound, the feeling, the enveloping quality of that constant light, swirling rain has been with me always, like one of those primordial lullabies we are supposed to carry with us from an earlier world. The lullaby would rise in a crescendo when the cyclones swept in, raging in circles, clawing at the waves and piling them up along the continental shelf until glassy walls of water rushed inland to break against headlands or foothills and to sweep out to sea broken timbers of the rain forest and fragments of hulls and masts and docks, of houses and men and animals. Once, when I was very young, a cyclone pounced from the north, swept up to the high tableland that lay inland from the port of Cairns, and circled our jungle with its wind and torrents of rain. It lifted the iron roof off the small room where I slept. I awoke, crying, to feel the rain on my face, and my father's arms carrying me to safety.

To the north of us, though then I didn't think about it, were the myriad islands dotting the waters of the Torres Strait, where warriors from New Guinea—the plaited sails of their canoes glittering in the sun—still sang their head-hunting songs as they paddled from shore to shore. To the south and west a whole extensive continent stretched, its shape cut out in bold antique form and its surface levelled by aeons of freedom from geological movement. Long before the Himalayas, the Andes, and the Rockies built their heights, this Australian surface, part of it among the oldest such stretches in the world, had taken its present form. It spread out with an air of permanence, shimmeringly deceptive with its grasses of light gold, its ragged and weary-looking trees.

Our veranda on one corner of that continent was the extension of our lives. We were hemmed in, in this boundless and free pioneer's world, by the narrowest of possibilities, and by the edge of the property that my father had helped to cut out from the virgin scrub, and by the distances that had to be crossed (in places at a snail's pace) before contact could be made with the rest of settled Australia, and so we were dependent on this extension to save us from the prisoner's cast of mind. When the mail arrived, was sorted out, read, discussed, and exclaimed about, and when the tray-mobile was trundled from the kitchen carrying tea flanked by a sponge cake fresh from an oven that had been stoked by aromatic jungle woods, the atmosphere became one of expansive contentment. A



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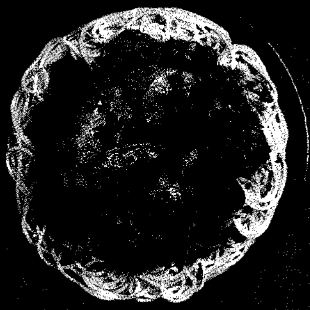

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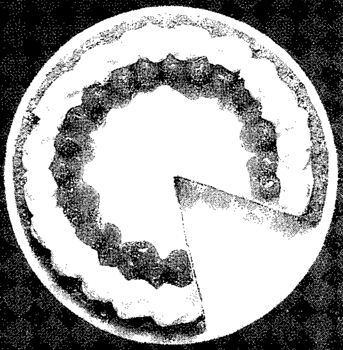

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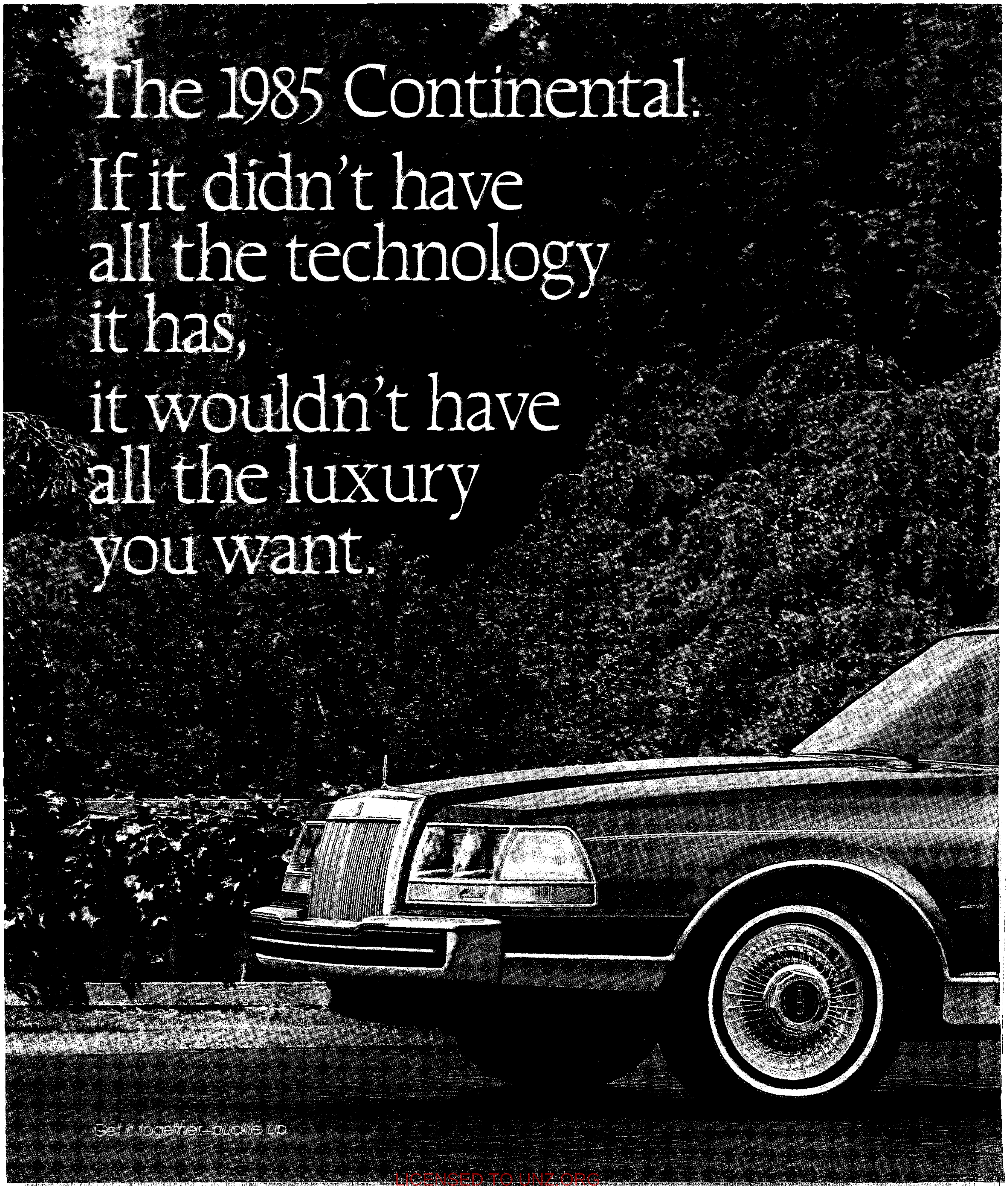

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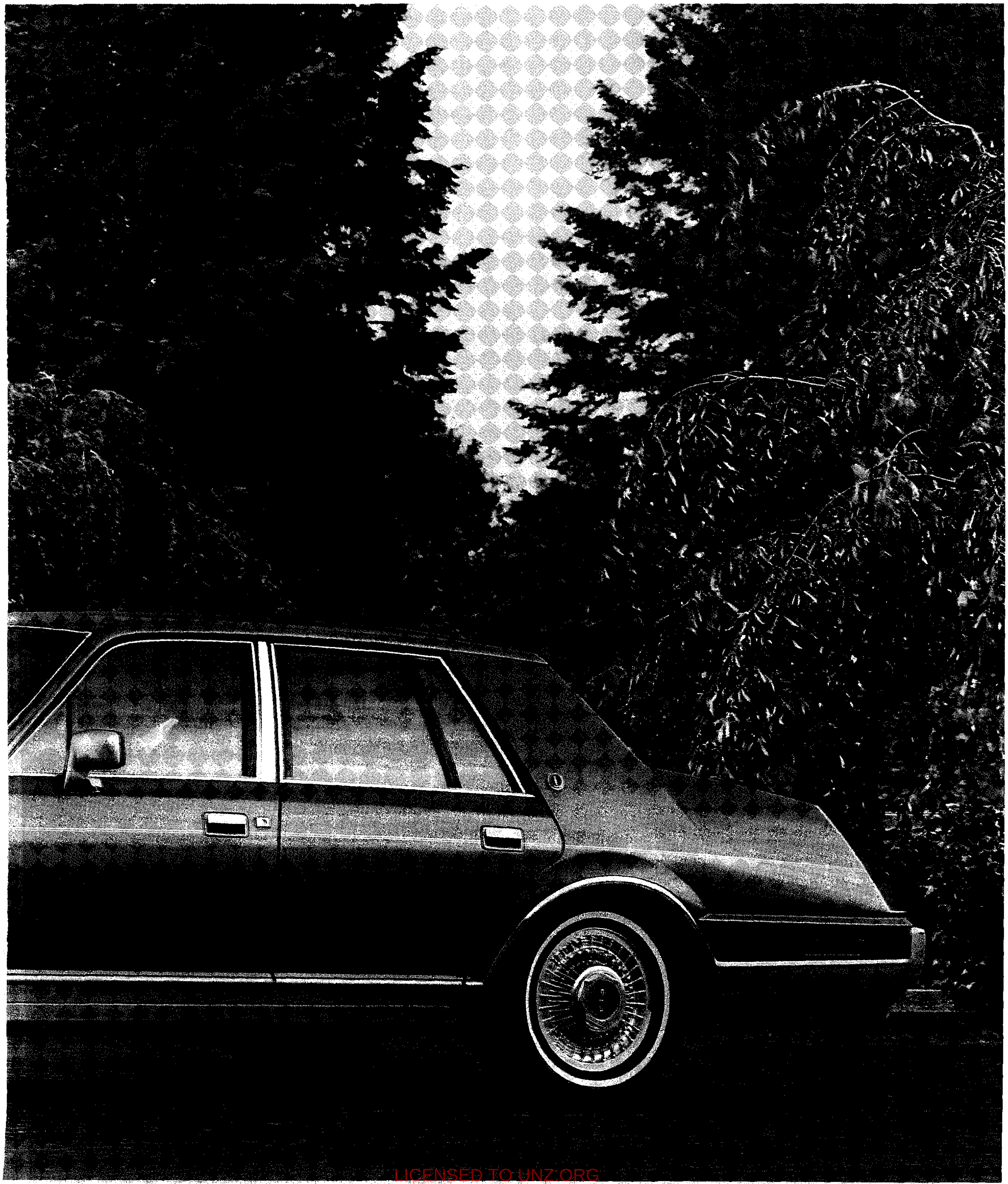

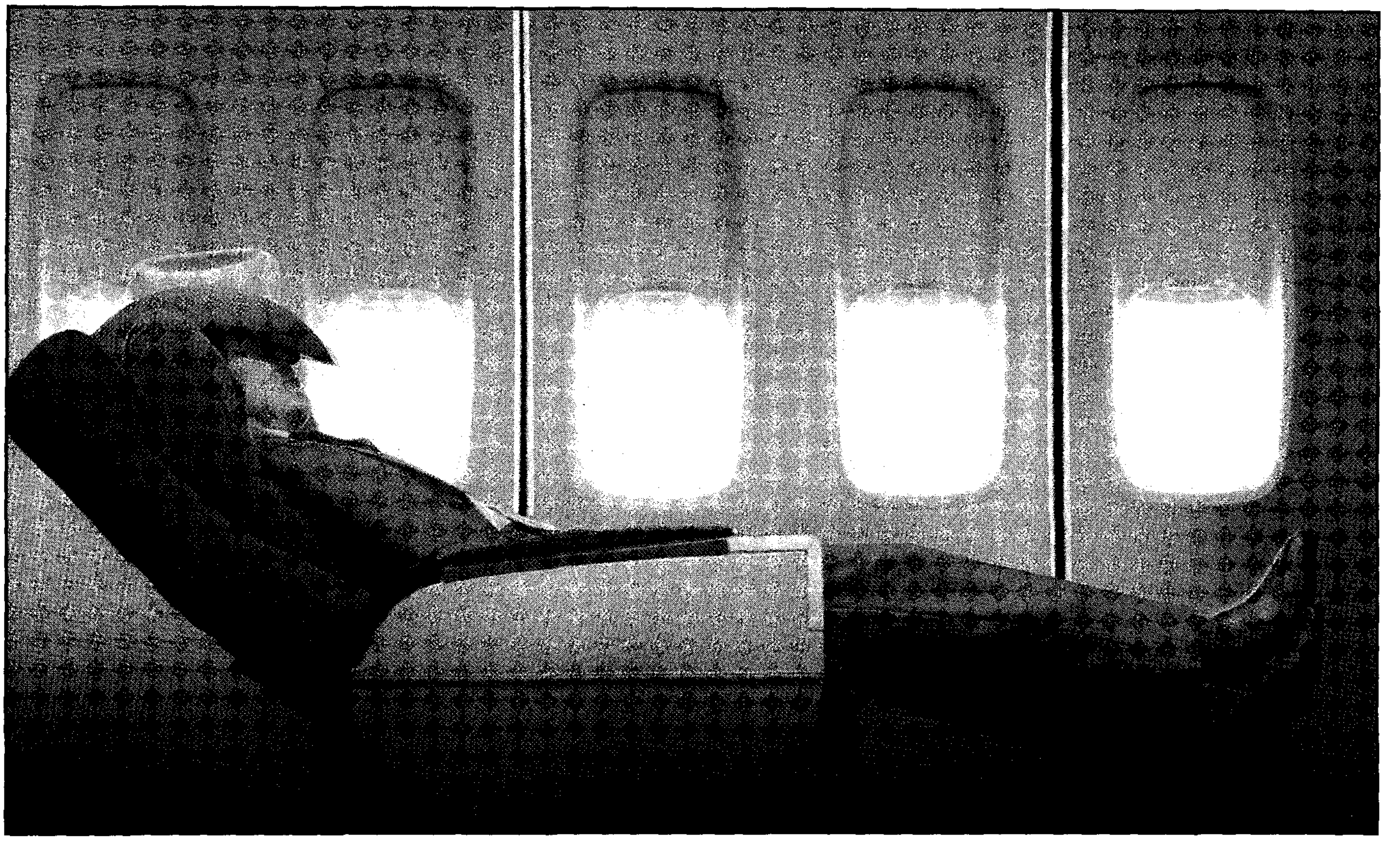

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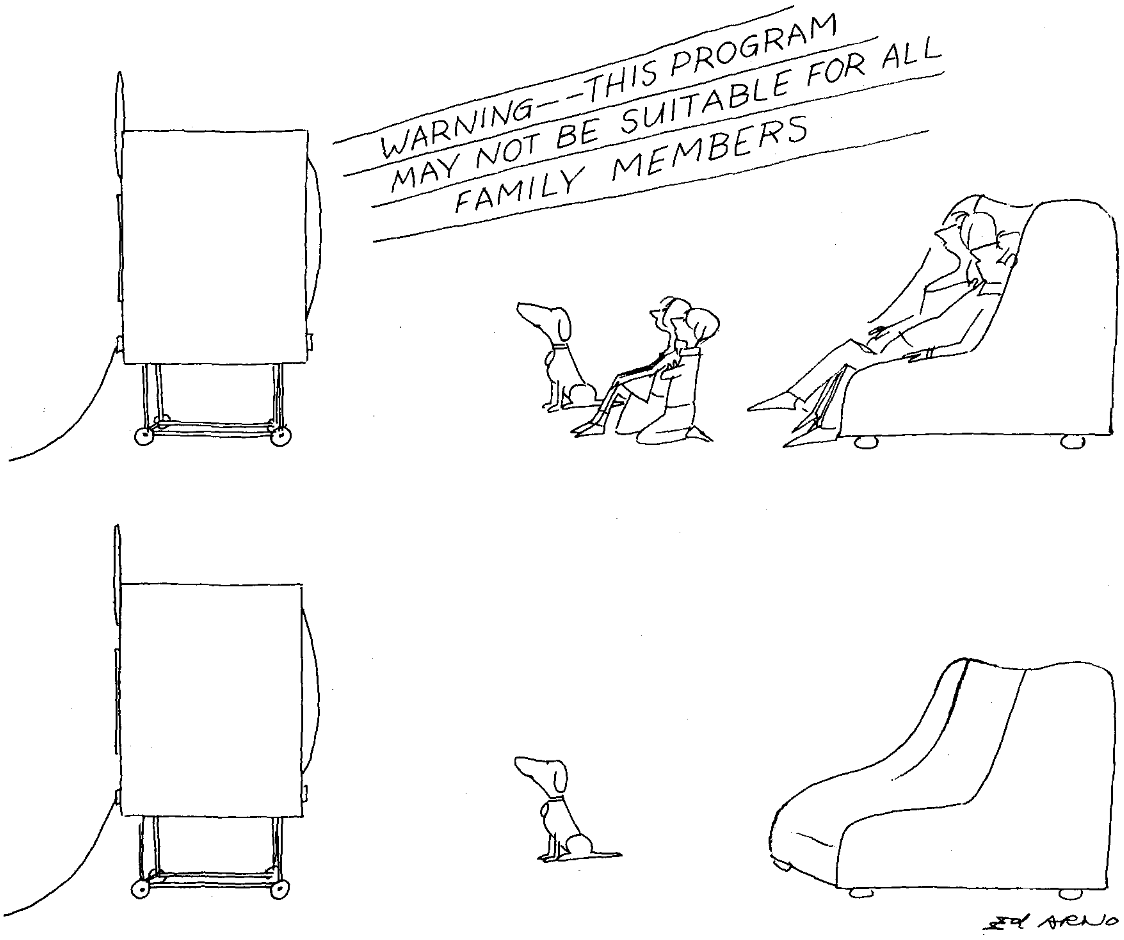
WARNING--THIS PROGRAM MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR ALL FAMILY MEMBERS
Ed Arno

• •

letter was a mark of the world's favor, a scrap of newspaper something to be pondered over, news from a passing traveller cause for wonder and exhilaration. My father would read the red page of the *Bulletin*, the all-Australian weekly that was de rigueur in every bush household. My mother would sew. My quiet, unselfish brother would gaze at us affectionately, then excuse himself and go back to work. My four sisters and I would talk about local affairs or about the prospects for fun.

"Let's get our togs and go to the falls," one of us would say. (By "togs" we meant bathing suits.)

"No, it's too late."

"It's not too late—there's mobs of time."

One might object lazily, "We'd have to round up the horses."

"Anyway, I'd rather finish my book," someone else would chime in.

Perhaps the conversation would peter out, vanquished by the somnolent claims of the veranda. The very form of the veranda expressed a triumph. Had it not been built as a leisurely afterthought—almost as an expression of affluence—and tacked on to our house when it was a smaller structure? At the same time, two small rooms had been built at the back of the house proper, and the dining room had been extended into nature itself—that is, into a fernery, where delicate plants that like only water and shade (begonias and spider lilies and cunjevoi and orchids) bloomed under ten-foot-tall tree ferns, whose roots were entangled in piles of basaltic rocks. Thus, on that side of the house the jungle was suggested, and on the other, where the veranda was, cleared land ran toward a horizon bisected by a road, down which in the distance some horse or vehicle might travel, surrounded in the dry season by a cloud of red dust. Then we would shade our eyes, as the two sisters did in the story from the Arabian Nights ("Sister Ann, Sister Ann, what do you see? Who is coming?" "Nothing, dear sister, I see nothing").

Today, I realize that the great distances that separated our home near the little town of Malanda from the heart of the empire of which we were supposedly part had been deeply impressed upon us from the start. Vastness and a doubt of belonging make anyone feel small, and here we swam in a vacuum—aware of the sky and of the silence and of the distances, and possessed by that doubt which is the inheritance of those born in lonely places. But, having never known civilization, we were at least conscious that we breathed nature. Where the wall of the rain forest rose up, there stood trees that stretched skyward, some of them for nearly two hundred feet: trees such as the red cedar, so valuable and now so rare; the fig tree, sometimes strangling its host tree, sometimes dangling roots in a heavy curtain twenty feet to the ground; the Queensland bean; the candlenut, with its smooth, broad nuts; the maple; the immense Kauri pine; and the fire wheel, which at flowering thrust its scarlet against the sombre green. These were trees to worship—sacred groves, like those in Europe through which the Germans at the time of Caesar travelled for months without coming into the open, or like the wealds of Kent and Surrey, old remnants of the great forest of Anderida. The beliefs of the Australian Aborigines in certain places centered on trees: the Warramunga tribe believed that disembodied human spirits lived in certain eucalyptuses, waiting to be born again, and other tribes thought that trees had souls—that they could feel pain, as human beings did, and would cry out if they were cut by an axe. The planters who cultivated the coconut stands on the shores of Queensland's Gulf of Carpentaria, northwest of where we lived, told how Aboriginal workers would act out around the campfire the drama of the tree's pain as the axe bit into its trunk: mimic the creaking and crashing of the great trees successfully felled, let out roars of wild anger, leap into the air, and finally throw themselves screaming to the ground.

In spite of that shadow of death which so often haunts the tropics, it did not occur to us to fear the nature around us. Everything that had to do

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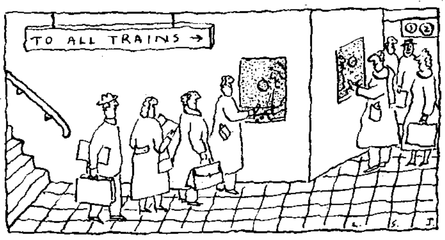
with the earth seemed natural, for we had known no other life. Sometimes when the cows of our herd—having worked their way into the enclosure near the house in the middle of the night to eat the rich uncut grass at the corners of the fences—woke me with their heavy, hoarse breathing, I was afraid at first to get up and peep out of the window, but then I would do it, and find them looming out of the darkness, their horns silvered by the moon. After a moment, I would see them as harmless shapes—just as harmless as when they were safely stalled in the dairy and I could hold my head against their necks and smell their moist breath. In the evening, when the lamps had been put out, great tropical cockroaches flew into the kitchen, but they did not fill me with the horror I was to see later amongst my friends in their grimy New York apartments: ours were creatures in their own context, no more to be feared than the velvety thick-bodied moths, of marvellous shades of rich red, that crawled from their pupae between the stems of the grasses the pioneers had sown to take the place of the felled timber. Yet a certain wariness had been instilled in us from babyhood. The men in the scrub wore heavy leather boots, partly because of the mud but also because of the common poisonous snakes. When we rode our horses along the paths of the rain forest, we tried to stay alert for the famous stinging tree, the leaves and stems of which were so closely covered with toxic hairs that the slightest touch would send their detachable heads into the skin to inject a painful, long-lasting poison. The fruit of this tree—ruby-colored and especially beautiful—hung like glowing bunches of raspberries against the dark leaves, as if to seduce us. Once, as a child, I brushed my bare shoulder against the tree, and for weeks I suffered pain whenever my skin came in contact with water.

THAT we were observers of a world that was vanishing was obvious, but the acceptance instinctive to childhood told us that everything had still to happen—that we lived in a bell of creation, which if tapped gently would ring forever. How could we believe that, as the roads branched and multiplied, as still another acre or two of rain forest crashed to the ground and a new building or two rose in its place, the radiance of living might be tarnished? We were like the great, hideous-looking black lizards, the *Amblyrhynchus cristatus*, that Darwin observed adapting themselves to the rocky shores of the Galápagos Islands. Had not our parents, inheritors of Western civilization, adapted themselves to this untouched country, from which in self-protection they sheared the rain forest, so that they could exploit its soil and live the good life of modern men?

Not that our parents were the first, by any means. A quarter of a century earlier, explorers had penetrated the upland ranges, had discovered gold and tin, had swum flooded rivers to get their claims in to the mining offices, had made the harsh, rocky gullies resound with the striking of picks and shovels, the blasts of dynamite, and the jangle of bells from the mule packs bringing in supplies. But down in our thick scrub of the tablelands progress had been slower, with paths nonexistent, or at least narrower and wetter and harder to follow. When one early group of settlers tried to find easier access from the steep ranges to the coast, the story went that the leader finally burst out, "Stone the crows! Our flamin' horses will have to sprout wings!"

A little after the turn of the century, my father, then a young man, made the slow journey north to the fertile tablelands. Living for months at a time in jungle clearings that through the wet season were lost in mist and rain, he mapped scrub blocks solid with trees, with the help of a government surveyor, for it had been decided to encourage settlers to the north by selling off land at a minimal price. When I asked my father what it had been like in those days, he said, "It was very wet. And very chilly." And I imagined the tents under the canopies of trees, and the red earth around them a sea of mud, and I fancied the campers attempting to open tins of beef and to boil the billy over spluttering fires of green wood. "We were glad to get any kind of house built," he added. "Especially when it was ready enough for us to put in a good iron stove." We knew the virtues of that iron stove. In the damp early mornings, we would gather around it to keep warm and to watch the oatmeal, to be eaten with brown sugar and with cream from the dairy, slowly bubble and thicken.



Never did we consider that we had been among the destroyers of that sacred covering of trees and vines, and I found when I returned years later that I had kept this knowledge from myself with such success that I could feel only anguished surprise as I looked out upon the almost denuded tablelands, the vanished shrine of my childhood. We sensed, perhaps, that the destructive side of our activities could not be debated, for although we were British we were Australian first, and to be Australian meant that one had to survive. The English sense of ordered and thoughtful beauty in cottage gardens and noble estates was foreign to us; we had gone barefoot for much of our childhood, our feet and legs daily plunged into the rich red earth of the sacrificed jungle (even though our orderly heritage warred against that earthy stain as it crept from the back door to room after room, kept at bay only by a good deal of patient scrubbing). To us, who had heard so often the savage, lonely, and ululating cry of the wild dingo, and had thought of the story of the solitary settler with a broken leg who lay helpless all night as the dingoes came closer and closer, until a passing rider found him at dawn and the circling dogs melted into the scrub, nature meant the overgrown and the tumultuous. Perhaps there were even dark gods we knew nothing about—rather like those set up farther north, in New Guinea, where the longhouses of the Sepik River were turreted with human skulls. Perhaps it was such barbarity and darkness that made us see the railing of the veranda as a protective ledge, behind which we pragmatic Anglo-Saxons, inheritors of the British Empire, could safely shelter. Certainly the stories we listened to suggested danger—stories we heard sitting in the stark white moonlight or in the firelight at picnics, or on the veranda after dinner, or on the long rides we took together, where the horses moved slowly along narrow tracks. The stories were always of men who performed heroic deeds against deadly antagonists, and the heroes always won in the end. My uncles, who loved to "yarn," told tales so strange that we found them hard to believe—tales that often seemed "dark," as if shadowed by the great jungle-clad heights that loomed up from the tropical coasts of North Queensland or New Guinea.

My uncle Anthony Linedale, who had run away from school at sixteen and travelled as far as the goldfields in New Guinea, had a soft, humorous voice that went on and on (not always grammatically, for he had left scholarship far behind when he chose the life of a wandering explorer and miner, and had picked as companions those who followed similar professions). "Oh, yes, we done it all right, we done it, and we didn't think twice of it," he would say as we settled down to listen to him. "All this happened on the Mambare River, in New Guinea, when the savage tribes attacked a party of carriers as we were hauling the boats over the cataracts." Apparently, my uncle and his boys on the towpath had fought back and then swum out to the boat where George Clark, the leader of the expedition, was found dead. "No, I was lucky that time," my uncle said. "But I came down with a fever that rattled my bones and turned my nostrils and the lobes of my ears black. Long afterwards, that fever would come on in the night, and my camp bed would shake and slide around." His stories were full of the atmosphere of those desperate older days. As a boy, he had seen "pacification" campaigns in the north after the Queensland government created a Native Police Force armed with guns, which were sometimes used to kill old tribal enemies. "There was one time in the ranges back of Herberton," my uncle said, poking at his pipe, "when I sat on my horse for a long time, watching the pile of black bodies which the police boys had set on fire, perhaps thinking that we white fellers wouldn't know what they had done. The pile smoldered there in the bright sunlight, and I sat sadly watching it. One group had attacked a tribe that had broken the accepted laws, and that was the end of that. People'll tell you that the whites massacred the blacks, but the blacks massacred, too, by hang. We came with our guns, and they learned with terrible results to use them instead of their spears and nulla-nullas. But it was up in the wet desert—Cape York—that the blacks were worst. Big cannibals, these men were. Over those ranges you'd walk miles and see no one, but they were there behind you all the same."

He went on to tell a nightmare story of cannibalism, concerning a faithful Aboriginal boy named Yarry, who belonged to a distant tribe. One day, he

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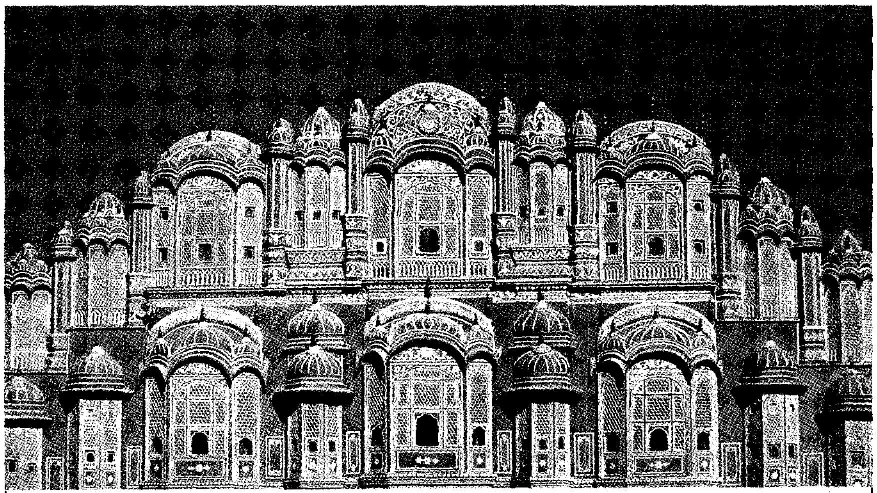

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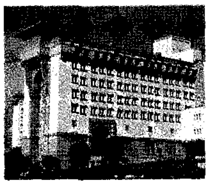


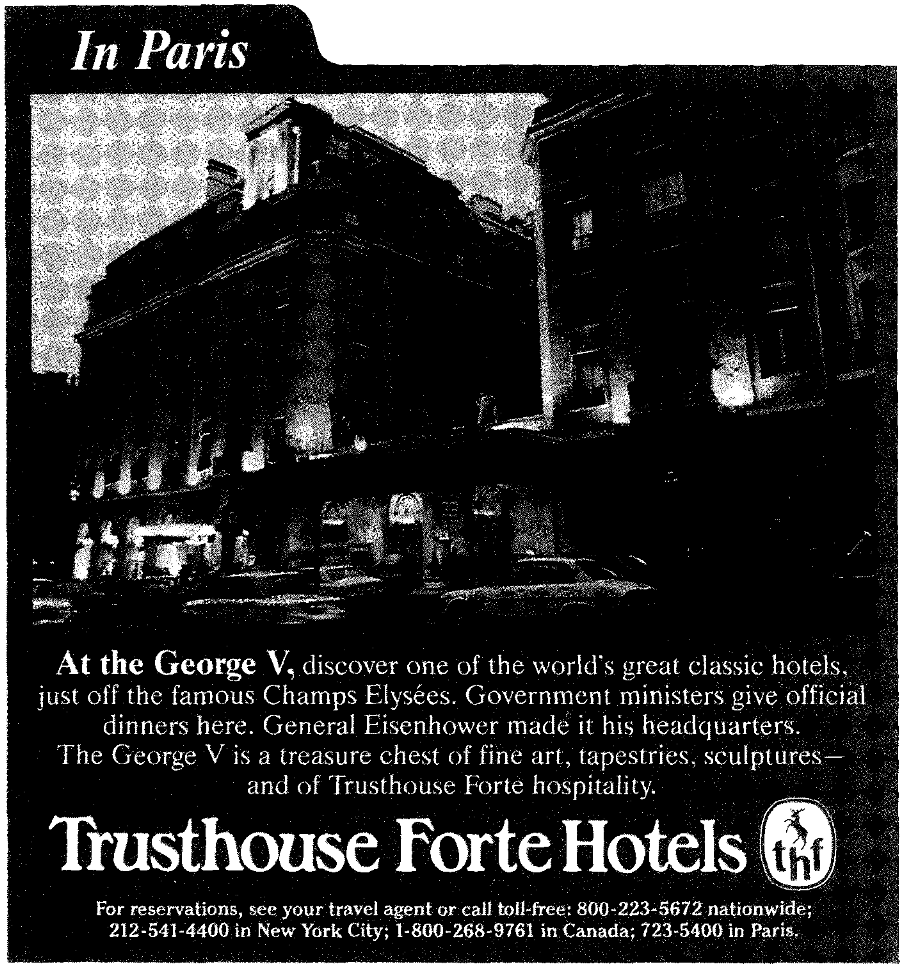
took Yarry to Innisfail, on the coast, and left him to mind the horses until he returned from the races. While my uncle and his friends were away, a group of wild blacks carried Yarry off with them. When he could not be found, my uncle hired a black tracker and went to look for him, and found him at last in one of the camps, which had been deserted at the approach of the white men's horses. Yarry lay there with both his legs and all his fingers broken, and his arms and legs strapped to a pole with lengths of lawyer vine. "Like any other game of the country, he was trussed up ready to be eaten," my uncle said. "It was a long time before he could feed himself, poor fellow. Fierce warriors they were in the far north. You'd not think so many white men would wander around alone, as they did, sometimes from necessity but often from choice. The old bushmen I knew were funny chaps—all they wanted was the stars and the campfire and what they call in the west a bit o' Kimberley mutton"—roast goat—"or a pigeon or two. Yes, I had an old mate back there on the Upper Clarence and he was quite a 'hatter'—a solitary. When we came to some pub and were shouting each other drinks, he didn't like it, because he didn't drink, and someone called him a wowser—that's about the worst you could call someone in those days. Well, he went out o' that pub and we never seen him again. He wandered off, and later they found his body. Something had happened to him; he'd done a perish."

There was a pleasing simplicity about my uncle, and to watch his big, dark, expressive eyes was to understand his kindness, and to know more about the men of that time. Although he had so little formal education, his knowledge, especially of mining, was extensive, and later on he travelled through Europe to explore new mining methods. He understood human things, too—the fear and distrust of strange tribes which so many of the Aborigines felt, for instance. "One day," he would tell us, "I sent a wild runner from Chillagoe to Irvinebank, and he didn't want to come into the house, and when he did he frightened your mother and your aunt by standing behind the window curtain, so that they came in and could only see his big dark feet. He wanted to keep hidden because he was so sure that the local blacks would eat him, and for that reason, even after his long run, he left without rest and just disappeared into the bush again."

The women of that day were supposed to be as brave as the men, and I heard my mother describe times when spears had been thrown at her as she watered her pony at the crossing in Irvinebank, and recall how at Tolga she had sheltered her children under a table covered with wet sheets while a bush fire raged outside. And, of course, I knew the story that everyone knew of Grace Bussell, who, along with Samuel Isaac, an Aboriginal stockman, rode into the boiling surf at Calgardup Beach in the west, to rescue the fifty passengers of the three-hundred-ton *Georgette*, stranded offshore with broken pumps. This girl of sixteen encouraged her frightened horse to swim out to the boat, and she called to the passengers to jump overboard in small groups, to cling to the saddles and stirrups and the tails of the horses, and so to get ashore through the surf. Again and again, she and the stockman repeated that swim to the wreck and back to the shore, until nearly all of the passengers were safely on the beach.

These stories were like books to us, with the pages turned over again and again. The more sophisticated world of real books intruded, of course, bringing with it many confusions. What we read (by electric light until nine o'clock, when the home generator was turned off, and later by lamplight, and even later, clandestinely, next to a solitary candle) unsettled us. Books were a bulwark against isolation, but books like the ones we read came from very far away, and we could accept the active, worldly lives their characters led only in the way we accepted fairy stories.

NATURALLY, it did not strike us then that as members of the human species, born at a certain time and place, we were subject to laws that governed a good deal of our own and others' behavior. But whether or not we were aware of it in plain terms we did know that it was absolutely necessary to put the self aside if emergencies arose, and we learned early what was serious and what was not serious. When disaster struck, it was almost by reflex action that the settlers would form a lifeline, taking over one from another, held by a strong rope woven of effort and loyalty. If a man cut himself felling timber, that was serious. When a woman drove wildly in a buggy into our yard, her hair flying,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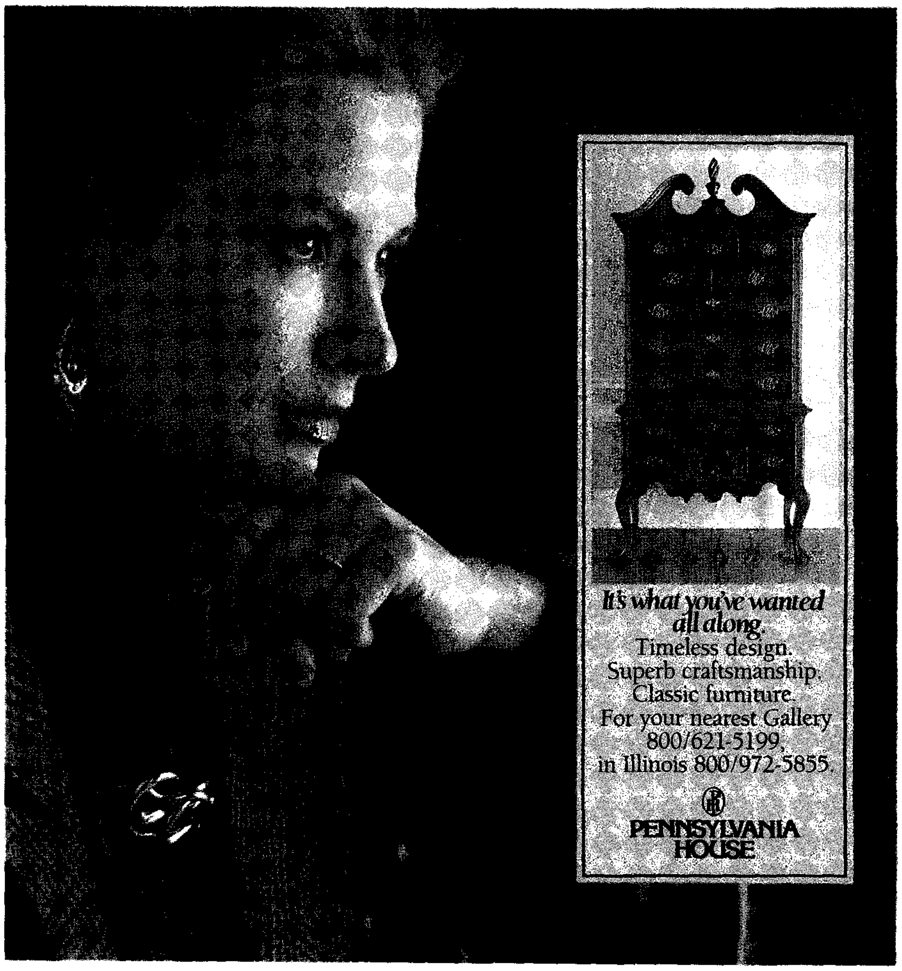
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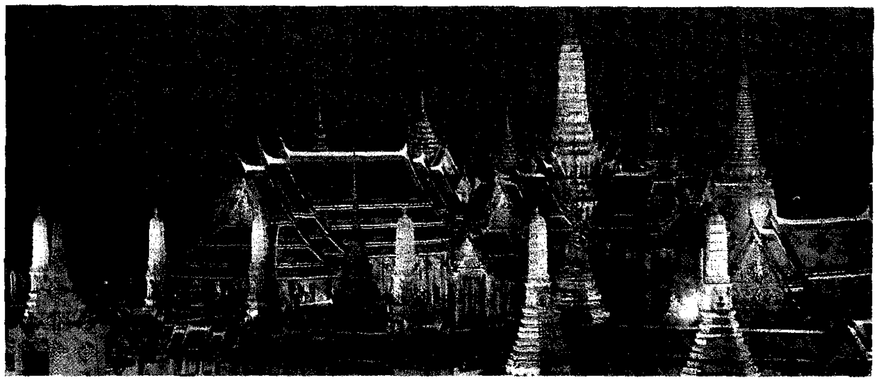

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the horse lathered, and cried to my mother, "Come quickly, come quickly, Mrs. Heale! Dick's real bad! Up at the corner of the scrub near Henson's place," one of us would speed off to find the men in the paddocks, and my mother would gather bandages together and get the little medicine box, and we would imagine how the axe, honed at the end of each day to an ever finer edge, had come whistling down through the air and at the last moment slipped a little to slice the man's leg at the knee. (Shuddering, we could imagine how the man, like other men we had seen, went white under his tan, and sat groaning and biting his lip, staring at his leg covered with blood, the bone showing white through the flesh. We knew that he would try to control his fear and pain, because that was what men—big men, pioneers—did.)

My mother, who was knowledgeable about illnesses and accidents, had large, dark, intensely sympathetic eyes, like my uncle's; when she stood there listening to someone's troubles, she was like an angel of mercy in a straw hat, which she wore to keep the sun off, and with feet planted in rubber boots like my father's, but smaller. "The family is so poor," she said to my father as they returned from helping the man injured cutting the scrub. "They've got almost nothing, Ted. They're sleeping in sacking. We must take them up some sheets and some bandages, and a pillow to make him more comfortable."

"How many children are there?"

"Three now," said my mother, "but soon there will be four."

She sometimes helped a woman in labor before the doctor arrived, or a family with influenza in the wet season, or a man who'd spent time in the northern islands and now had a recurrence of dengue fever—fever so bad that his skin had grown horribly sensitive, his headaches were unmanageable, and he had become delirious, raving alone in some small, dirty hut two or three miles from the nearest scrub track. Once, I tagged along behind my mother to such a hut, where an old man needed help, and found that the walls of rough bush timber were plastered over with pictures cut from magazines: there were beautiful girls in very modest bathing suits, and early cars, and smart people attending the races. I remember climbing onto a stool to gaze at them. Another time, it was a curly-haired Irish girl whom my mother helped. "God love her," the girl said about a year after the accident, her eyes uplifted under her curly bangs. “It was on the veranda of the dairy cottage on your father’s place, and there was a big tub of scalding water, and it was in the dark, and I fell into it. If your mother hadn’t known what was best to use, I don’t know whether my face’d be here to-day.”

SO life went in the shadow of the scrub, with the creak of the great trees falling, with the monsoon rains fertilizing the new grass and corn, with the cows multiplying and their poddies sucking our fingers as we taught them to drink milk from buckets instead of from their mothers. None of the novels we read about English life prepared us for what we were actually experiencing—these books that talked of squires who impregnated farm girls without fear of revenge, English villages where manners were restrained, if somewhat waspish, and gentle heroines who waited dutifully to be wooed! Behind what we read lay the question of customs and morals, for although the established church of Australia (the ruling Church of England) demanded a clear-cut division between God and Satan, there existed in Australian colonial history a natural prejudice against that respectable view. Far away from the mother lode of stern English morality, there had grown up a desire for less restrictive rules. “In Australia,” someone later said to me reprovingly when I mentioned the convict influence as something that must at least be reckoned with, “it is believed that human nature should have a second chance.” Implicit in this Australian philosophy was the suggestion that after all it might be better to be descended from a convict or a ticket-of-leave man or an impoverished English peasant or a lower-class industrial worker than from some effete second son of an old British house, although this notion did not quite jibe with the warm attachment to the “old country” or with the strong middle-class respectability that many Australians strove for (as if to offset any accusation of coarseness of origin). “We all love England,” my father would say, with a laugh, “but even if Englishmen are our brothers they’re also bloody pommies.”

When visitors came, it was rather as if they were castaways who had been thrown ashore by the tide after a shipwreck, and our house sometimes astonished them, in spite of the fact that it was only a medium-sized, sprawling structure of wood (set up on stilts painted with creosote for protection from the ravages of termites, and half-disguised, half-flattered by the tropical plants and flowers that blurred its edges). Nothing much was expected here on the edges of a jungle where survival was everything, and it often happened that visitors arrived at the end of a long journey to find a small four-roomed place of unrelieved ugliness, or an echoing wooden bush hotel noisy with the voices of half-drunk men and with the clucking of wandering fowls in the kitchen. Our house, by contrast, was a place that at least represented civilization. There were a few books in the bookcases, some old prints on the walls, some simple furniture made by an immigrant carpenter, and a number of improvised household additions, such as little bureaus that my mother had conjured up by tacking cretonne around the edges of raw packing cases. At teatime, the cups would be spread out on a starched cloth, and at dinner the candles in the ancestral silver candlesticks would illuminate the platter of rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and the quivering Victorian desserts my mother knew well how to make, and which would delight visitors who did not expect to be so nostalgically welcomed on the fringes of Empire. That old British idea of dressing for dinner “come what may” ruled on such occasions. It was like the attitude of the nineteenth-century explorer who, after a wearying trek through African terrain, would demand the lighting of fires, the heating of water for his portable canvas bath, and the bath itself (with the black porters exclaiming at his curious white skin), and, finally, dressed again, and with hair suitably combed, would sit down to toast the sunset with a peg of brandy. We, in the wilds of Australia, would see these guests who arrived at dusk, red from the dust of the roads—or, if it was the wet season, with mud marking their shoes and the hems of their raincoats—and dazzle them with lively talk about local affairs, along with casual and generally quite innocent references to the fifteen-foot snake found only that morning in one of the cupboards.

“I do *relly* think, Mr. Heale,” one tall and dignified English Member of Parliament said as my father—consciously or unconsciously—played up to the idea of the indomitable Anglo-Saxon exerting his will and his humor under the last lonely flutterings of the Union Jack, “it’s *relly* extraordinary what you and your family have done out here. You’ve made a reality out of this Garden of Eden. It’s *frightfully* exciting. I *relly* mean it. We Britishers can’t thank you enough for the way you hold your end up out here.” At which my father looked astonished, because he did not look upon his life as a hardship. In fact, if any of us sensed deprivation in our environment we might also have had some slight scorn for the English visitors who came with their pink cheeks and white hands, their good manners and their knowledge of the world, and who by making passing reference to licensed pleasures (shooting in Scotland, and fishing in Ireland, and yachting at Cowes) suggested both the lighter side of life and they themselves in the center of things. Perhaps it was natural for us to feel that the English were not of the *new* world, and so for all their charm and politeness did not belong to the future.

But in the meantime the little train carried many visitors to our door—mining men and investors, writers, officials, scientists, Parliamentarians, illustrious members of the British nobility, and old friends and relations. This was partly because our parents were known for their intense interest in North Queensland; and also because my father was public-spirited, and had been one of the first members of the local shire council and the Harbour Board at Cairns on the coast, and had supported coöperative movements (such as the butter factory, on the tableland), and—impatient with government procrastination—had even travelled all the way to Brisbane, the southern capital, to support the building of the splendid road that eventually linked the hinterland to the coast.

Apart from the books and the visitors, it was a close-knit little world we lived in, a circle so narrow that variety was thought of only in terms of going far, far away—to Egypt, perhaps, to see the pyramids, or to New York, where the skyscrapers were. When the tall brown farmers, swaying their hips a little awkwardly, would come into the local hotel with their wives, it was as if they were coming to the hub of

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the world. A few had electricity in their houses but many did not, and the hotel at Malanda must have seemed ablaze with light to them. Their wives, scrubbed clean and rosy and wearing fresh cotton dresses, stood just inside the door of the hall and stole glances at themselves in the spotted mirror. The hotel, a two-story slab of a place with an upper veranda and a lower overhang, was painted a dull reddish-brown, and its everlasting purpose seemed to be to enclose and hold the strong smell of beer, wafted —as the louvred door swung to and fro—from the sacred "MEN ONLY" bar. Everyone came on Saturday night, men and women and sometimes children as well—the stationmaster and his wife, the butcher, the grocer, the bachelor in charge of the branch bank, the men who worked in the scrub and on the railway line, and a few available young women. A pianist from "down the line," her blond curls tight on the top of her head and her jaw determined, pounded out tunes on the jangling piano while a thin wizard of a man with a fiddle found himself more and more under the influence through the long evening, until at last, like the Pied Piper, he was leading the dancers with his enchanted fiddle all around the room.

TO be a member of a large family is to share in the diversity of the world, and sometimes when we were all assembled around the circular dinner table the sense of one personality reacting to another would fill me with a certain kind of fearful pleasure. The table, painted green, stood in the middle of the enclosed porch that we used for meals on ordinary days—the porch that opened out into the fernery, where the tall, hairy-stemmed tree ferns thrust out their crowning fronds to break the tropical light pouring down from above. The discussions we had would be long and rather inconclusive, and during them my father would act as umpire. It was a role he enjoyed, especially when the discussions raged out of control and showed all the ignorance and innocence of his children; he would frequently look around the table as if amazed that so much confidence and misinformation should be possible among a mere six children. When the clamor grew too loud, he would call out "Order! Order! Point of order, Mr. Chairman!" as if we were Members of Parliament in the old colonnaded building in Brisbane—Brisbane being at that time little more than an overgrown country town, but still an important center in Australia and the capital of the state. To gain our attention, and to carry the analogy further, my father would tap smartly on the table with the bone handle of the bread knife.

Many years later, when I was walking to the Queensland University along Alice Street in Brisbane, after crossing on the Kangaroo Point ferry from the Women's College, I would see the dignified façade of Parliament House and watch the green fronds of the palms around it make shadows on the sun-warmed pavement. Once or twice, I had been inside the door, and smelled the old-fashioned smell of cedar polish and seen the shining balustrade of the stairway leading up to the chambers above, where the debates eddied about the questions of the day—strikes and droughts, and, of most concern, the prices of primary produce. To me at that time, reading whatever modern literature the university library provided (and doing little else), Parliament House represented, as far as I was aware, nothing more than a pleasant building and a patch of shade on the pavement. But by osmosis, or by that sense which makes us when we are young half-alert to what may become important to us later on, I had been storing up through my childhood fragments of political information, and even developing a primitive political judgment, which approved or disapproved of what went on in that building—just as I had always laughed as a child and felt important when my father struck the table at mealtime and called out "Order! Order! Point of order, Mr. Chairman!"

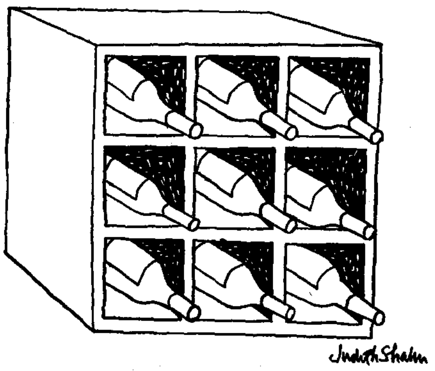
It is hard for a child to see the history that surrounds and envelops the core of its being. To the child, it is the core that is important, and the half-thoughts surrounding it are so slowly formed that before they have taken full shape sleep has pushed them back into the past. How ponder about the way that others live when one's own life claims permanent attention? How grasp the concept that one's own life is itself unimportant and only part of another, longer history? Yet history is there all the same: it is the frame through which the child looks; it sounds the bells of memory; it warns of reasons; it demands synthesis.

Because we had no other point of reference, the special atmosphere of our native land was somewhat beyond us. Although we would laugh a great deal at certain aspects of the Parliament House debates, I doubt if the joke was clear to us. As children, we could identify only with what could easily be recognized—the general tendency toward belligerence. Long before we were even thought of, the Honourable Ratcliffe Pring had been rebuked by the Honourable Member for Warwick, Mr. Clark, for coming to the House in "such a state," to which the Honourable Ratcliffe Pring replied simply, "Come outside for five minutes —I will kick you," to which the Honourable Member for Warwick answered, "Any person who knows me knows I am not afraid of anyone in the House or out of it," whereupon Mr. Pring pulled Mr. Clark's beard, which, if one can believe the photographs of those days, was probably a full one. Because of the long history of episodes like this, being asked to "come outside" was always a joke among us; perhaps we liked its quiet understatement. And the old records show that some members were suspended numerous times for making the invitation—one not only for "bellicose intention" but for kicking down the door of an office when he was shut out of it, for "creating scenes," for "throwing his tie on the floor," and for kneeling in mock submission to declare, "I humbly withdraw the statement." The phrase "withdraw the statement" also became a cause for amusement during mealtimes in our house, and one of us could sometimes avoid the wrath of another, and drown all objections in laughter, by offering to "humbly withdraw." We felt in our element when we read in the weekly magazines that someone had been compared to a "kangaroo rat" or a "venomous snake" or to a "lurking dingo." (My father, living as he did in a family of five girls, with only one boy to support him, would also use bush phrases and occasionally claim the right to go off into the scrub and "live in a hollow log.") If we repeated with relish the latest political gaffes, it was less to dissociate ourselves from naïveté or from scrambled similes (a member once suggested that a certain bill was a “sheep in wolf’s clothing,” and another that “members were descending upon the dairy industry like ticks, as the Assyrians descended upon Israel”) than because of sheer enthusiasm. I remember laughing heartily while Randolph Bedford, my favorite M.P. and journalist, who was a friend of my parents’, made many sarcastic remarks about members of the House running to the Bellevue Hotel nearby, for a quick drink between sessions.

It was when I was with my father that I thought about history. I say “thought about history” because there seems no other way to express it. The process, as well as I can trace it, had its origin in a custom he had of introducing into family discussion the history of the Egyptians, as if this were the sole touchstone that would enable the conversation to proceed. I don’t think that my father knew very much about history. (He had been trained at Dookie, the Agricultural College in Victoria, where the courses must have been so heavily oriented toward agricultural science that there was little room for more than the briefest introduction to ancient and modern happenings, with perhaps some slight attention to literature or philosophy.) But the Egyptians seemed magical to my father, for they were a people who had made the enormous pyramids, developed a system of picture writing, worn clothes made of flax grown in the Nile delta, used cosmetics, decorated wooden furniture with gold, and created god kings and queens who bore other men and women with them to their graves. Because all this seemed so fascinating to my father, it also seemed fascinating to us. His constant return to the history of the Egyptians pointed to the frustration of an intelligent man now occupied by the necessary struggle with the earth. I would often find myself plunged into a dream as he spoke about long-ago achievements in a world I could not imagine—a dream that gave me a taste later for the history of that vaster world of which Egypt was only a tiny part.

When it was my turn to accompany my father on one of his trips with no other member of the family present, I felt that as we left the boundaries of our property and passed into strange territory—went to the coast, perhaps, or to visit someone from whom my father sought scientific or political help—my experiences were hard to assimilate. Something quite new to me would be talked about—the state of the Aborigines, or a struggle among the northern cane farmers, or the question of the centralization of power. Sitting on the edge of some alien chair and sipping lukewarm lemonade, I would hear unfamiliar phrases like “Australian Workers’ Union” or “go-it-alone patriotism” and rather vaguely I would struggle to understand them.

These expeditions were not demanding. My father asked for no special attention or help, and sometimes, if he was occupied with his own thoughts or worried in some way, we would ride or drive—we travelled sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a car—in silence. In any case, I generally seemed to have something to think about, and therefore often kept quiet in order to allow room for what interested me (whether it was the strange contours of the scrub or the features of some old settler we met on the road or the meaning of a scrap of information I had extracted from a conversation I overheard). If we stopped at a house, there would always be tea (not to offer tea to a chance caller in any part of pioneer Queensland would have been the worst kind of rudeness), and then I would be allowed to wander around and explore for myself, to play with the animals, or to climb down a hill to some small creek where there might be wild birds, or a platypus stretched out on a log above the brownish water, the big nostrils of its bill seeming vulnerable, and its wet fur shining a little as it dried in the sun. If the place was a farm that appeared very poor—the grass worn, the soil eroded, the house rough or dirty—my father might exclaim afterward about how hard life was for the farmer, how unfair conditions often were. “Yes, it’s hard to make a go of it,” he would say, with a faint touch of disgust in his voice, as if he were saying that it was hard for him, too, although *we* were better off, because *we* had more property and more sense of how to go about the whole farming process. But the tone also held a little bitterness.



One day, we rode to what had once been the State Farm, and I was amazed to learn that this whole quite roomy house and all the outbuildings and yards had been built to show the farmers how to do things: how to look after their stock, how to rotate their crops, how to fertilize and harvest, and how to store grains. It was a windy, sunny afternoon, and getting late. We had ridden for some distance, and although I don’t remember where we had started from, I do remember that my father had ridden Signal, his big bay horse, and so he often had to wait for me, on my smaller horse, to catch up. I remember, too, that he pointed out the queer shape of a green volcanic cone in the distance, rising abruptly from the landscape and emerging from a deep, purplish shadow of scrub. “That was once alive, pouring out lava,” he said. “It has left us this rich soil we have.” As we cantered up the road to the State Farm, he complained that all the money spent on the farm had been wasted, because the place was now practically closed down; the buildings were in disrepair, and there were no more demonstrations or advice for the farmers.

“It’s a political matter.”

“Why is it political?”

“It means that they did it in a burst of enthusiasm, and to get votes.”

“But, Daddy, wasn’t it *good*?”

“Yes, it was good—but in politics they keep looking for something new. The old things get abandoned and neglected. Look at those bricks.” He indicated piles of bricks stacked up near the fence. “And see the roof of that barn. The whole bloody lot deteriorating . . .” His voice had in it the same disgust that it had when he spoke of how hard life was for the farmer.

I didn’t know then that the deserted farm represented the remains of one phase of what people had called “the Queensland Socialist experiment.” Queensland in those days was not exactly a workingman’s paradise. There were still many settlers living with very little in the way of worldly goods—they fed their families on home-grown meat and milk, pumpkins and corn and sweet potatoes; on wild roots and fruit; and on what their guns could bring down. Yet the workers were so much better off, and their resistance to exploitation was so much more widely accepted than it had been in the Old World, that most of our generation never saw real poverty until we left Australia and glimpsed the hovels of the Irish or the slums of the English.

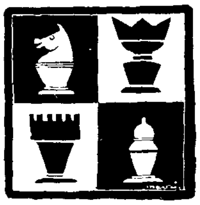
Another conversation might go something like this:

"Daddy, they aren't *hungry*, are they?"

"Who aren't?"

"Those men on the line?"

At that time, the railway line had pushed up from the coast and penetrated the tablelands and the higher ranges, but there was always some smaller extension being worked on, and ordinary repairs being made after the wet season, so that through the years we constantly came upon little groups of men working slowly in the hot sun, or sitting under their lean-tos with mugs of tea in their hands.



"They don't *look* hungry, do they?"

I had to admit that they didn't. I remembered, too, the visits to various stations inland from the coast, where the men sat around with their long legs thrust under the rough tables and concentrated with primitive intensity on an array of food—great lumps of stewed beef, great piles of vegetables, great slabs of bread and butter eaten with Cocky's Joy (golden syrup), and deep draughts of tea.

Occasionally, on one of these expeditions, we would talk to the road workers, and once we listened to a union organizer addressing a group of them in such fierce language that he could have been "a Red rabble-rouser from the south" (a phrase I had heard used, though not so much by my father as by others). It was then that I gained my first understanding of what "social action" was. Although the men did not seem to take the message as gospel truth, there was still a certain seriousness in their eyes as they stood there, tanned and healthy-looking, in their gray flannel singlets and coarse, baggy trousers, seeming to welcome the chance to listen to this organizer, who from the slight elevation of an empty kerosene tin was haranguing them about their living conditions.

"Fair go, mate," one reproved another, who had made some uncomplimentary noises. "Let's 'ear wot 'e wants ter say to us."

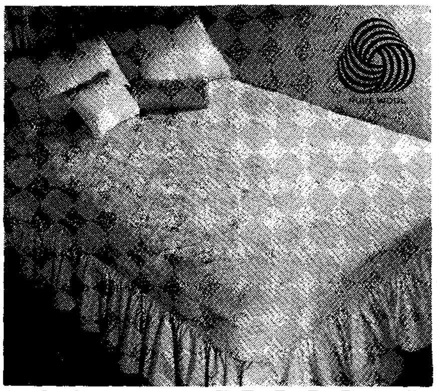
And as the organizer went on talking about the "bosses sucking the workers' blood," one man shouted out, rather jovially, "Oo sucks 'oose blood?"

"Yer own bosses, that's who. All bosses are loafers—*that* I can guarantee," the organizer replied.

And I, who knew that the organizer was referring to people like my father when he talked about "bosses," and who knew that my father *did* work, and that there were more kinds of work than this pick-and-shovel labor in the ranges, felt that all the same there was something sad about the men's eyes as they listened—perhaps only a skepticism that troubles could be as easily solved as that.

On these travels, I began to understand that I lived not only on the right side of the ranges (the side where the rain was) but also in the huge state of Queensland, which stretched for miles and miles beyond the mountains, to the very frontier: to the long rivers that wandered from the Great Artesian Basin to the Gulf of Carpentaria—country I imagined shining like dull silver and bordered by mangroves growing in thick purplish mud. This was the land belonging to the endless flocks of white cockatoos, their crests sulfur yellow as they wheeled in the sun. I had only heard of this country; in fact, I scarcely thought of most of it as land at all (not land as we knew it, certainly, rich and heavy with long grass and scattered with cattle forever browsing contentedly). Rather, it seemed something desolate and harsh, dark brown or red or umber, occasionally wrinkling into eroded stony hills with metals glinting on the surface, stretching out as far as the eye could see, merging with the central desert beyond the border, and going on and on, for two thousand miles, to the red cliffs of the west, and so to the blue Indian Ocean, which finally set the limits of the land.

During some of the family discussions, unfortunately forgotten (for one generation was too young to record them with accuracy, and the other is no longer here to attest to them), I would feel that my father was more than an Australian landowner—that he was a descendant of landowners, one of those English squires who liked to work with his men, or one of those Royalists-turned-Puritan who brought the county with them to Cromwell, and to whom we were supposedly related. I was sure that their concerns lived on in my father in some mysterious genetic inheritance, as the concerns of the sea live on in families of sailors. I felt that he could not help buying land, even too much land, and then trying to



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nurture it, even if doing so was not economically feasible. Although he did not want to be a martyr to the land, and had a strong desire to enjoy life, he did have an element of what is mistakenly called altruism—an element he shared with his fellow-pioneers. They, too, not only defended their terrain but extended themselves to take in the most difficult and unrewarding terrain of others.

History was a plodding, mechanical story of people putting up shelters to keep out the wind, of planting grass and vegetables, of devising some way to bring water more conveniently from a stream. It was remarking upon what had been done and upon what had still to be done. But it was also my father looking out of the car window and saying, "They lived in bark huts with ant-bed floors," or "The grass wasn't good for cattle out there, but they made it better," or "Someday I want to go as far as the Plains of Promise." I did not know what the link was between these things my father said and the storms of emotion they stirred in me. Excitement. Curiosity. Something close to pain.

THE one-room schoolhouse across the way from our house was small and square and was set up on stilts, so that the termites could not destroy the building too rapidly (and, as a bonus, the pupils could play games underneath the building while it rained). The land on which the schoolhouse stood had been given to the Queensland government by my father, and was near the slight rise on which he had chosen to build the house for his own family. We looked across at the school from our veranda, and heard the rhythmic, nasal chanting of tables and spellings, and sometimes the sound of students singing "Waltzing Matilda," its chorus always shouted out with a patriotic fervor.

My first teacher had red hair and a pale skin, and I remember that she would sometimes lift me up and stand me on one of the long wooden benches, and have me read aloud parts of our first reading book to the smaller children while she herself set tasks for the older pupils or wrote sums on the blackboard, or even sat for a moment with her red head bent on her hands, as if she could scarcely bear any longer the confusion of so many children of different ages. Then we would guess that she had a headache, and when there was a pause in the lessons we younger ones would crowd around her with a certain inarticulate distress. Sometimes during the monsoon rains, some of the pupils—especially the bigger ones, who generally rode their ponies to school, bareback—would not appear. Then, in the iron-roofed box of a school, even with the rain dripping onto the metal and drifting against the window, it would be quieter than usual, and the teacher would tell stories and let us go home early, because it had become so damp and mysterious, the mist creeping up and wrapping its long, eerie ribbons around the edges of the scrub.

School forced us to look at our world in a more complicated way. My first clear memory of the Aborigines, for instance, had come from an earlier time, when—as a very small child and holding my father's hand—I went into a dark part of the scrub where an Aboriginal family had built its gunyah, an arched shelter of rough boughs curved over into a semicircle and roofed with the fronds of scrub palms. Though it was the monsoon season, the soft rain was kept away by the thick screen of trees overhead. In front of the little shelter, a tiny fire smoldered, sending up its smoke to drift across the dark faces that looked out at us with a sense of infinite patience. There were the glowing eyes of the old man, set in the hollows of his face beneath a fringe of white hair, and the eyes of his two women, and of one or two children, and the eyes of the half-dingo dogs—all those eyes, dark and shining and staring out at us from the heart of that passive, curling intimacy of bodies, as if the minds behind them could not think why we were there but accepted us all the same. My father must have gone to offer them something—perhaps work—but I remember only the sense of waiting, and their staring at us as we stared at them. I thought them strange and beautiful, like something out of one of my most treasured picture books. At school, however, a different view emerged. To my simple thought that they were beautiful and rather thin and fragile was added the theory that they had no proper tools or clothing or cooking utensils and no means of transportation, and that they were very lucky, therefore, that we white Australians had come to teach them the importance of living properly.

Much of the knowledge attained at school was of that kind—suggestive rather than concrete, but with the didactic power of an organized idea. When we chanted (as we seesawed on the big planks from my father's timber mill placed there conveniently for us)

See Saw Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master,
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster,

the words meant little, having come to us from so far across the seas. We did perhaps wonder why the game should suggest such cruelty to children, but our speculation went no further than this. In the meantime, while we listened to the scanty outlines of our own history we were adjusting ourselves to pay tribute to the great virtues of the British. When we were told to put our shoulders back and march in line, or to stand silently and wait for the teacher to tell us what to do, the implicit understanding was that we were in fact small soldiers of the great British Empire. Sometimes as the harsh, bright Australian sun pierced the aureole of jungle, or when the flat, slightly demonic laughter of the kookaburra disturbed the stillness, we were aware of a sensual difference in our state, but we could not grasp what that difference was. We learned how to handle horses and other animals, how to encourage crops to grow, and how to move with caution but without fear in country not yet tamed or completely understood, but we accepted as well a purely exotic emotional world that harked back to disciplines worked out over centuries on a small, fertile faraway island:

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the Great Armada came . . .
But he said "They must wait their turn good souls"
And he stooped, and finished the game.

And no matter if one of the older boys, long-legged and shambling as he rose to his feet at the command of the teacher, and already with the wrists and hands and feet of a man, thrust back his mop of wild hair to pronounce, in the true colonial way, "playing" as "plying" and "wait" as "wite." His emotions were aroused by Drake's pride and independence, and he was likely to try to translate these qualities into his own life.

Fifteen sail had the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two,
Yet he anchored them fast where
the Texel shoaled
And their colours aloft he flew.
"I have taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good
will,
For I know when *we're* all of us
under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still!"

One rainy afternoon, I did not go to school, and the next day I explained that my mother had kept me at home to help her plant verbena in the garden. The teacher refused to believe me—or, at least, she reproved me in an authoritarian tone.

"You do know that you must come to school *every* day? That it is your *duty* to come to school?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, knowing that duty was something difficult, but not sure just what it was.

"Then why didn't you come to school?"

"Because my mother said I could stay," I hastened to explain, without shame and with a child's promptness.

"To help her in the garden?"

"Yes."

"But it was raining," the teacher protested.

Unable yet to rationalize aloud, to defend myself, I simply hung my head (although I could have said that it had been raining only a little bit and that this was the best time to transplant baby seedlings), and remained, as I sensed it, stigmatized, but that was not the end of the matter. The mention of the word "duty," obscurely linked to that even more delicate word "honor," was a little frightening. I did not know then that it was more than authority I was encountering—that it was that tension which had shaped so many solid citizens of the Empire, so many much-abused Tommy Atkinses, so many long-suffering Jack Tars, and, here in Australia, so many intrepid explorers, patient settlers, and reformed convicts. But if I didn't follow the actual process—didn't understand that it was by such imported educational disciplines that good colonies are made, and that here was the germ of an order that would create a future prosperity—I did at least know that any hint of lack of a sense of "duty" suggested the deepest reproof. In spite of this, I also soon knew that one should make fun of work. Australians of my own generation had absorbed a philosophy that derided what they did—partly because of their need to protect themselves from arduous climatic conditions, and partly because of the special, ironic turn of their humor. In fact, they developed a glossary of expressive statements (for instance, "I'd have been here before, but I was too busy doing nothing") to forestall accusations of laziness; and it was not by accident that one of the first great outback novels—"Such Is Life," by Tom Collins—begins with the sardonic words "Unemployed at last!"

SOMETIMES in hot weather, luncheon picnics would be held at the school. Parents and children from miles around gathered, bringing great wicker baskets filled with food, with fruits and salads and freshly baked scones and cakes spread with thick cream. Games were organized for the children, and the adults sat under the sparse shade of a group of umbrella trees. The farmers, with their weathered faces, and wearing their best trousers and shirts, all sat together, in a phalanx of masculine solidarity, and the women sat in a clump of their own. ("Australian women gather together like a lot of hens," a cousin in Sydney used to say.) It seemed to me remarkable that my mother mingled easily with the other women from the district, some of whom did not speak as well or as clearly as she. Many of them had that look of hardworking farm women who are out in all weathers, saddling the horses, milking the cows, tending the vegetable gardens, and they seemed shiny-skinned and coarse beside my mother, though she, too, was a working woman, her hands as worn and brown and cracked as any. It was her speech and manner that set her apart, and the colors of the clothes she put on, and the slight dusting of powder she wore on her small nose and high cheekbones. But in the drowsy heat they all sat there together, half lying on the grass, the women's big hats tilted against the sun, while the smoke from the men's pipes floated in and out of the light-speckled shade. And we played our games or hovered restlessly on the perimeter of the group and waited for the high point of the afternoon, when someone would open the lid of the wooden churn and serve

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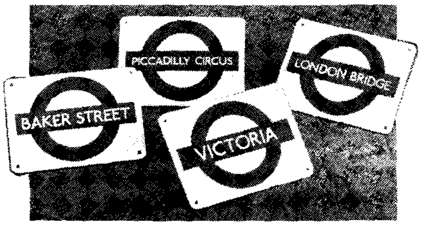

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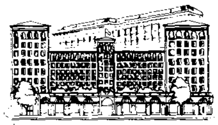

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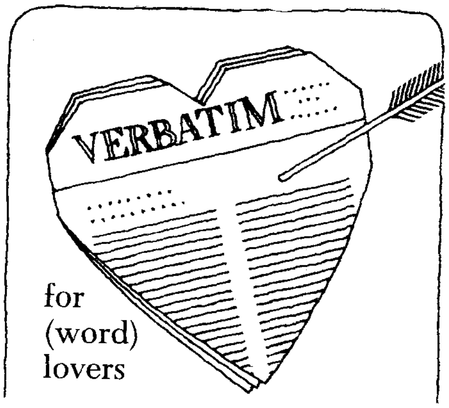

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the delicious ice cream inside it—but without understanding that this little box of a schoolhouse had been built for us and for Australia. Nor did we realize that all these suntanned and splendid but slightly worn men and women saw us as the justification for their efforts, and wanted to send us out as emissaries into the void of time—not only those of us considered the best but also those considered the worst, even the little girl with the harelip who might or might not have Chinese blood, and the small freckled boy who dropped all his aitches, and was so terribly adenoidal, and wore his big brother's cut-down pants to school, and was thought to be the one responsible for spreading lice through the heads of the pupils who sat next to him. Pride and hope were reflected so often in the conversation of the adults that it seemed to be boasting.

"I've never 'ad ink and pen in me 'ouse before," one old farmer said, in a rusty, grating voice, "but now the nipper's in school 'e gets all upset if it's not there when 'e wants it! By crikey, 'e's a real little worker and when the lamp's lit 'e's at 'is books in no time."

"And that's how it should be," his neighbor agreed. "As we used to say in the old country, 'a penn'orth of learning is better than a pound of show.' "

"Don't you know, Mr. Heale," a woman said to my father, "when all of us first came up here we didn't think of schools—then it was only the blacks and the stores and the wagons and gettin' the land cleared that we set our sights on. Now even this school is too small for us." She went on to compliment my father on his enterprise in providing the government with the land for the school. My father was even then thinking of sending some of his own children on to the Church of England boarding school that was soon to open up in the mining town of Herberton, some hundreds of feet higher up in the ranges—where, presumably, a better and broader education could be had—but he smiled and nodded his thanks. He must have felt that slight discomfort which egalitarian Australians were doomed to feel as religious and social differences were deepened and widened in their still young society. The school in the ranges, primitive as it might prove to be, already carried the cachet of the Church of England, which represented the official religion of the British Crown and also, by its ministry, schools such as Westminster and Eton and universities such as Oxford and Cambridge, and which by tradition upheld the theory of a superior English classical education.

If my father was silent about his decision to send his daughters to this not yet established school, it must have been because there were many Catholic families among the tableland pioneers (especially among the vast numbers of new arrivals from Ireland), and he felt too much sympathy with them to mention the fact. My grandmother, in her rustling black dress with its high lace collar, and with her white hair piled around her regal and somewhat heavy-featured face, must have been absent from this particular picnic, since she openly supported the Church of England in all its projects. She would probably, in fact, have cheerfully offered up all her grandchildren upon the church altar that she felt was permanently situated in her own drawing room. In reality, every second week a rather high sideboard there was transformed with a white embroidered cloth and pink and white tropical lilies in slender silver vases, and the cross and the chalice brought by one of the newly arrived Brothers of St. Barnabas, who came riding to my grandmother's door, exhausted from bumping up and down all the way from the nearest Brotherhood center. My grandmother's spirit dwelt in her small wooden house in a strange amalgam of British rectitude (one upheld the old British values, come what may), colonial fortitude (no self-pity, a cold bath every morning, and castor oil if one were ill), and Church of England ritual (a perfumed presence of sanctity and concentration, with rustling silk dresses and petticoats, and kneeling to the rhythms of splendid prose to receive the sacrament). My grandmother and the teacher were friends, and sometimes in the late afternoon the teacher, her red hair making a splotch of color in the lowering sun, her arms curled around a small parcel of books, could be seen cutting diagonally across the paddocks toward the patch of jungle trees that had been spared by the timber cutters to shadow my grandmother's house. The teacher was served afternoon tea (finely cut bread and butter, and sponge cake with whipped cream and jam), and she returned the books and selected new ones from the crowded bookcase that stood in my grandmother's cramped little hall, beside the Victorian plaster replica of the Laocoön. Perhaps my grandmother and the teacher talked about books; there is no doubt that in this loneliness (where the cleared paddocks were like the sea, upon which the rare houses, their windows glittering in the sunset, were thrown up like passing ships) their voices stretched out toward each other in a mingling of greeting and appeal.

PET
SH
SUZANNE

"Mrs. Thompson, how lovely it is to see you."

"Come in, come in, Miss Newman. I have been expecting you."

The matter of religion, like that of human contact, was then too pervasive to be much spoken about, but I myself viewed it with great interest. I knew that my grandmother believed in something, and this aroused a curiosity that has never been satisfied over all these years—not because a similar belief seemed necessary to the third generation but because belief is attractive in itself. Alluring as my grandmother's house was, I sensed that we judged things differently in our own house, across the way, where something more worldly ruled, but where, all the same, my father would often suggest that the whole family cross the paddocks to be present at the evening service given by the Bush Brothers. Why was it that, as if to negate his suggestion, he would then lie down on the sofa with the red page of the *Bulletin* over his face and quickly fall asleep? And what was it that gave me such a sense of satisfaction on those rare evenings when he did rouse himself (from the well-earned rest of a man of the land, who'd been out under the tropical sun since six in the morning) and marshal us together and, taking a lantern in his hand, lead us over the paddocks to the service—and, later, with the lantern lit, and with the grass wet with dew and the moon haloed with mist, and the smell of cows in the air, lead us home again, a patriarch illuminating the path of his family? Undoubtedly, my relief at his action had something to do with the recognition that the faith of my grandmother, even if it was not quite shared by my mother and father—and even less by the rest of us—still constituted a landmark, as a track does in the jungle.

The question of leaving the old schoolhouse in the paddocks and going away to the church school in the ranges was somehow related to all this. As far as my grandmother was concerned ("The more religion those children have the better" was what she might have said), the issue was less the education than it was the Mother Church. But in our own house the matter could not be separated from worldly arguments. After a long discussion, our two Sydney cousins, who in deference to their age and worldliness were always listened to, said, in effect, "At least, the girls won't learn to talk about Shykespeare and Jyne Austen." And my mother confessed that she did, of course, want us to learn as much as possible, but that as well she hated the fact that at the little schoolhouse across the way we had all got lice in our hair. "It's so much trouble getting rid of the ruddy things," my father agreed, with a laugh. In other words, they did not enlarge upon the possibility that the decision had something to do with the conflict embedded in Australian society, or the need to recognize the nature of the country we were in: not only the newness of it, not only the deserts and forests and, in our case, the wall of dark jungle that seemed at first to repel human hands, not only the unremitting toil needed to keep abreast of the earth's demands, but also the sense of an evil we did not know, an evil that therefore became the voice of God. It was for this reason, surely, that we accepted so readily the old shibboleths bestowed upon us by the English—the prows of the Norsemen, the spirit of Neptune, and the martial images of the Church Triumphant (as we also accepted the gibbets of Newgate). We thought of God as a source of help, as a towering barrier between us and physical or economic disaster. It was the voice of God that drove us to become educated, and drove us also to believe blindly that we could thereby control our future.

THE brilliant light that illuminates the contours of northeastern Australia strikes also across a sea aswim with islands, and throws into mysterious pearly relief the longest and most complex coral reef in the world. When I finally found myself at the boarding school in the ranges (St. Mary's Church of England School for Girls, in Herberton), this same light illuminated a world that had a stripped and pristine quality—the rocky ranges glittering under a thin forest of gray-green eucalyptus that seemed to stretch away for many miles in every direction.

The ranges themselves were romantic to me as the place of my birth. My mother had often told me of the night at the small mining town of Irvinebank—she was visiting her sister there—when, as she waited for me to arrive, lying in a little side room that looked off toward the hills, she could see a fire built by local Aborigines who were holding a corroboree: the glow of the fire barred by sparse dark trees, and by the figures of the Aborigines as they acted out their dramatic pantomime and leaped into the air to the sound of chanting and the beating of sticks. Farther down, on the tablelands, there had been a storm with a good deal of thunder and lightning, but my father had continued to ride Signal up the ranges to see his wife and, by then, the child who—since he had three girls already—he had hoped would be a son. He rode all through the storm, the downpour streaming like a waterfall over his head, and over his black raincape, and over the horse, and making great gullies and trenches in the steep, sandy track. The next morning, the range road would have been dazzlingly white, for the surface shone with grains of quartz, which were never whiter than after rain—unless it was at the time of the full moon, when the hills were so bright that one could read by their reflected light.

Now, at the Herberton school, I slept in a two-story wooden building, in a row of green-painted cubicles. Each cubicle held a narrow white bed, closed off by a curtain in place of a door, and had its own window. There was a wide ledge to the window, and on it the moon would pour down its brilliant light. When the moon was at its zenith, I perched on that cubicle ledge long after we were all supposed to be asleep, and—sometimes shivering with cold but intoxicated by the romance of the world—I read my way through "Les Misérables," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Black Tulip," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and many other books. If these books were a delight to me, they were also strangely involved with the radiance of love which the moonlight suggested, with that deep current in the life of women—an idealized sensuality that made convent girls like George

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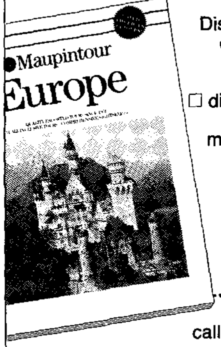

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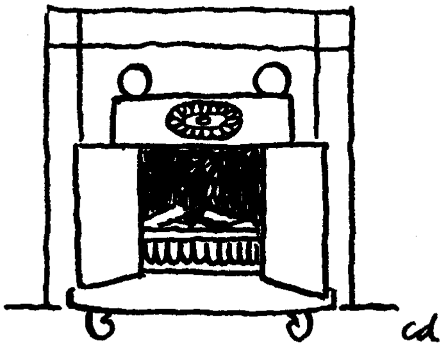
Sand beg the moon to guide them, even if to death.

The night reading sometimes made it hard to get up in the morning. In winter, we would be called early. Bells would clang, and feet would run to the shower rooms, where the lead on the floors, which had been wet the night before, was rimmed with ice. (Herberton's altitude was about three thousand feet, and therefore it was cooler there than on the tablelands.) In the hysteria bred by a British kind of discipline, which married so well with the traditional cult of Australian toughness (and, in my case, was reinforced by the thought of my hardy grandmother), we would dip ourselves under the cold shower, thrust ourselves with still damp skin into the de-rigueur white underwear and navy-blue cambric uniforms, and then, tumbling over each other, try to catch up with the "leaders," who were bent upon sprinting before breakfast to a culvert called the One Mile. The broad white road to the One Mile was lined with pale-green gum trees tipped with red, with shaggy she-oaks—Australia's most melancholy tree—and with an occasional blackboy, or grass tree, famous for its slow growth. We all knew that we must not fall down, because the harsh quartz-speckled surface of the road tore the skin off knees and shins. The sun rising above the hills would already be glittering warmly on the iron roofs of the small scattered houses; the chapel back at the school would be waiting in its emptiness for our first prayers; and the tables in the refectory would be laid with bowls ready for the saltless and slightly burned porridge, and with plates of bread thinly scraped with butter.

Inside the school grounds, the Sisters of the Sacred Advent were generally to be seen hastening about from building to building and back again, their pale faces shadowed by white starched coifs and collars, their sexless dark serge habits flapping in the winds of the ranges. As for the Brothers of St. Barnabas, they also had their headquarters inside the perimeter of the school, and they fanned out from there, over the mountains and coasts and tablelands. We scarcely realized how great an effort these Bush Brothers had had to make: how upon their graduation from the great English universities they had prayed for grace to serve in the slums and in deprived areas of the Empire; how some had come to Australia, where they had not experienced the comparative comfort of the urban dioceses but had gone straight to a bush community, and how they had learned to ride, to camp out, to cross flooded rivers ("I was shy and always sunburned," one of them confessed later), to wait for the occasional trains, to beg the farmers for horses, to sleep on bags behind shanty bars, to preach to unwilling audiences in mining camps, and to deal less with cases of spiritual confusion than with cases of delirium tremens. Always with poverty at their heels, they were forced to remember the spirited appeal for their services which had been made at Oxford by the then Bishop of North Queensland, George Frodsham, who had been allowed a few minutes in which to stir the hearts of his listeners. "Let me have men who will preach like apostles and ride like cowboys," he had said, and "having food and raiment will thereby be content."

During our time at St. Mary's, John Oliver Feetham was the reigning Anglican bishop. Tall, thin, ascetic-looking (with a faintly famished expression resulting from hollowed cheeks and large dark eyes surmounted by beetling brows), he came from a family of soldiers, judges, and clergy, and was able to integrate his teaching with an ordered masculine sense germane to what was called, during the nineteenth century, the Oxford Movement. Because of this movement's concentration upon the earlier Church tradition of dignity and liturgy, upon vestments and lights in the Eucharist, its influence was in dispute in some parts of Australia. As schoolgirls, we were not much interested in this, any more than we were in the evangelical tendency of the Sydney Synod, and found it much easier to resolve it into a question of High Church or Low Church. But, "High Church" as he was, the Bishop was often to be seen at the rough mining camps in the bush, or on the small railway sidings on the tablelands, with mud staining his gaiters, his flat silver cross swinging on his purple bib, and all his belongings in a sugar bag! His air of total delight at having discovered in North Queensland a splendid, if infertile, field for his labors fascinated us; and it was after all J.O.N.Q. (as he was called) who had created our schools. But, schoolgirls as we were, our allegiance was so deeply rooted in our physical selves that we had very little emotion to expend elsewhere.



The refectory, which, as the depository of food, should have pleased us, proved instead to be a rather bare and nonsensuous place, its tables by no means heavily laden, its cooks probably hampered by inadequate supplies. With a country of milk and butter just down the ranges, the butter on our tables was scanty, cream nonexistent, and our milk a pale concoction made with water and powder. We sighed and moaned at the meat, so little of it, so stringy, and cooked or overcooked in (for lack of proper utensils) big kerosene tins. As short of fats as if we were the poor of London, we longed for a certain boiled pudding made with flour, suet, and treacle, and served only on one glorious day a week. To those of us who came from food-conscious homes, where the menus were supplemented by all the produce of farm and property—by unlimited milk, cream, and butter, by young calves and piglets fed on mash and separated milk, by mangoes from the coastal trees, and by huge sun-ripened watermelons—this thin school fare had about it a quality associated with the pale and preoccupied faces of the sisters, so often bent down as if in prayer, yet expressing a cheerfulness that we (little materialists that we were) tended to think artificial.

We managed, however, to create our own compensations—schemes that blended the excitement of disobedience with the challenge of our Australian inheritance and provided gastronomic rewards as well. A small group of trustworthy and ingenious souls, I among them, found a hidden recess in the middle of some underbrush among patches of giant sunflowers that bordered the lower tennis court and were contained by a high wire fence. This green bower was on the legitimate side of the border, yet gave us entire privacy—no one else could tell that it existed, let alone shielded illegal activities. We all made a habit of stealing potatoes and onions from the refectory (easy to do, because the pupils took turns clearing the tables between courses, and each of us could dash en route into the storeroom, where the vegetables were kept in wooden bins, and hide in our uniform pockets whatever we could snatch). Salt and pepper were easy to procure, and butter and fat were obtained in one way or another. (If the worst happened, we could pool our resources and buy some on Saturday, in place of sixpenny packets of sweets.)

One of our group, having a mechanical turn of mind, had found half a kerosene tin and, turning it upside down, had punched holes in it with a large nail, so that, placed over a small fire, it formed a practical stove, upon which we could cook our sliced potatoes and onions. We did this when the tennis court was not in use, for fear the players might notice the dispersed smoke from the fire. These feasts of greasy half-raw and blackened potatoes and onions, unsatisfying as they were, quieted more than the hunger we felt for suitable food. They were part of the adventurous life we wanted to live, for we mocked at the restraint and obedience forced upon us, and saw ourselves as explorers and pioneers, like our fathers and mothers. Often, we roamed the hillsides without permission—sometimes, on moonlit nights, slipping out of the grounds in places where the fence was half-broken, and scrambling into old mine shafts to pick up pieces of glittering stone. Occasionally, we swam in the river, which moved rapidly over its shallow bed of golden stone and was shadowed by the scarlet-flowering bottlebrush. During the wet season, when this river—so casually called the Wild—swelled to three times its normal size and raged in a small torrent toward the dam in the town, permission to swim would be officially granted, and then we would enjoy the tossing waters that tumbled from the cold, stony hills, and feel a profound satisfaction, a satisfaction made greater by the approval of J.O.N.Q., who preached to us, his eyes alight, quoting Browning, as if aware that only by promising no diminution of our joy could he hold our allegiance to the Church:

> Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
>   from rock to rock,
> The strong rending of boughs from the
>   fir-tree, the cool silver shock
> Of the plunge in a pool's living water . . .
>
> How good is man's life, the mere living!
>   how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses
>   for ever in joy!

IF the veranda of the old house in northern Australia had always been the link between us and the wider social life (which in Queensland was represented by "the south"), it also, as we grew up, became the family stage for a social performance. Here, when my four sisters and I were at home for the holidays, the rites of admission to legitimate society were played out. This veranda space was uncontaminated by useful work. We didn't peel the vegetables out there, or polish the rather scanty silver, or shine our shoes; my father and brother didn't dare to use the veranda to sew up the bags of seed corn that they hoped to try out when planting time came around again. On the veranda, we engaged only in leisure pursuits—read, sewed, wrote letters, went through the latest magazines, talked, argued, entertained, and *danced.*

As we grew older, Hazel, the eldest of us, naturally took first place as entertainer, planner, and (after our parents) director of the family. She was very good at this, for she cared about it a great deal, but at the same time she could be overpowering when, getting one or another of us on her side, she represented, in spite of herself, the coercive power of the group. "We won't wear long dresses on Saturday," she would announce. (Long dresses only meant simple cotton frocks of greater length than those worn in the afternoon, but still longer than the fuller, twirling-skirted affairs that, as we approached the dancing age, were just coming into fashion.) These narrow questions—to wear or not to wear long dresses, to use or not to use a little rouge on our cheeks, to persuade or not to persuade our father to buy us liquor (he didn't drink himself and did not think it appropriate that we should offer liquor to our friends), to invite or not to invite some young man whom we all thought attractive but of whose interest we were not sure—became more onerous than necessary, because in this northern outback the rules had not yet been clearly laid down. We were unsure of our place as women, not only in the world at large but in the simpler world around us.

It is true that in Australia there had never existed that prison of femininity which Octavio Paz describes in his "Labyrinth of Solitude"—that situation in which women live only under the patronage of men, and there is one set of rules for the *Señor* and another for the women and children. In Australia, for all its heritage of masculinity and patriarchy and authority, women were still regarded as members of the human race. The shortage of

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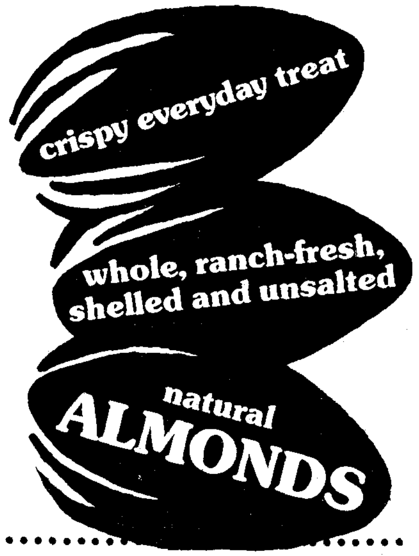

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women in colonial society gave them greater value, and the familiarity with nature and the challenge to the false reserve of the English gave them a special confidence. Australian girls did not trip daintily but were allowed to stride along—to swing their arms to and fro, to be handsome rather than pretty, and robust rather than elegant. They were mothers of large families, good swimmers, competent tennis players, fearless riders, and excellent substitutes for men in difficult situations.

Nevertheless, they were still not seen as equal to men. Shoulder to shoulder with their males (but in actuality one step behind them), they learned to set unnatural limits upon their own social suitability. It was customary for the women to separate themselves from the men at all sorts of local gatherings—to cluster around the stove or the teapot, to busy themselves with the food, to guard the children, to be mothers, nursemaids, and providers. Our own family did not accept this limited standard; we girls were encouraged to join in on all social occasions, to take part in all conversations. Yet the technical feminine skills were also expected of us, and this meant, in fact, that our primary role was to see that everything possible had been done for the comfort of the opposite sex before we felt free to converse. We had also absorbed the idea—God knows how it had become part of our feminine arsenal—that one carried on social relationships with men by chatting brightly, by being frivolous and talkative, and by never allowing moments of quiet repose. We scarcely knew who we were—young women of the British provinces or young women of the great open spaces. In this dilemma, we turned to what has been the solace through the years of so many isolated women. We read novels.

Although it all seemed far away and unreal, I could identify with the scenes described by Somerset Maugham and Joseph Conrad—Englishmen proving their mettle on desolate tropical riverbanks, women turning to adultery on Malaysian rubber plantations, little village girls who waited weeping under coconut trees for the sahib who had abandoned them. But these novels that we found so readable and the characters that engaged our sympathies so deeply—at least, until the last page was turned and the covers closed—did not exactly entertain us when they were translated into real life. A man who had been stationed in India in some minor military job (he had the title of captain) lived, with his wife and sister-in-law, in a little wooden cottage on our property. One day, my sisters and I walked over the green, uneven pastures and crawled through several wire fences to the bare wooden cottage to play bridge with them. We sat erect in straight chairs, surrounded by the lares and penates—the bamboo screens, the embroidered linen cloths, the tinkling temple bells, the paper reproductions of Hindu gods, the brass bowls and candlesticks and Buddhas—that had come safely all the way from New Delhi to be displayed in a room redolent with incense and draped with rugs and hangings, while outside the bare bright-green paddocks rolled against the sunlit Australian sky. The captain was, as my father said, "a quite decent chap," and his wife and sister-in-law were similarly cheerful and kind, but these wanderers had escaped from some big Midlands city in England, and now, here, were even more out of place than they had been in India, for all the tinkling chimes in the cottage doorway and the strange mixtures of cultures inside it. Their kindness to us, and even the peanuts and chocolates we munched at the bridge table, seemed wrong, because we were all of us like castaways in the middle of the half-cleared land. And when the kind captain said to me, in relation to the halfhearted bridge I was playing, "Ef ye'd only *concentrate*," I knew that it was no good. Like the attempt to find some link between the healthy-looking but inarticulate young farmers with whom we danced at the local dances and the heroes of Maugham and Conrad, it was a lost cause from the beginning. Our minds would never meet.

The home space was invaded now and shrank all the time—the world passed by and sometimes lingered there. One afternoon, my father came

D. Hessel

out onto the veranda to introduce us to a young man named Robbie McCartney, and we all looked up with the mixed emotions of the lonely and the young. He was a thin man with a reddish, bony face and a ginger-colored mustache who seemed very conscious of his spotless whipcord riding trousers and who talked a lot about Malaysia, where he'd been for "quite a wee while," until he had become "bloody well fed up with it" and decided to "get to a white man's country" again. In those days, we were vaguely ashamed of our father's abstemious habits, and would protest laughingly that "*everybody* drank," and smuggle bottles of hard liquor into the house, holding them in readiness for any attractive male visitor who might appear on the scene. As this particular afternoon wore on and our guest indicated that "tea was all very well" but a spot of that rich North Queensland rum might be a great thing with which to toast the sunset, Hazel was able to produce a bottle of gin from some hidden place, and before long she was being guided around the veranda to learn the latest variation on the foxtrot (as it was danced at this very moment at Raffles). Naturally, as the evening wore on, it became obvious that Robbie McCartney could not be trusted to drive safely to the local hotel. My mother, conferring quietly with my father in the dining room, agreed that, short of space as we were, he must be offered hospitality, so two of the children must be put into one bed. A day or two later, when our guest had managed to reach the hotel and then had returned (not with gifts for my mother, or even with the loaf of fresh bread we had asked him to buy, but with a number of splendid bottles of whiskey and rum), he delighted my sister again by introducing jazz onto our rural veranda, and worried my mother by passing out in the late afternoon, only to revive and want to begin all over again just as we were ready for bed. By this time, my father's tolerance had worn thin, and he was soon denouncing McCartney as a worthless alcoholic, while my mother, in the discussion that followed, said with a sad shake of her head that young men went out to those lonely jobs in the East and were corrupted by the heat and the drinking and the luxury. Here her voice dropped a little, and she remarked that such men even tended to have children by the native women without taking any responsibility for the children, and then when

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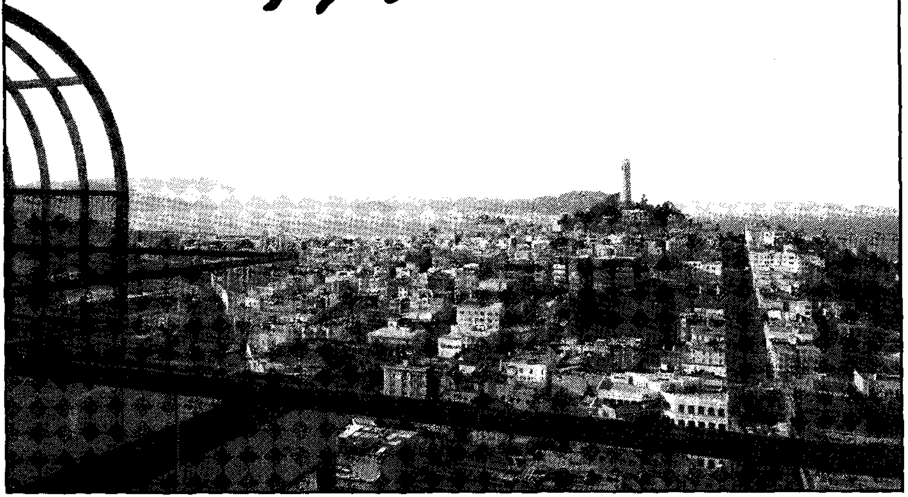

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the man finally decided to marry some British girl the poor native woman would be packed off to a suitable distant village. I realize now that it is because of this perhaps apocryphal story about the half-caste children that I have not forgotten poor Robbie McCartney—and also because he had looked so pathetic and unattractive as he lay passed out on the veranda sofa, his pale mustache decorating his wide-open mouth.

OUR parents' time was not our time, and we were driven blindly toward unknown goals, as ships are driven by the wind. We learned about the international slump, about Australian enterprises failing, about the banks becoming reluctant to lend money. We saw for ourselves the nomadic citizens who were humping their blueys (carrying their blankets) from town to town, jumping the trains, singing bush songs as they lay in the cattle cars at night, hoping as the engineer's whistle signalled a new settlement that here, at last, work might turn up for them. But we did not understand that what we were seeing was a world calamity. We did not know that events were building up toward change—toward depression, toward social upheaval, toward war, and toward that first experience of the defeat of the white man, which was to disturb the concept of superiority that had nourished us from childhood. The pioneers who had made us spoke of great opportunities, of many things left to do; they refused to think about any possible deterioration of their world.

Out in the paddocks one day, my sister Margot and I saw a swarthy, bearded man building a fire dangerously close to a fence. We drew nearer to see what he was doing, and I remember feeling timid at the full view of his face, red and glistening above its stubbly beard. He had roasted a slab of meat over the fire and was cutting it into hunks with a clasp knife. We warned him about the fence, at which he grunted, and then we stood watching him silently, half repelled and half fascinated by his sweat-stained singlet and filthy boots, by his eyes, which, like an animal's, lifted to look at us from the meat he was stuffing into his mouth. We were little women wishing to put the world to rights, filled with pity and officious concern. Finally, one of us said gently, "Do you find it hard to get work?"

He looked at us with his mouth full, chewing noisily. His beard shone with grease, and a merry yet scornful smile appeared on his face. "Carn't yer see me jaws are workin'?" he asked belligerently, and then he let forth a bellow of raucous laughter, which sent us hurrying from the spot.

At our boarding school, the high wooden fence protected us from such encounters. We saw the pale faces of certain families in the little mining town, and we responded with doubtful pity. We knew that some girls had to leave school because their parents could not pay the bills. There were tales of formerly prosperous station owners who now lived only by the tolerance of their mortgage holders. The father of one school friend had to present his shopping list to the bank each week. (On one such list "a pair of silk pyjamas" had been revised to read "a pair of cotton pyjamas.") During the holidays, the changes in our own way of life were obvious; our mother looked anxious, and our father tended to moodiness and irritability. "I turn somebody away every day," he complained as he asked us to "give a bit of tucker to that man at the back door." But what we noticed uneasily was that our father also had difficulty in meeting his bills, and especially in paying what was due on those odd pieces of land he had bought, those views from hilltops, and those fertile acres beside rivers. We knew that some of them had to be sold, and in the end for much less than they were worth. I think it was only as I grew older that I realized how brave my parents were.

Because the old spirit of success had always hovered over the tableland pioneers like a guardian angel, our father could not believe that serious reversals were possible. In any event, his way had always been to shift his concerns to a wider scene—in this case, to the tobacco farms farther out around Mareeba, where less rain fell than in the areas that lay directly in the path of the monsoons. Tobacco farming was an innovation he had helped instigate, and in this drier belt the settlers were engaged in the backbreaking task of grubbing out the old boxwood and bloodwood trees. At night, they burned the roots, which were consumed infinitely slowly, making brilliant scarlet and purple caverns in the inferno of the earth. My father feared for these settlers. "They might go under," he said. "They're new chums. They say this will be a black year."

I think that he was prescient, but

this prescience operated against his will. He was apprehensive about the Japanese encroaching upon the Australian coasts. He would stare out toward the Coral Sea from a hilltop he had bought on the coast at Trinity Bay—stare out past the scattered islands and ruffled waters toward the shores of New Guinea. "I wonder how many maps they are making," he would say. "They're out there fishing for trochus shell for three-quarters of the year. There's something wrong with us if the Japanese know that reef better than we know it."

But his children danced. We danced to the old gramophone that had to be wound up for every record and that years before had made the veranda echo to inadequate recordings of Galli-Curci's piercing notes and the deep, rolling bass of Paul Robeson singing, in his youth, of Ol' Man River who "jus' keep rollin' along," and also of Jack o' Diamonds, who "robba ma pocket, robba ma pocket . . . o' da silva and da go-oold." We danced in a dream that seemed to have its own justification. Although we didn't know it, we danced on the edge of chaos. The veranda, ordinary as it was, could have been made for dancing, its smooth, well-polished wood solid beneath our feet as the throaty, insistent voice of the gramophone repeated itself hoarsely, like a chant that could never end. Over the dark line of the horizon, the moon rose in all its tropical glory. —JOAN COLEBROOK

•

Other Soviet bloc airlines also inquired about British Aerospace's new short-haul, 100-seat 146 passenger jet at the Farnborough air show in September.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

As well they might.

•

The seminar will be conducted by Jersey Electrical Supply of Jersey City and will run from 8:30 a.m. to noon. Lunch will be served. The cost of the program is $25,000 for members and $35 for non members. —*Jersey City (N.J.) Jersey Journal.*

Been having any membership problems lately?

•

PORT ARANSAS—The UT System Board of Regents voiced concern Thursday about the high percentage of UT School of Law graduates failing the state bar exam.

"I'm abhorred, frankly," Regent Beryl Milburn said.—*Daily Texan, newspaper of the University of Texas at Austin.*

There, there, Milburn, we all still love you.

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, JANUARY 10

THE trip south from Paris to the Pelletier farm takes just a few hours now that a little Air Limousin De Havilland Twin Otter meets the Paris plane at Limoges. From Limoges, you can fly to the town of Brive-la-Gaillarde in ten or eleven minutes, and after that it is an easy, pretty drive down the Vézère River into the Périgord, past the village I will call Sainte-Lucie and the hamlet of Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont and, finally, up the steep dirt road that ends at the Pelletiers' Périgord farmhouse. Fernande Pelletier, as I will call her, talks sometimes about "flying to Paris for the day," and then she howls with laughter until the dogs come running in to investigate and Fernande herself has to sit down with a glass of water, to recover. The idea of flying to Paris for the day is Mme. Pelletier's idea of something so preposterous, so improbable, that laughing about it is a way of laughing at life, or at herself, if she is disappointed or confused or is feeling helpless because someone in the Common Market has traded, say, a butter-and-milk quota for a beet-sugar quota and the world has intruded again on the hundred acres of France that her family has farmed for centuries. Before the Common Market, there used to be only what she regarded as natural intrusions on the Pelletier farm—wars or plagues or phylloxera.

Fernande Pelletier was in Paris for a day in 1964. She and her husband, Georges, drove here with their son, who was four and slow in talking and had an appointment with a famous Paris doctor. They left the farm at three in the morning, arrived at noon, found the hospital, saw the famous doctor (who said that he didn't know why the boy was slow), and headed home without another stop. It was not that Paris intimidated the Pelletiers, or put them off. The Pelletiers had a book of photographs of Paris. They knew Paris from their book and from the evening news and from the pictures in *Le Pèlerin*, the Catholic weekly that Fernande's mother gets in the mail on Fridays. It was simply that they never thought to stay in Paris and look around—just as they never think to look around Brive, say, or Périgueux after a weekly market or around Sainte-Lucie after a sheep sale. The Paris of doctors' appointments and all the other business of daily life is not the Paris that Fernande Pelletier means when she talks about "flying to Paris for the day."

Six or seven years ago, I met an old sherry vintner in Jerez who talked about flying to New York for the day. It amused him to imagine getting on a Concorde in the morning, enjoying a glass of his best sherry at the Knickerbocker Club, and heading home in time for a good night's sleep in the carved-oak bed where his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had slept before him. He must have been about ninety then, because he described skating on the Neckar with his friend Alfonso XIII when they were both at boarding school in Heidelberg at the turn of the century. He remembered the long fall trips from Jerez to Heidelberg. He went in his father's coach, north through most of Europe, and while he couldn't say—not at the age of ninety—exactly how many weeks he was in the coach each fall, he did not find anything odd about the trips he made and the time they took. He liked the time of travelling. He found it consistent (his word) with the occasion.

It may be that only the middle class is really comfortable about starting a day at home and, with not much more than a case of jet lag to show for it, ending up on another continent in a couple of hours. There are still people in Europe who are profoundly *located*, and they are mainly peasants like Fernande Pelletier and old aristocrats like the vintner in Jerez. Their little jokes about flying to Paris for the day or taking the Concorde to New York for a glass of sherry at the Knickerbocker Club are really the same story—a way of reminding themselves that the world beyond their land and their attachments may control their fortunes but that it has nothing at all to do with who they are or with the rhythm and etiquette of an appropriate life.

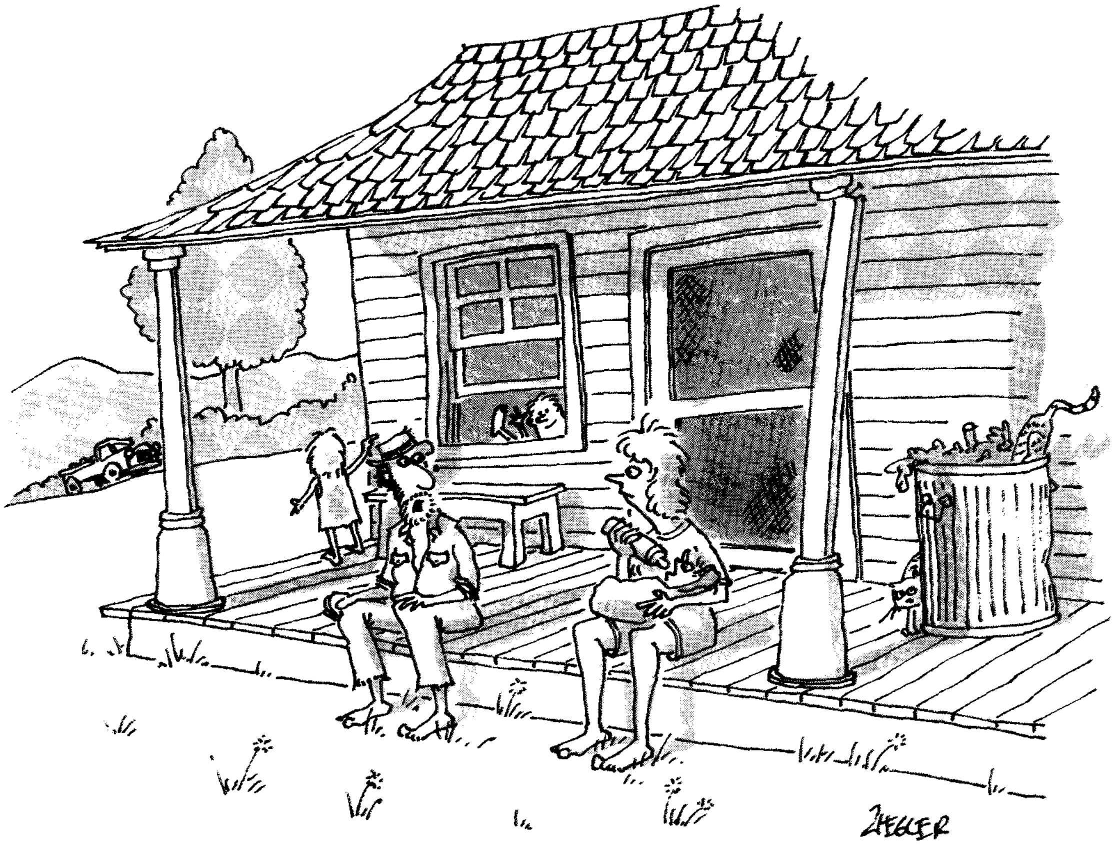
The first time I visited the Pelletiers, I took the train. Fernande was curious about the trip, because she had taken a long train trip herself in the summer of 1955, when she and Georges got married and went to the Pyrenees for a week and stopped in Lourdes for the blessing of the Virgin. Fernande never took another holiday. She thinks that there is one allotted holiday in a peasant's life, and that is a honeymoon spent in pursuit of blessings. Sometimes she can hear a train passing above Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont in the morning, but she rarely sees it now that she has sold the sheep that used to graze in pastures with a view of the railroad tracks. In the old days, she would take her sheep and her dogs and a copy of the racing news out to one of those far pastures of the farm, and she would watch for the train and think about her weekly bet and about her honeymoon and the *pension* at Lourdes where she discovered how disappointing love was compared with Mass in the grotto or the sight of a ton of corn filling the family's orange metal crib after a good harvest. The farm was still her father's then. His name was Olivier Tricart, and he was a blunt, intelligent man ("*C'est quelqu'un*," people who knew him always said), a man of dignity and authority, and a proud farmer. "*Nous, les paysans*," he would begin when the other Sainte-Lucie farmers came to him for advice. Today in Sainte-Lucie, the farmers call themselves *cultivateurs* and refer to their farms not as farms but as *exploitations agricoles*, and it is mainly the young farmers—who go off to agricultural school in places like Périgueux, or even Limoges, and meet boys and girls from the city and talk about coming home as "returning to the land"—who use the word "peasant." They say "*nous, les paysans*" the way Parisians on my street say "*nous, les intellectuels*." There are two or three young farmers starting out now in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont. They come to consult Fernande, just as their fathers used to consult M. Tricart, and when they talk excitedly about "ecology" and "natural farming" it amuses Fernande, because she knows they are really talking about the kind of farming everybody has to do these days to stay alive. She worries about her son, Maurice, who is twenty-five now and has so little of the excitement, the sense of starting an adventure, that those other young farmers have. She thinks that the life of a farmer starting out should be full of feeling and excitement, because it has to supply the memories to sustain him later on.

FRESH
DAILY

Fernande likes to remember the day that she and Georges took over the farm from her father. It was the fall of 1972, and M. Tricart had decided to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday by retiring. Not that he was stopping work—he was stopping to enjoy a long last word against the government. At his birthday dinner, he signed over his entire property to Fernande—it cost him a gift tax of about three thousand francs, or, at the time, about six hundred dollars—and announced that he had saved the Pelletiers the price of at least twenty acres in inheritance taxes. Fernande concluded that she had twenty acres coming to her. She took out a loan at the Crédit Agricole in Sainte-Lucie and bought the land at a good price from her neighbor and admirer Pierre Lagorce, an old farmer who had had his eye on Fernande since she was a rosy girl with a flock of sheep and he was an ardent husband with a complaining wife. It happened that Fernande had something of her father's authority. She tried it out on Georges, who was a sweet-tempered, diffident sort of person, much happier when he was out somewhere on his tractor than when he was in the barnyard giving orders to someone else. She paid the bills, ordered the feed and the fertilizer, kept the books, bid on the sheep they bought at auction, and bargained with the three hard men from the farmers' union who ran the marketing coöperative. People with business on the farm would pay their respects to Georges, off by himself in a tobacco shed or a cornfield, and then they would head for the farmhouse and M. Tricart and his daughter. Fernande was nearly forty-two when she took over the farm. She was getting stout, but her cheeks were still rosy and her hair was as red and curly as it was when Lagorce first saw her, sitting on a rock with her dogs at her feet and her sheep all around her, studying the weekly racing form. She won nine thousand francs in the pari-mutuels that year, and bought a bright-blue Deux Chevaux with some of the money. She drives it today; it is a kind of talisman. When she puts on her old duffel coat and a pair of mud boots and gets behind the wheel of that Deux Chevaux and goes bumping up the road with her bottle-red hair poking out of a plaid kerchief, she looks the way she must have looked the year she got her farm, and her horse came in, and she had a shy husband for nighttimes and a lusty old lover for the afternoons.

There is something young about Fernande at fifty-four, an awkward optimism that makes her touching. This year, she is feeding ducks for foie gras. Last year, it was geese, too. The year before, she had a hundred and twenty veal calves in one barn, and was feeding them corn from her own hand. She is raising tobacco, too—not just the dark tobacco her father planted years ago on three acres up the hill from the farmhouse, where the soil is particularly fine, but light tobacco, which is not a Common Market surplus crop and brings a high price at auction. She is thinking about pressing oil from any walnuts which she doesn't sell. She used to make sunflower oil, but, with the price she gets now, it is not worth her time to go on with it, and, besides, she wants to see what walnut oil will bring if she puts it in little tin jars marked "*Fabrication Artisanale*" and sells it to a co-op for fancy-food stores. She is also thinking of saving walnut *brou*—the dark, fibrous casing around walnut shells that stains farmers' hands brown at harvest time—and selling it in Belgium, where it is bottled as "winter tanning lotion" and put on the cosmetic counters of expensive department stores. There are three acres of walnut trees on the farm, and it is getting hard for Fernande to compete with California walnuts, which come from huge farms and are artificially dried in only forty-eight hours; her walnuts are better, but she dries them naturally, and that takes three straight weeks of decent weather.

Still, the price of walnuts does not upset Fernande the way the price of lamb does. She has always thought of herself as a sheep farmer, despite her three acres of tobacco and her three acres of walnuts, not to mention her twenty-four acres of corn, her twelve acres of wheat, her twelve acres of barley, her sunflowers, her kitchen garden, her fruit trees, her six cows, her two pigs, her geese and chickens



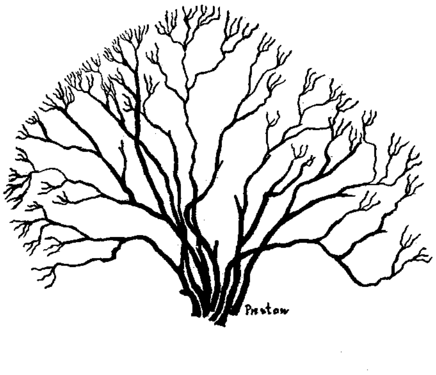
"Those big bucks from Publishers Clearing House sure went fast, didn't they?"

• •

and the eighteen hundred ducks that pass through her barns each year to help keep France in foie gras and pâté. She is not a woman who regrets, she likes to say, but in spite of herself she regrets that there are no more sheep grazing out by the Vézère, and no lambs suckling in the pasture behind the barn. She gave up sheep in 1983. By then, she had three hundred and sixty ewes and their lambs, and she was using a couple of prefab hangars to feed another fifteen hundred baby lambs, to be sold as Roquefort spring lamb when they got to eighty-five or ninety pounds. That spring, her ewes suddenly started dropping, and after the blood tests were in an inspector from town confirmed what Fernande herself suspected—once she was seeing two or three aborted lambs every time she left the house—and that was brucellosis. There was no insurance—Fernande was saving money in 1983—and no way for her to claim damages from the man who had sold the infected sheep to her. In the end, she got two hundred and twenty-five francs from the state for every ewe she slaughtered—it was called a *prime d'abattage*—and three hundred francs for each of the few that were still healthy and could be sold. It was not much money. No one wanted her lambs after that, and for a while, she says, she was close to ruin. She blamed herself. She blamed stray sheep crossing the Pyrenees from Spain and breeder sheep imported from Australia, because sheep that were not French were, to her mind, diseased to begin with and survived only to spread their diseases around. She blamed the Communists, because people said that rich Communist farmers here were buying weak, sickly sheep from Eastern Europe in order to give their friends a chance to earn some hard currency. By now, she doesn't blame the brucellosis. She says that brucellosis was merely the coup de grâce to her career as a sheep farmer, since there was no way to make a living from sheep anyway once the English had started selling their Commonwealth lamb in France at a lower price than she or most other small French farmers could afford to ask. It does not console her that there was also no way for a small English farmer to match the low price of all the good French fruit at an English supermarket.

Fernande Pelletier keeps going, and keeps her farm going, and in her way—with or without her sheep—is prosperous. The neighbors say she has a "*grosse exploitation*." To them, she is rich. She has that "extreme love of the soil" which Tocqueville wrote about—that "illuminating attachment" of a French peasant to his land which is probably the most profound attachment of the civilization. When a farmer like Fernande—when anybody French—talks about France, that person is talking literally, talking about soil and trees and vines. The idea of La France, which is held so fervently here and mocked so insistently abroad, is drawn from that experience of the countryside. Strangers are astonished at this. They decide that the French are primitive under their immense sophistication, but what they describe as primitive to their friends at home is really an identification of soul and place of great ethnographic purity. Every Frenchman has his *pays*, his corner of the provinces, his ancestral soil, even if that soil belongs to somebody else by now or is confined to the flowerpots of a family farmhouse that has been restored by bickering cousins for country Christmases and August holidays. Fernande would not know what to make of the abandoned countryside in southern Italy or Spain or Portugal. The idea of a French family abandoning its corner of France is as strange, as unnatural, to her as the idea of a ewe abandoning her lamb or a mother her child. She considers the land of France a trust and the peasants who tend it the custodians of that trust.

In a way, they are. It has been three hundred years since the nobility began to leave the countryside, keeping their châteaus for hunts and holidays, and gradually selling off their fields to pay the potlatch cost of court life in Paris and Versailles. By the revolution, most of the local *châtelains* in France were people who could not afford to move to town, and half the farmland was peasant freeholds. The family across the valley from the Pelletiers can trace their births and their banns and their funerals in village records back to 1300. Their farm was surveyed in the seventeen-hundreds and the deed to it entered at the *mairie* seven generations ago. Georges Pelletier's family goes back that far in *its* village, over on the south side of the Vézère. And Pierre Lagorce, who spent seventeen days in school in 1920 and only learned to sign his name in 1969, when he took out a loan for his daughter's dowry, was once the owner of a hundred and fifty acres and a dilapidated château with twenty-five rooms. His daughter did well with her dowry. She married a plumber and lives in a house in town and, according to Fernande, puts on terrible airs and pretends that the family was a noble family once—the de la Gorce family, she says—and suffered some mysterious calamity. The truth is that M. Lagorce bought his château a few days after the war, and the only family that suffered a calamity was the one that sold it to him for a few hundred dollars. Lagorce talks a lot about working, but he is at his best at the Pelletiers' kitchen table with a glass of wine in his hand and a discourse to deliver. Working itself never agreed with him. He was not happy as a *châtelain*. He lived in an old farmhouse on his land, out of sight of the château and the walls that needed pointing and the roof that needed tiling. He let the trees and the fields go. Eventually, he sold the place to a young vicomte from Paris who was a passionate farmer, and he went to work for the vicomte as part of the bargain—an arrangement that consisted of Lagorce "supervising" and the young vicomte and his vicomtesse getting up with the sun to build walls and dig up rocks and plant flowers while their supervisor slept.



Fernande's family worked for the château once. It was before the revolution, and the Tricart family was what the French call *en métayage*, which means that they were sharecroppers, turning over half their harvest to the château according to the terms of yearly contracts that they could never extend and never anticipate. After the revolution, they began to rent the land they farmed. They were *fermiers* then—tenant farmers, with a proper lease in the *notaire's* safe, and the knowledge that they would never have to ruin another Christmas wondering whether their *châtelain* was going to throw them out on December 31st. They started to buy their land, acre by acre, the year Fernande got married. Her father wanted the land for her. He wanted to settle it on her, the way he would have settled a chest of sheets and tablecloths on an ordinary daughter. That land has been the romance of her life—not the affable husband who runs errands for her on his tractor, or the garrulous old lover who has overstayed his welcome by a quarter of a century, or the son who, at twenty-five, is often as slow as he was at four, when his mother took him to the Paris doctor and asked if he was going to talk.

FERNANDE and Georges had an understanding. They never talked about it, but it was agreed that when they married Georges would turn over whatever land he inherited to his brothers and sisters, so that Fernande and her land could stay together. Or, rather, it was accepted that Fernande's attachment was stronger. Certainly she would never have sold her farm, the way Lagorce sold his to the vicomte. As it is, she is reluctant even to share it with Maurice—or with her daughter, Mercedes, who is married and lives in Tulle and has a family of her own. Other farmers in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont are overjoyed if their sons stay home, the way Maurice did. They do everything to please them. They are patresfamilias at the table, but on the farm they cede their authority. Lately, in Sainte-Lucie, they are signing contracts with their sons so that father and son become a kind of family coöperative—a GAEC, or *groupement agricole d'exploitation en commun*—and are partners, dividing the family's property and its profits along with the work there is to do. Fernande does not approve of this sort of arrangement. Perhaps she does not trust anybody else to love the farm as she does. Or perhaps she does not expect the farm to outlast her optimism for it, now that the Pelletiers have had to give up their sheep for ducks and some of their dark tobacco for light tobacco and their sunflower oil for walnut oil, and the man at the Crédit Agricole in Sainte-Lucie—he was sent to the village after losing a couple of million francs through bad loans in one of the big-city branches—says to concentrate on crops that haven't made the E.E.C. agenda and the man down the street at the state agricultural office says no, it is more important to concentrate on the quality of the crops they already have, and their deputy says that small farmers are the future of the Common Market and their mayor tells them that farms like theirs will be obsolete by the end of the century.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, there were two and a half million farmers in France. De Gaulle was President. He was provincial and puritanical and profoundly Catholic; he had, Fernande says, "farmers' values," and he believed that those values were France's power. He held them insistently, while the rest of Europe was abandoning the countryside for the city, the farm for the factory, the reality of property for the illusions of paper capital; and because of this France entered the Common Market shrewdly, at great agricultural advantage, "sacrificing" the industrial advantages to Germany. The Minister of Agriculture then was Edgard Pisani, and most people who know anything about French farming consider Pisani the best Agriculture Minister the country ever had. In his way, he was a visionary. His particular vision was the ideal French farm—an *exploitation familiale* that could be farmed to its potential by the members of one family working together and that could support that family completely. He talked about *la tâche primordiale*—the primordial task of farming—and at the same time about an entirely new relation between the French farmer and his land, and between the collectivity of French farmers and what he called "the space of the nation." Pisani's rhetoric was thick, but, simply put, what he wanted was to see each ideal French farm join with the other ideal French farms in its neighborhood, creating chains of coöperatives and collectives, and linking the farmland of France by region and husbandry and local culture. He resigned from the government in 1968, and broke with de Gaulle in 1969 and joined the Socialists, but by the time he did, French family agriculture had been eased into the century and spared the kind of brutal modernization that was turning farmers in most of Europe into a disaffected proletariat. Oddly, the prototype for Pisani's ideal French farm was the ideal English farm—eighty or a hundred acres of intensively cultivated land, which compensated for its small (by England's colonial standards) size through the extravagant attention of its farmers. French farmers had a fine tradition of *main-d'œuvre* themselves, and Pisani's genius was to encourage it in ways that never undermined the technology that was really changing

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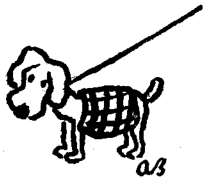
their lives. The fact that they could think of France as a breadbasket, and not a container truck or a carton for square tomatoes, was a measure of the extent to which de Gaulle and his minister had reassured them that the France they knew, the old France—*la France profonde*—was the real source of their prosperity, and that the changes that frightened them were changes only on the surface of their lives.

When France made its arrangements with the Common Market, in 1962, the country was as close to being self-sufficient in food as any place in Europe except, maybe, Sweden, which was not a member. French farmers were in the business of feeding France, the way they had always been. They were not really in the business of exporting food, and certainly none of them dreamed that in twenty-three years there would be a million tons of surplus butter sitting in Common Market freezers and another million tons of powdered milk in Common Market silos. They thought of "export" in terms of the Brie and the Roquefort and the château wines and the first-press olive oils they sold to fancy stores in London and New York. Most of the grains and the milk and butter they produced—the survival foods—stayed in France. What the French call *concurrence*—the dropping or balancing of trade and tariff barriers to create a competitive common market, in which, say, a French string bean could cost in Hamburg what it cost in Paris—began in 1962, when they sold cereal grains in Germany for what would have been the market price at home. In 1968, French milk became Community milk. Meat was put *en concurrence* during the sixties and seventies (although the *concurrence* was adjusted according to what sort of meat it was), and was followed, in the last few years, by wine and fruit (with more complicated adjustments and readjustments). For a while, French farmers were thriving. They were expanding their farms and in some cases doubling their crops—and they were making money doing it, because everyone else in Europe was buying. They were joining storage collectives and marketing coöperatives, and—the Pelletiers do this—were getting together with other farmers to invest in expensive harvesters and corn chutes and tractors that they could never have bought alone.



People like the Pelletiers discovered credit in the early days of the Common Market. Maître Prot, the *notaire* in Sainte-Lucie, says that most of the local farmers had never used a check before 1962. They kept a big wallet full of franc notes, and when they went out they attached it, for safety, to a chain on their vest, and did their business and paid their bills that way. But once the Crédit Agricole opened a branch in Sainte-Lucie they joined and started writing checks, and then they started borrowing money to pay for what they bought with those checks. Fernande herself had a checking account and two loans paid up before she had electricity on the farm, or even running water. She may have decided that borrowing money was less shameful, in the end, than no lights and no toilet and a yard that looked like the *basse cour* of a set for some medieval movie. By the time she went to the bank for money for Pierre Lagorce's twenty acres, the Crédit Agricole had six hundred clients in Sainte-Lucie, and those clients were also buying new land and, with it, new machines, and they were farming efficiently enough to let a few of their children leave home—the way Fernande let Mercedes leave for Tulle and marry an arms-factory worker. All told, since 1960 a million French peasants have left the land they farmed or their parents farmed. (During those twenty-five years, the agricultural yield in France has nearly doubled.) One reason they left was that they had somewhere to go. There was a labor shortage here in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Factories were recruiting—first the million new French workers and then a few million immigrant workers—because back on the farm the workers' parents were buying machines and wiring the house and starting to buy the gadgets these factories produced. The honeymoon between agriculture and industry—with farmers making more money with less manpower and using it to buy the sorts of things they had never thought about until their children moved to towns like Tulle and Lille and Clermont-Ferrand and started making them—was a little like France's honeymoon with Germany when France was the only breadbasket in the E.E.C. and Germany was the machine shop. In twenty years, both honeymoons were over. The idea of "Europe" had been moving only as long as no one suffered from it, or thought he suffered. "Europe" itself ended up in the kind of family fight where everyone divides the pots and pans and the flatware and tries never to meet again except at funerals.

The fact is that people like the Pelletiers think of themselves as French farmers, not European farmers. When English lamb (which often means New Zealand or Australian lamb) or Italian wine arrives in Sainte-Lucie selling for less money than the Pelletiers' lamb or their neighbors' wine, they say that France is threatened, not that "Europe" is served. The agreements that have been signed in Brussels since 1962 by politicians determined to promote the interests of France, say, or Germany or England while defending the rhetoric of "Europe" have got so complicated by now, so elaborate, that it is much easier to add to them than to explain them, let alone make them work. Every formula for fair subsidies or quotas seems to create a new set of inequities to replace the ones it was supposed to remove (one Community bureaucrat called the E.E.C. Gödel's proof), and every national gesture seems to offend "Europe" as much as Europe's gestures offend its members. Of course, the commitment to a European community grew out of the Second World War—out of a common experience of demented nationalism and the impulse, after that experience, to soften borders and create connections. People in Europe knew that any real economic recovery would have to be shared. Jean Monnet could speak convincingly of "European unity," because they never expected to be undone by nationalism again, especially the fairly respectable kind of nationalism that seems to be the common experience now. The charter of the E.E.C. is clear—any European state that meets Community criteria involving democratic elections, civil and economic freedom, and human rights is eligible for membership—and so is the assumption of the men who signed it that belonging to "Europe" is the best way to keep on meeting those criteria. When Greece gets rid of its colonels, or when the Generalissimo dies in Spain, the E.E.C. is under a kind of contractual obligation to let that country in. The country applies, and its application is welcomed with a lot of speeches and a lot of tight smiles—and then the members get together and argue for years about how to protect themselves against their would-be partner. Everybody knows

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vaguely that the E.E.C. is a good thing. Presumably, Spain and Portugal, which are trying to join now, know, too. But it is hard for people in the Community to explain exactly why it is such a good thing when they spend so much of their time trying to get around it.

THE arrangements and rearrangements and exceptions and exemptions and subsidies that have made lamb chops coming from England a better buy in Sainte-Lucie than Fernande Pelletier's lamb chops are coded and stored in the Common Market computer, and perhaps a few people in Brussels understand them. They are beyond Fernande. She has asked about them in Sainte-Lucie. She asked the manager at the Crédit Agricole; he is a little odd, because of his disgrace, and he looked cross and peered at Fernande in case she was a spy from the *caisse* in Paris posing as Mme. Pelletier and trying to catch him out in another bad loan, and finally he said, "Madame, it is illusory to expect that international agriculture is going to adapt itself to your small enterprise." He told her to accept the fact that, with a hilly piece of property like hers, and only a couple of acres of really "serious" soil, she would never be able to compete with an English sheep farmer, let alone with any of the thousands of big one-crop farms in France. He said he had seventy-four sorts of loans, with seventy-four different sets of terms, at his disposal, and that he was certain they could find a nice one—although he did acknowledge that the rules about lending money were a little stricter under Mitterrand than they had been under Giscard, who rarely paid attention. Polyculture was the answer, he said. This year, people at his branch of the bank were thinking in terms of three specialties per farm: one vegetable crop, one pasture animal, and one *exploitation hors sol*—which literally means "off the ground," and which in Fernande's case means plants or animals that do not use land, like hydroponic tomatoes or veal fattened in a feed pen. The manager told Fernande to "spread her risk" ("*Diversifiez vos investissements, Madame*") and accept the realities of the market, and choose crops that the Pelletier family could raise on a hundred acres but that a robot on a thousand acres could not.

Fernande thought about what the bank manager had said. That night, she talked it over with Georges and with Pierre Lagorce, who had started eating at the Pelletiers' when his wife died and now that he was "retired" was around all day, offering advice (which was often good advice) and keeping Fernande company, so that Georges could disappear on his tractor and do the farming. Lagorce had been gossiping about some new neighbors in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont—two Dutch couples who shared a house and, apparently, their affections. It was a scandal of great interest to Lagorce and to the Pelletiers, who believed that rich city people usually bought country houses in order to be depraved in private. Fernande does not talk about her own household arrangements, although she certainly considers it much more respectable to be eating with Georges *and* Pierre Lagorce than it would be to be eating with Lagorce alone. In a way, the Pelletiers have come to regard Lagorce as if he were an old relative with nowhere else to go—an embarrassment, maybe, but, in the end, their charge. Lagorce regards himself as indispensable. When Fernande complained that they were already as "polycultural" as they could get, considering that they had grown or raised or fed just about every plant or animal the area could support, Lagorce said that polyculture was not their problem anyway—their problem was that they were not *hors sol*. And then Maurice spoke up, and said that *he* had heard about *hors sol* at some point during his year as an apprentice on a "scientific farm." Usually, nobody pays much attention to Maurice except his wife, Clémentine, and *she* always tries to pay attention—if they are at supper, say, or in bed, and she isn't busy doing anything important. Clémentine is the daughter of dirt farmers from the next village, and (it is acknowledged) she is not a beauty. She never expected to find a husband, let alone a husband who was tall and handsome in a blank, cheerful sort of way, and the heir to a hundred acres. Three years ago, she married Maurice in the church in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont where Fernande had married Georges in 1955, and, like Fernande, she spent a brief honeymoon at Lourdes—after which she was put to work on the farm, feeding the ducks in the barn and washing up after meals and doing the laundry and keeping the family accounts in Fernande's big green ledger, and doing all the other things that are expected of a daughter-in-law without a dowry. She was paying attention when Maurice said that, to his mind, force-feeding eighteen hundred ducks for foie gras in a small barn was farming *hors sol*. She even blushed, because the word "mind" sounded so intelligent. But Pierre Lagorce disagreed. He said that feeding ducks in a barn was not, in itself, *hors sol*, and the next afternoon he called everybody into the barn to demonstrate what a real "*exploitation hors sol*" was. He fastened one of the duck coops to a rope. Then he threw the rope over a rafter. And while everybody watched and Clémentine made careful notes in the ledger, he hoisted the coop a few feet off the ground—"*Voilà, hors sol*," he said—and left it there and tipped his blue beret and waited for congratulations.

ONCE or twice a year, Fernande invites her neighbors Odette and Paul Martignac to a big Sunday lunch. The Martignacs are what people in Paris would call *petits hobereaux*—little provincial nobles. They live in a château down by the Vézère, and possess a title on Odette's side and a Gaullist officer on Paul's, and are a couple with "*un peu de race*," as Fernande puts it. They always drive to the farm in a 1967 Peugeot, but they like to look as if they had been out hunting and had just dismounted—in hacking jackets and jeans and leather riding boots. The Pelletiers, for their part, dress for the occasion. Georges puts on his Sunday suit, and Fernande puts on the outfit she copied from a picture in *Le Pèlerin* six years ago—a yellow-and-green plaid kilt and a dark-green blouse to go with it. As soon as she says hello, she covers her outfit up with her old nylon housecoat and starts stirring and beating and basting in the kitchen, and never thinks to remove the housecoat until the Martignacs are gone.

The Martignacs are important farmers for Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont. They have corn and wheat, and thirty acres just in walnut trees—that means a harvest of thirty tons a year to dispose of—and Paul Martignac has even been to California to look at some of the astonishing walnut farms where the trees are tended by machines and the nuts are dried in forty-eight hours. The nuts taste terrible, he says, but by now they sell as well as the Martignacs' nuts, because nobody else seems to care about the difference. Someone in California told Martignac about the Diamond Nut Company, which produces eighty thousand more tons of walnuts in a year than all the

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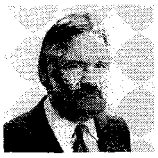

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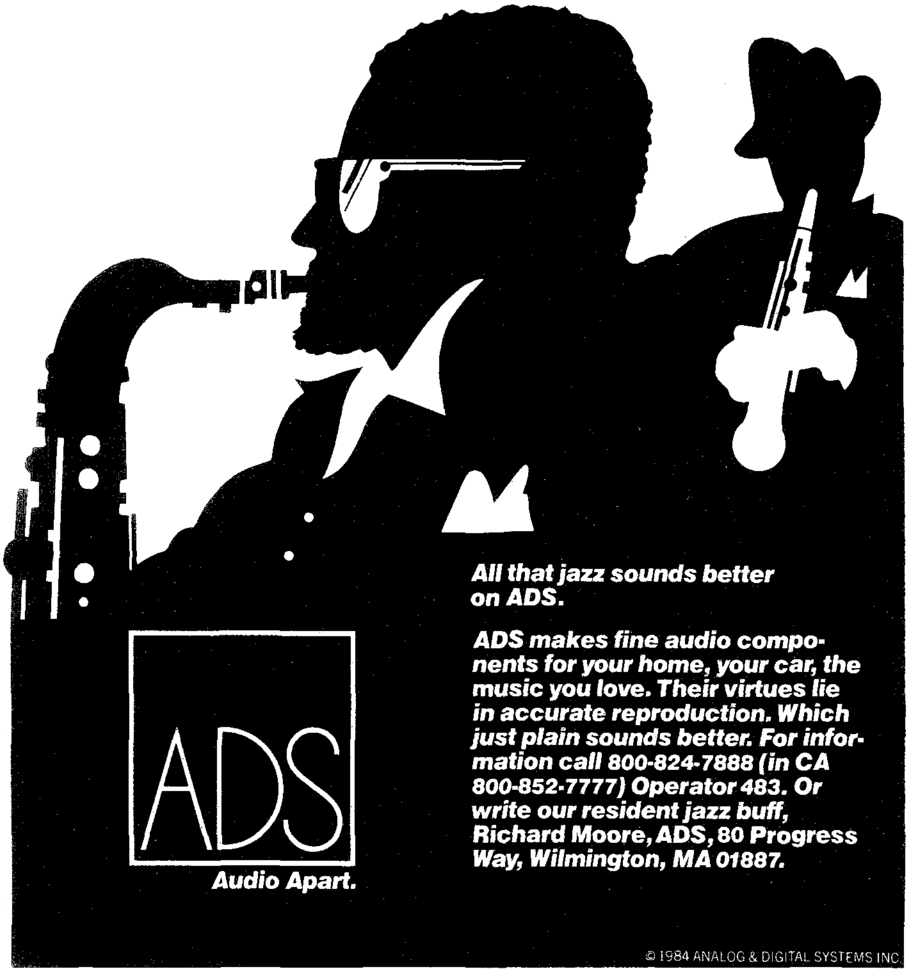
farms in France put together, and he has been depressed about this ever since he came home to Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont. He worries about his farm, and about the family furniture and the family portraits on his walls. There are robbers around Sainte-Lucie—*brocanteurs* who arrive at night in trucks and make off with your antiques to sell at flea markets to important Paris dealers—but Martignac says that, given the nut competition from California, he will never be able to afford alarms for his château and will have to depend on his aging cocker spaniel, Irène, to defend his treasures. Thinking about his pictures and his Louis XV candlesticks and his set of twenty-four dining-room chairs that may or may not have put in time at Fontainebleau makes him nervous when he is out at the Pelletiers', say, having Sunday lunch, but he always accepts their invitation and is always easy with them and talks a lot and exchanges local gossip and enjoys Fernande's cooking. He and Odette, who is a handsome woman with long black hair in a bun and her mother's emeralds pinned to her hacking jacket, do not acknowledge Pierre Lagorce at the Pelletiers' table. Martignac consults with Georges about the weather and the crops and the criminals in Mitterrand's government, and Odette Martignac talks to Fernande about food, and the women exchange recipes, and then everybody compares the Martignacs' strawberry wine with the Pelletiers' walnut wine and gets a little drunk and barely notices that Pierre Lagorce has started talking, too. Sunday lunch at the Pelletiers' runs from noon till three or four in the afternoon when there is company. It begins with fresh foie gras and Fernande's foie-gras pâté, and then, if it is the mushroom season, there is a gratin of *cèpes* and maybe a mushroom tart, too, and afterward one of Fernande's fat ducks or a corn-fed chicken from the yard, and cheese, of course, and the glazed apple turnover from her grandmother's recipe book (which is often charred now that Fernande is teaching Clémentine to make it) and an ice-cream bombe with two flavors in the middle. There is wine from the *cave*, and, after dessert, cognac and Armagnac and coffee and, always, a plate of ordinary chocolates that Fernande drives all the way to Brive to buy at the confectioner's, and, being the only part of the meal she pays for, are what she assumes has made it special.

Judith Shahn

Fernande likes having company. Eight years ago, she added a big new room to the farmhouse to be her company room, and fixed it up until, to her mind, it was just like the living room the young vicomtesse from Paris had put together when she bought Lagorce's château. Fernande had helped the vicomtesse with that room—she had unpacked the plates and the pictures and the walnut side tables and had fitted together the stone fireplace that the vicomtesse had found, in pieces, at a convent auction—and once they had got the room in order and Fernande was used to everything in it being so old she decided to admire the room as much as she admired the vicomtesse. Actually, Fernande would have preferred a modern room for herself, something easy to wipe down, but not long afterward—it was a year when her sheep were selling well—she asked Georges and Pierre Lagorce to strip the beams and the tiles from two old barns on the farm, and went out looking for a stone fireplace of her own and a brass chandelier for the ceiling. Her room looked a little bare, though, so she improved on the vicomtesse's salon. She bought smoked glass for the windows, so that everything outside was blurry and romantic, and you couldn't see the old machines and the tractor in the barnyard. She ordered fringed lampshades from a farm-wife catalogue, and velvet armchairs the color of tarragon mustard, and a couple of brand-new "Oriental" rugs that were much more cheerful than the vicomtesse's faded carpets, and after Maurice got married she added seven rubber plants that Georges's sister had sent as a wedding present, tied with pink-and-white taffeta bows and trailing ribbons on the floor.

Fernande thinks the room is perfect now, but she never uses it if the family is alone. When the telephone in the room rings, she stands to answer it and talk; she is not really comfortable in her velvet chairs—the way she would not be comfortable in one of the twenty-four chairs in the Martignacs' dining room. Odette Martignac has never invited the Pelletiers for a Sunday lunch at her house, and if she did Fernande would feel awkward and embarrassed and would never invite the Martignacs to the farm again. The rules in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont are severe, though probably less so to the people who follow them than to the people who try to write them down, and according to those rules a *châtelain*—Fernande considers the Martignacs *châtelains*—can visit a peasant in the peasant's house and sit comfortably at his table but the peasant can never sit down at the *châtelain's* table without doing a curious kind of damage to their relations. There is a common culture in France, and Fernande can open a family album begun in 1847 and read her great-grandmother's notes for scalloping a sheet or making a chestnut mousse or the fine menu for her mother's confirmation, in 1913, but what is shared is not class but appreciation. Appreciation and discretion and delicacy and assurance. Fernande's mother has a great deal of delicacy. She is eighty years old, and beautiful, and her face, framed by the black scarf and the collar of the long black cardigan she put on when M. Tricart died, is delicate, and so are the flutter of her hands and her laugh, like a chirp, whenever something funny or outrageous is happening in the house—whenever, say, Pierre Lagorce starts talking. Sometimes she says she wishes she had "gone" with M. Tricart, but there is nothing morbid about her. She feels not so much out of place as out of her proper time in the house she used to manage. When she is thinking about M. Tricart, she will disappear into the *cave* and dust the dining-room furniture that was part of her dowry—and that Fernande uses now for storing preserves and drying apples. There is a table of blackened oak, and there are two massive sideboards with little doors and balconies and pillars all over them which Mme. Tricart calls her Henri II sideboards, because that was how the man in the furniture store described them in 1926, when she and *her* mother went shopping for something that nobody in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont was apt to have. She has never understood why Odette Martignac looked so disappointed after she climbed down into the *cave* to see the sideboards for herself. Mme. Tricart comes from Limoges and is the only one in the family who has ever—if the word applies—travelled. Once a year, when she was a bride, she used to leave Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont for Limoges to see her father, who was a carter and carried barrels of wine from the great Bordeaux châteaux to the Limoges merchants. Now she never travels. She rarely goes out of the house at all. She stays in the kitchen,



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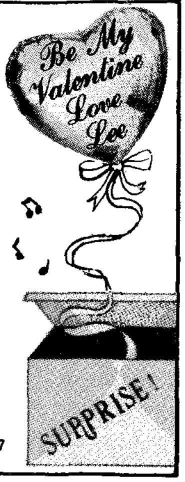
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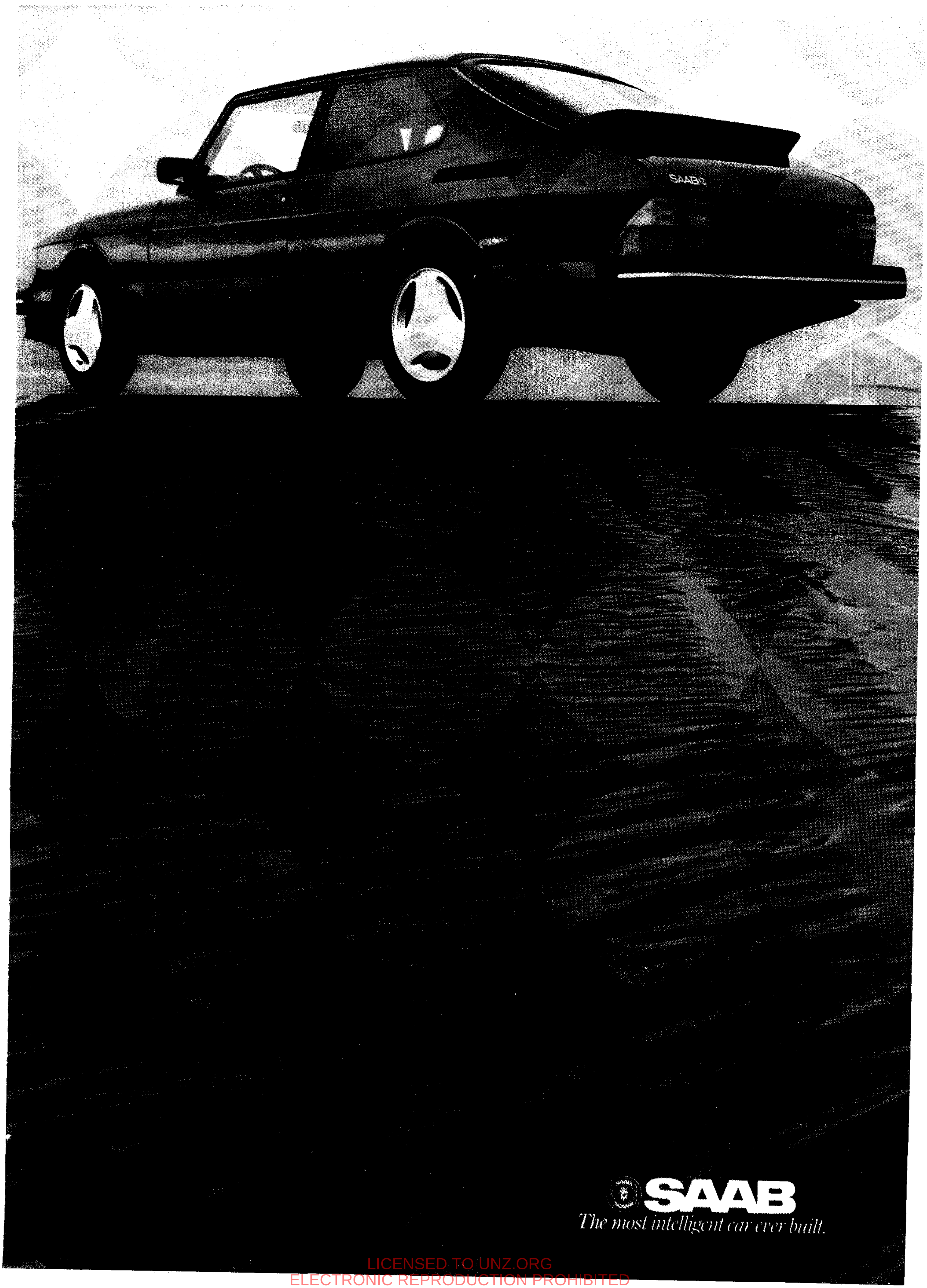
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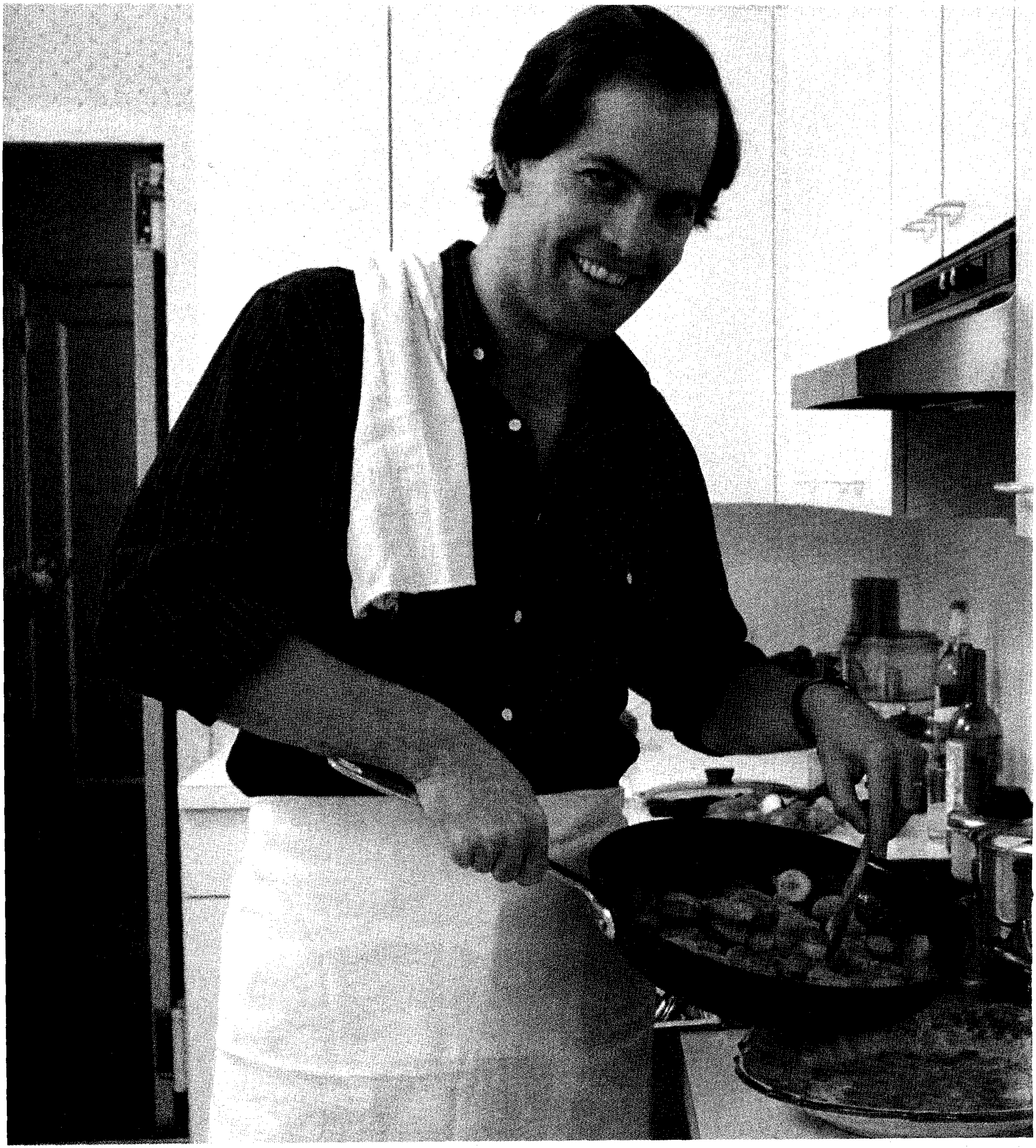

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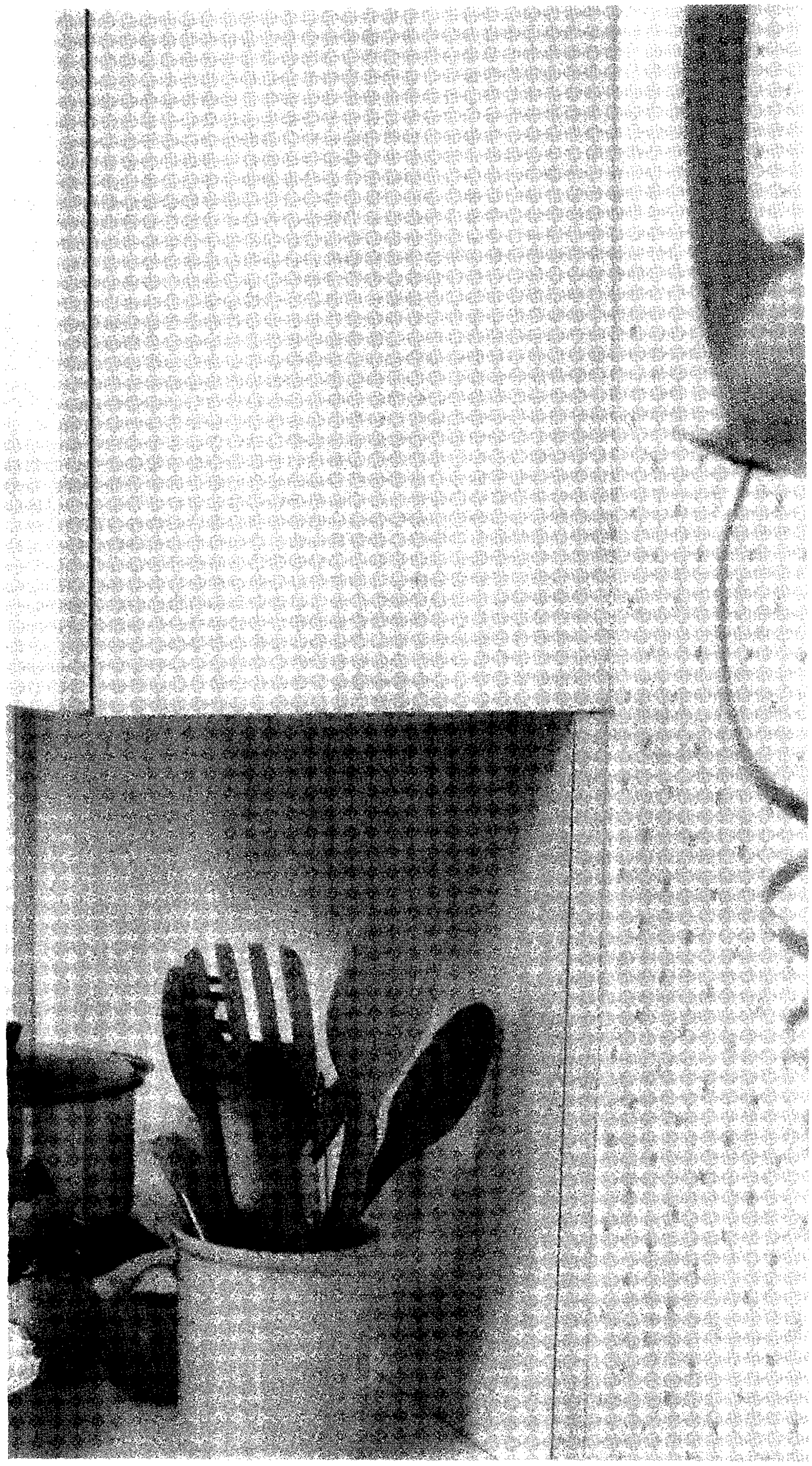

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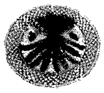

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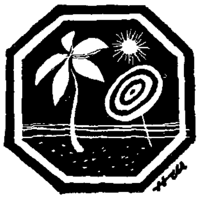
cooking or knitting or looking at the pictures in *Le Pèlerin* or daydreaming. When there is company, and the Pelletiers are eating in their big new room, she will join them as long as she can sit at the place nearest the kitchen door, and the only thing she insists on anymore is that the television set stay in the kitchen, so she can watch "Dallas" and "Dynasty" from her old chair at the foot of the kitchen table. Her only excursions now are her annual visits to the *notaire*, Maître Prot, who is nearly eighty, too. She admires Maître Prot for his clarity. She still talks about the day her husband bought his first tractor and Maître Prot came out to the farm himself and explained so beautifully what "depreciating one's tractor" meant: he told Olivier Tricart to think of the tractor as if it were the oxen that used to pull his plow and lived for twenty years and lost a little of their value every year as they got older.

Last fall, Maître Prot sat behind his big Empire desk in Sainte-Lucie and received Fernande and her mother and talked with tears in his eyes about "*vous braves paysans*." Maître Prot was born in Sainte-Lucie, and he could see what happened to his old friends when an agricultural adviser arrived from Toulouse or Limoges or one of the other big towns and told them to raise beef, and, on his next visit, to forget beef and grow tobacco, and then, when tobacco prices fell, to switch to grazing sheep—that is, until cheap lamb started coming in from England, and he had to come back and explain that there had been a *petite erreur*, and that he should have said walnuts or snails or foie gras. Maître Prot was the mayor of Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont for a long time. It was during his last year at the *mairie* that the local chapter of the big farmers' union, the Fédération Nationale des Syndicats d'Exploitants Agricoles, joined a roadblock against trucks carrying foreign meat through the Périgord. That was also the year some Sainte-Lucie farmers tried to do what the farmers down in Cahors had done to protest against the foreign meat—drive their sheep to the prefecture and open the door and let the animals in. Maître Prot did not know what to advise Fernande then, and he did not know what to advise her in December, when she and her mother came for their yearly visit and Fernande announced, suddenly, how much she missed her sheep and said she was unhappy in a barn feeding ducks, even with a daughter-in-law to do it for her. He told Fernande that she could buy new sheep and feed them well and still lose so much money because of the *concurrence* that she would have to sell them—and then discover in a year or two that French lamb was in demand again. Right now, the government was paying farmers about fifteen hundred francs for every milk cow they slaughtered, and Maître Prot wondered what was going to happen when people needed milk again and raising cows was profitable and those farmers who had worried about a surplus in 1984 had slaughtered all the cows they had.



There is no doubt that Fernande and the other farmers in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont could plan better and work better and get the kind of quality in their meat and produce which may be their one hope against the dizzying competition from abroad. Fernande knows this, but she also knows that life was much simpler for a farmer when Maître Prot and her father were young men. The smart young farmers today are trained to plan better and work better, and even so—unless their farms are enormous—they eventually have to forget about raising cows or sheep or planting their own wheat, and turn their barns into feed hotels for strangers' animals on their way from their mothers' milk to the slaughterhouse. That kind of work is shaming to a real farmer, and in the end it is not much more secure than keeping a pasture full of Charolais cows and a bull in the barn and raising their own calves. They borrow to begin with. They buy too much feed or too many machines or take on too many animals. Like their parents, they end up fattening veal or lambs on ninety-day contracts or stuffing ducks or geese with corn for foie gras or incubating snails, and then discovering that it is the wrong market for veal or baby lambs or ducks or snails. They are left with rusty machines and three loan payments a year to make to the Crédit Agricole so that no one will come to claim those machines or the cars and television sets and electric stoves that were bought so proudly on expectations of a good life.

This year, Fernande is paying the interest on two bank loans. She is paying what amounts to seven hundred dollars in taxes to Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont and a land tax of four hundred

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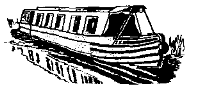

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dollars to the village of Sainte-Lucie, which is a cantonal seat with eight incorporated hamlets like Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont, and a population of twelve hundred, and she is paying a house tax and a tax to a town forty miles away to which Sainte-Lucie is attached for obscure bureaucratic purposes, and another two thousand dollars for social security and health insurance. She could pay less if she itemized her taxes. Clémentine—who is happiest when she can sit on one of the velvet chairs in the company room with Fernande's ledger in her lap, adding and subtracting and in general savoring the numbers that belong to Maurice's family—wants to prepare a proper tax form for her mother-in-law, with columns and calculations, but Fernande wants to sign the simplest standard form the state provides and have done with it. She is like her father in this; she wants the last word when she is doing business with the government. She knows that someone in Paris is bound to check her taxes if Clémentine complicates them—and deprive her of the great pleasure of cheating on her declaration.

LATELY, Fernande has been thinking a lot about the way she ended up at home on her father's farm—by now a kind of father to the family, too. She loves the highland of the Périgord, with its dips and its rises and the patches of landscape that catch her storybook memories and make her wait for the knights of some imaginary gentle time to pitch their pointed tents and start their games while their ladies wave pretty scarves and sigh. She loves the riverbanks and the old steel bridge in Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont, and even the weather that is always turning. Sometimes she feels the appropriateness of her life on the land, and then when she talks about it she is blunt and eloquent and sentimental—and I think of Millet, who painted peasants like her and talked about how planting wheat and sowing potatoes was noble. There are other times when Fernande shrugs and says that there was nothing for her to do but farm. She was a schoolgirl during the war, and was sent off with the other village girls to a convent in the hills while their mothers stayed home with the animals and their fathers either were taken prisoner of war or were put to work in factories or disappeared into the Resistance. There were nights when she heard German soldiers on the road and German guns in the distance, and once she and her friends at the convent saw a group of farmers run out of the woods and dynamite a bridge along the Germans' route. She remembers the nuns' telling them that Germans had stopped at Oradour-sur-Glane, up in the Haute-Vienne, and shut the women and children in a church and killed them all, and how after that, whenever there were steps on the road at night, they hid in the cold *caves* of the convent, too terrified of the rats to cry. She was fifteen when she came home to Sainte-Lucie-le-Pont, and, she likes to say, she was "*très, très collet monté*"—very straitlaced and prudish. For a while, the only times she saw her neighbors were Sunday mornings, when the family walked the three miles down from the farm to the village church. Then her grandmother died, and she was in mourning for a year, and then her grandfather died, and she was in mourning for another year, and finally another grandfather died, and one of her uncles, too—which meant that Fernande Tricart wore black and stayed at home until she was nearly twenty-five and met Georges Pelletier at a neighbor's wedding. He was the first young man in the house since the family had put away its mourning bands, and Fernande wondered when there would be another—and told her father to settle the marriage contract. She wanted to have a wedding with bridesmaids and a trainbearer and a hundred farmers dancing, like the one the neighbor had. When the wedding was over, and she had been to Lourdes and collected her blessing, she settled down to her old duties on the farm and took her orders from her father until he died and she started giving the orders herself. It may be that she has kept her hair red all these years—even though the sun on the dye turns it orange and gives it strange metallic splotches—in order to keep her future open. When this year's Ministry of Agriculture adviser came to the farm and told her that the Israelis were now exporting foie gras to France—cheap foie gras, which could ruin the market for Fernande's foie gras—Fernande just smiled at him and offered him a glass of her walnut wine and said that she was not going to be discouraged or confused, the way she was sometimes when she turned on the evening news and heard about its costing France more money to give away food surpluses to people starving in Ethiopia than to let them rot at home. She told him she knew all about how French farmers should cut their harvests and reduce their costs. She had read (she thinks it was in *La France Agricole*) that less than fifteen per cent of the farmers in France study anything at all, let alone farming, after high school, but she did not know why studying was so important when the ducks that Pierre Lagorce had lifted *hors sol* were doing just as well as the ducks that Maurice, with his year on a scientific farm, was raising on the barn floor.

France right now accounts for about a third of Europe's food, and in Fernande's part of France wealth *is* food, not killing your cows or cutting back your harvest. Fernande believes that she is rich when her granaries are full and her animals are having babies. Her sense of who she is is something she can measure directly against the corn in her cribs and the dry tobacco plants hanging in her sheds. She would never vote for a Socialist, but the fact is that the only Agriculture Minister she has approved of since Edgard Pisani was Mitterrand's first Minister of Agriculture, Édith Cresson, because Mme. Cresson stood up to the union that was protecting the interests of the big farmers, and spoke for the farmers like Fernande, and for *their* land and the dignity of *their* commitment. Édith Cresson was not a realist. The average French farm is about sixty acres; by the end of the century, it will be ninety or a hundred, and, as the people at the Ministry here in Paris say, "the farm pyramid will turn over"—by which they mean that there will be bigger farms and fewer farmers, and that those farmers will be specializing in the kinds of experiments they learned about in agricultural schools. They will know how to produce a pig like the pigs in China, which have five more piglets in a litter than French pigs do, or hybrid corn like the corn in America. There will be discipline in French farming then. Competition will be harsh, and a farm will survive on its cost-plus figures, not on the courage of its farmers.

—JANE KRAMER

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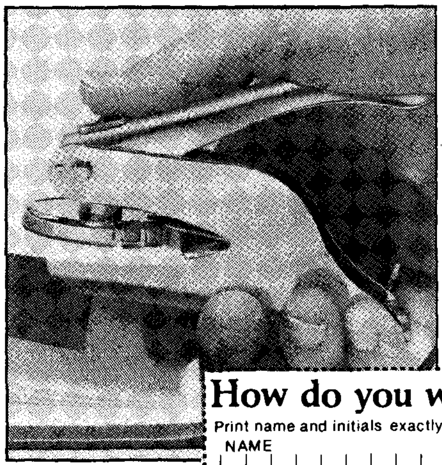

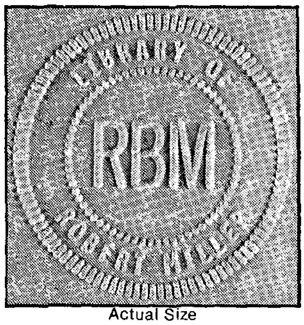

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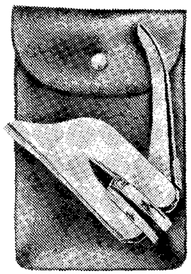

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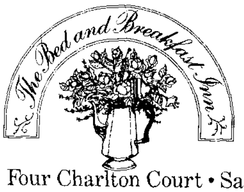
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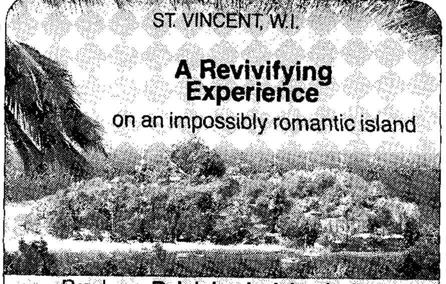

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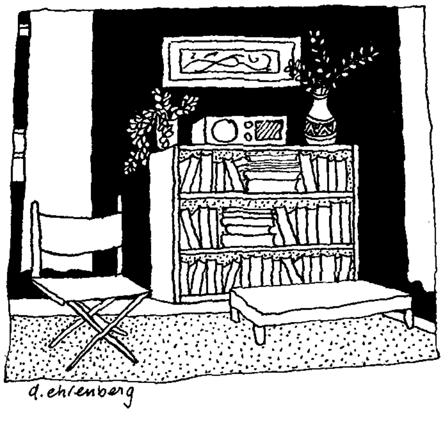
BOOKS

Quiddities

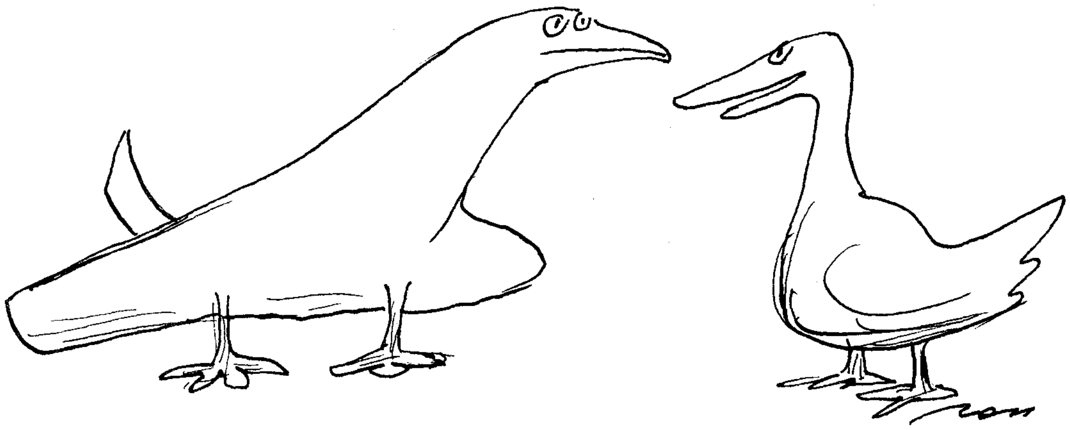
Thomas Mallon's "A Book of One's Own: People and Their Diaries" (Ticknor & Fields; $15.95) is a survey of diaries that have been kept and published over the centuries here and abroad. It is inclusive—a bibliography at the end runs to eight and a half pages of small type—but not a bit long-winded. It is learned but never pedantic. It is also charming, diverting, and exceptionally intelligent. The book is literary criticism, yet it is something more—a knowing, sympathetic, but not soppy commentary on humanity, in which the author, who teaches English at Vassar, shares what he has learned from human beings' records of their own lives. He has concluded, for instance, that all diarists, whether they recognize it or not, hope to be read someday, although not necessarily by anybody they know or can describe. One future reader who benefits is the diarist's older self. Mr. Mallon opens, disarmingly, with glances into his own diaries, which show him, at twenty-two, swinging from verbose self-pity to crisp elation in less than a month. Here he embodies a truth that he tells us he discovered by reading Virginia Woolf's diaries: "In diaries, as in life, people are much more changeable than they are in novels."

Mr. Mallon finds that diaries teach him to "avoid sentimentalizing the past." When Parson Woodforde mentions the anxiety about highwaymen which was common in eighteenth-century England, Mr. Mallon gently counters any romantic or sentimental notion of these antique malefactors by suggesting that in two hundred years readers of our diaries may think " 'muggers' quaint." Diaries may also counter our fantasy that if we were transplanted to the past we would grasp the grandeur or importance of a moment or a person. In fact, any of us might resemble Elizabeth, the wife of Admiral Sir Thomas Fremantle, who wrote of meeting Lord Nelson, "I find it looks shocking to be without one arm." Point-missers abound at all times and places. William Allingham, for example, a minor poet whose passion was to be accepted socially by great poets, has left us lifelike portraits—home movies, really—of Tennyson and Browning in the act of trying to shake him off, but it is not clear whether this social burr wholly appreciated what he was recording.

Mr. Mallon has grouped the diarists under headings that are often illuminating. "Chroniclers," for instance, brings together Pepys and George Templeton Strong, who described their worlds and times as well as themselves. Under "Apologists"—diarists who write to maintain the rightness of their cause, their opinions, or their actions—we find Trotsky and Lindbergh as well as an accomplished toady, a place-hunting politician of the reign of George II, George Bubb Dodington, who took pride in his artful grovelling. In "Prisoners," Anne Frank is followed by Albert Speer. Mr. Mallon introduces "Creators" by reminding us that many writers and artists have kept commonplace books—collections of miscellaneous extracts—which began in the Middle Ages as assemblages of recipes and prayers and quotations from books. He thinks that in modern times a commonplace book almost inevitably becomes a notebook, and often becomes a diary, because a quotation or an anecdote evokes an immediate response, whether or not it will become the motif or the germ of a work of art. (The Goncourts, copious diarists themselves, complained that Victor Hugo carried a notebook and wrote down his own bright sayings at parties.) An early commonplace book with some of the characteristics of a diary was kept by a law student named John Manningham at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Manningham collected jokes. He preserved witty sayings that were circulating in London—paradoxes of John Donne and mots of Marston, Spenser, and Greene, and one by Shakespeare—and he explained the plot of "Twelfth Night," which he thought very funny. Manningham was storing future enjoyment; comedy has always been precious, because it is difficult and scarce.



One can hardly think of a pithier summary of a drawback of fame than Degas's: "There is a sort of shame in being known especially by people who don't understand you." Mr. Mallon tries to step back and show off his diarists, yet despite his modesty and his conversational style, readers will spot his own shrewdness, as in a comment on a sentence from the adolescent diaries of Karen Horney, in which she begins to judge herself: "One can hear the girl turning into the doctor right at the comma." He remarks on the similarities between reading Dag Hammarskjöld's "Markings" and seeing an Ingmar Bergman movie. Hammarskjöld appears under "Pilgrims"—diarists whose purpose is to record their spiritual development. Diary-keeping first became popular (if that is not too light an adjective) in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries among Puritan clergymen, who kept diaries to examine their consciences. In this section, among such saintly spirits as Pope John XXIII, Mr. Mallon includes Dr. Ira Progoff, a contemporary American who teaches a method of diarizing to build the muscles of one's personality and improve one's prospects in this world; Dr. Progoff's resolute optimism might have had little meaning for some of the diarists in this book—a deserted wife in the eighteen-twenties, say, or an underpaid stenographer a century later. Mr. Mallon's range is deliberately wide. He shows us the pathetic as well as the triumphant, the humble as well as the grand. He mentions a seventeenth-century master who tabulated the faults of his servants, and quotes a nineteenth-century footman on the failings of his employers. In the past, diaries were particularly important to women, who were not encouraged to express themselves publicly, and women's diaries now make a valuable source of social history. If one is struck by the vitality of some of the invalids who wrote their diaries out of the will to build their own monuments, one is yet more astonished



“Did anyone ever tell you that you look like the Concorde?”

• •

at the energy of the nineteenth-century American women who chronicled their cross-country (or cross-wilderness) journeys in wagon trains to the Far West—their days might begin with fighting off Indians, rounding up animals, and getting breakfast (if there was any food), but they still had the strength to pick up their diaries.

When I was a youngster, my ambition was to be just like all the other little girls I knew, and I was in my teens before I realized that my goal was impossible. One day, unguardedly but quite seriously, I objected to a friend’s proposal for an excursion, “But Thursday is blunt.” My friend demurred. “No, it isn’t. Thursday is spongy.” We amazed each other. Neither had imagined the other, since each of us could perceive the world only her own way—the one shaped, the other textured—and each thought that how she saw *was*. Our own individuality often prevents us from suspecting others’ individuality. It seems to me that the unimaginableness of others is worsened by the official and practical classifications to which we are all subjected nowadays and which often pretend to define us. Twentieth-century women who are dancers in New York City might conceivably constitute a small common market for direct-mail solicitation, but such a commercial sorting does not tell us, as their diaries do, that Martha Graham and Toni Bentley are very different—and that neither resembles another member of Mr. Mallon’s corps de ballet, Nijinsky. Perhaps Mr. Mallon’s most conclusive demonstration of our mutual opaqueness is a pair of travel diaries kept by two old friends, C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and Henry Parry Liddon, who crossed Europe and visited Russia together. Their itineraries agree, but otherwise the journals reflect two different experiences and two different valuations of experience; Liddon, for example, was impressed enough to tell his diary that Dodgson was moved to tears by the beauty of Cologne Cathedral, but Dodgson didn’t tell his diary that he wept.

By bringing together so many diverse people at their most candid—often they are more candid than they know—Mr. Mallon offers us a glimpse of human possibility we could get no other way. The value of diaries—and especially of this book about diaries—is that each unique statement reminds us that every one of us is filled with an unguessable quiddity. One might say that diaries teach us that the most orthodox believer is a heretic, the most socially adept person an eccentric, because of his inescapable, insuppressible, original self. Mr. Mallon’s book impels us to look at our peers with anticipation. Each of us is a surprise for everyone else.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOW FAR SHE WENT, by Mary Hood (University of Georgia; $13.95). “Melodies low and private as lullaby”: these are what the country girl of “A Country Girl” sings, and are a fair description of Mary Hood’s writing at its best. The nine stories’ settings, all Southern and smaller-than-small-town, tend to be low and private places, enveloped in “the Nu-Grape scent of kudzu”—places where women keep one ear cocked for the roar of a young man’s motorcycle or the drone of an old man’s car, and where crows call “Mom! Mom!” and jays cry “Thief!” “His brick-red wake stood tall as a two-story house,” Mary Hood writes of a hasty outsider, and the contemptuous words, satisfying to pronounce, linger in the air like the clay his car has stirred up. Other precise phrases—old socks “chafed into lace at heel and toe,” Life Savers “tasting of the scented depths” of a gloomy mother’s purse—suggest a tenderness, or at least a soreness, in low and private places, and go far to explain why this book has won the Flannery O’Connor Award for short fiction.

ENGLISH CREEK, by Ivan Doig (Atheneum; $15.95). John Angus (Jick) McCaskill looks back to the summer of 1939, when he was going on fifteen in the little ranching community of English Creek, in the mountain country of northern Montana. His father is the forest ranger (and a dedicated one) for that region; his mother is sharp of tongue and stout of heart; his eighteen-year-old brother Alec has (to his parents’ consternation) decided against college in favor of a local girl and a cowboy job. Jick’s summer includes a lamb-counting jaunt with his father, a Fourth of July rodeo and square dance, a month of haying, and a big forest fire, and he recalls these events and his musings on them in the leisurely drawl and jocular idiom of that time and place (“as tidy as spats on a rooster”). Mr. Doig is himself a native Montanan. The English Creek country he writes about is only partly fictional, and most of his fictional events—especially his old-timers’ tales—have a basis in the history of that region. Local history is, in fact, a characteristic of most contemporary Western fiction. There are few surprises here—of character or scene or observation. There is, however, a pervasive warmth, a gentleness, an affection for those long-distant Depression years and the toughness, the innocence, and the sense of community that they shaped.

Other Women, by Lisa Alther (Knopf; $15.95). Raindrops roll like tears down a windshield in the first paragraph of this fatuous novel about a suicidally confused nurse, mother, and glutton for punishment, born of compulsive do-gooders, who goes "spelunking in the caverns of the psyche" and then, having "sorted through the canceled checks in her memory bank," slashes "through the tangled jungle of her past with a machete of renunciation"—all this in the state whose motto is "Live Free or Die." Meanwhile, her psychotherapist, who is old enough to be her mother and wise enough not to become her lover, goes plumbing once a week, at the rate of thirty-five dollars an hour, in those same caves. After a few of their weekly hours, she compares her patient—who identifies herself with role models from Maid Marian to Clara Barton—to "a potato plant after you plucked off Colorado potato beetles." In the last paragraph, spring has sprung: the sky is overcast, but the trees are covered with buds.

GENERAL

Writing Lives: Principia Biographica, by Leon Edel (Norton; $15.95). An elegant and beguiling distillation of a noted biographer's thoughts on biography. The book combines some of Mr. Edel's earlier essays, reworked and rethought, with new material, and includes a history of the art of biography since Boswell, criticism of some of the best-known biographers, and tips for the biographer on the proper uses of psychological theory and on problems posed in recent years by archives that overdocument the lives of great men and women. Since Mr. Edel maintains that biography is a branch of literature, it is not surprising that his favorite lives have been written by very good writers; his appreciation of—for one example—Virginia Woolf's life of Roger Fry helps the reader see more clearly the reasons for that work's success as art and as fact.

A Woman's Life in the Court of the Sun King: Letters of Liselotte von der Pfalz, Elisabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orléans, 1652-1722, translated from the French and with an introduction by

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Elborg Forster (Johns Hopkins; $25). In 1671, when she was nineteen, the author of these letters, the daughter of the Elector of the Palatinate, was married for reasons of state to "Monsieur," the Duke of Orléans, Louis XIV's younger brother. This volume is a selection from her copious correspondence with her German relatives, whom she was never to see again. Her husband, an extravagant homosexual, spent her money on his boyfriends, who attempted to blacken her reputation and isolate her at court. She had no control over policy: after the death of her father and brother, Louis claimed the Palatinate in her name, ravaged it, and kept the money he extracted. Her life was regulated by his tyranny: she was not free to travel or to leave the court. Her most cherished correspondent was her aunt the Electress Sophia of Hanover (the mother of George I of England), a cultivated, affectionate woman with whom the Duchess had lived during her girlhood, and to whom she confided not only her doings but her feelings. The Duchess was an outdoor woman, with common sense, a liking for arts and letters, and an appreciation of ideas; Leibniz was an occasional correspondent. She was fond of popular songs: "In France one can find out about every period from songs . . . They are a much better way to learn about the court than the history books; for . . . in the songs they sing what is really going on." Although she lived in a period of religious war and religious persecution, she concluded, "The fundamental tenets of Christianity are the same in all Christian religions. The differences are only a matter of priests' squabbles, which are never the business of gentlefolk." Her most intelligent decision was to shun the court physicians, whose remedies were fatal to so many members of the French royal house. She survived her entire splendid generation, writing away, gossiping to people who were but memories —a woman too entertaining to be forgotten and too robust to be tragic.

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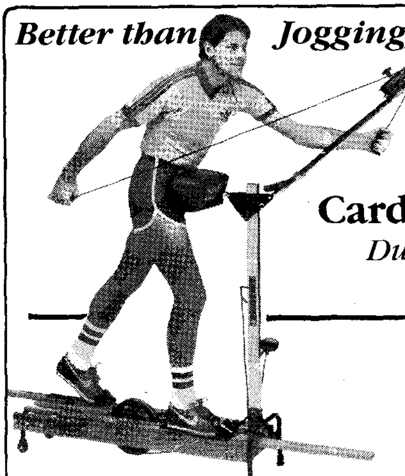

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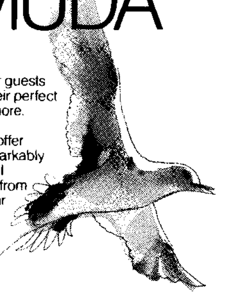

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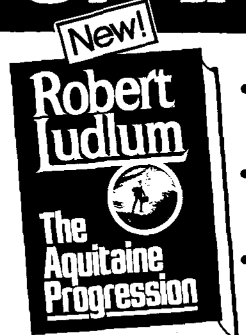

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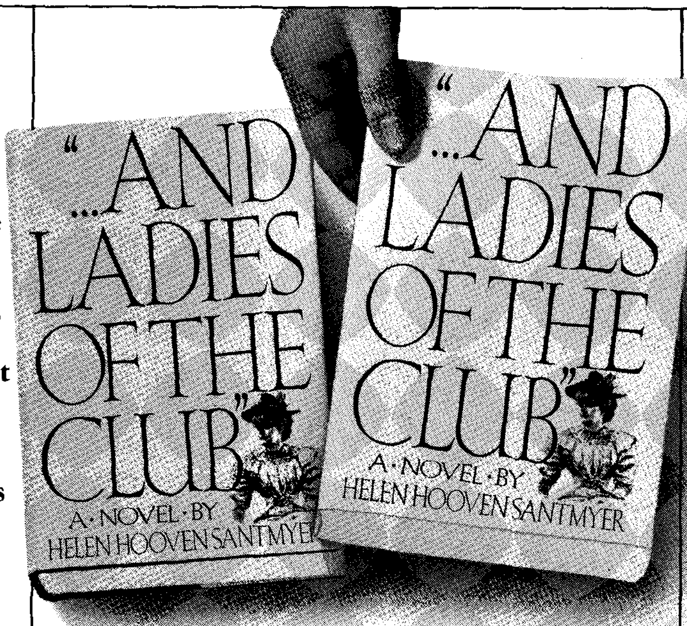

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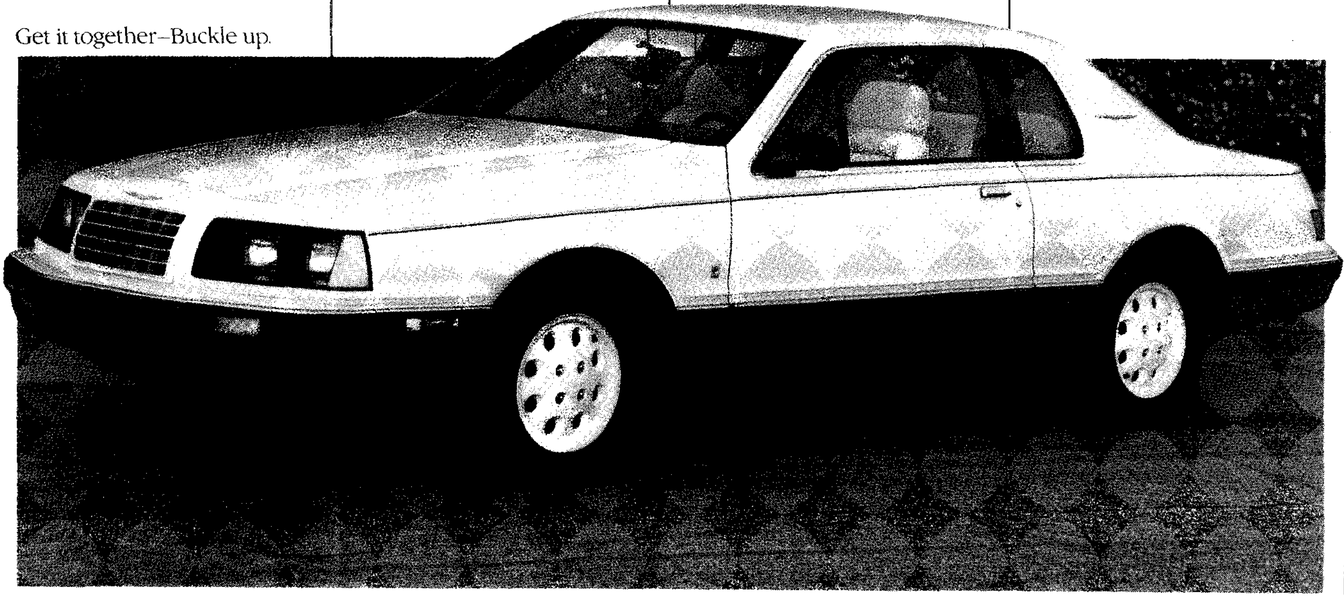

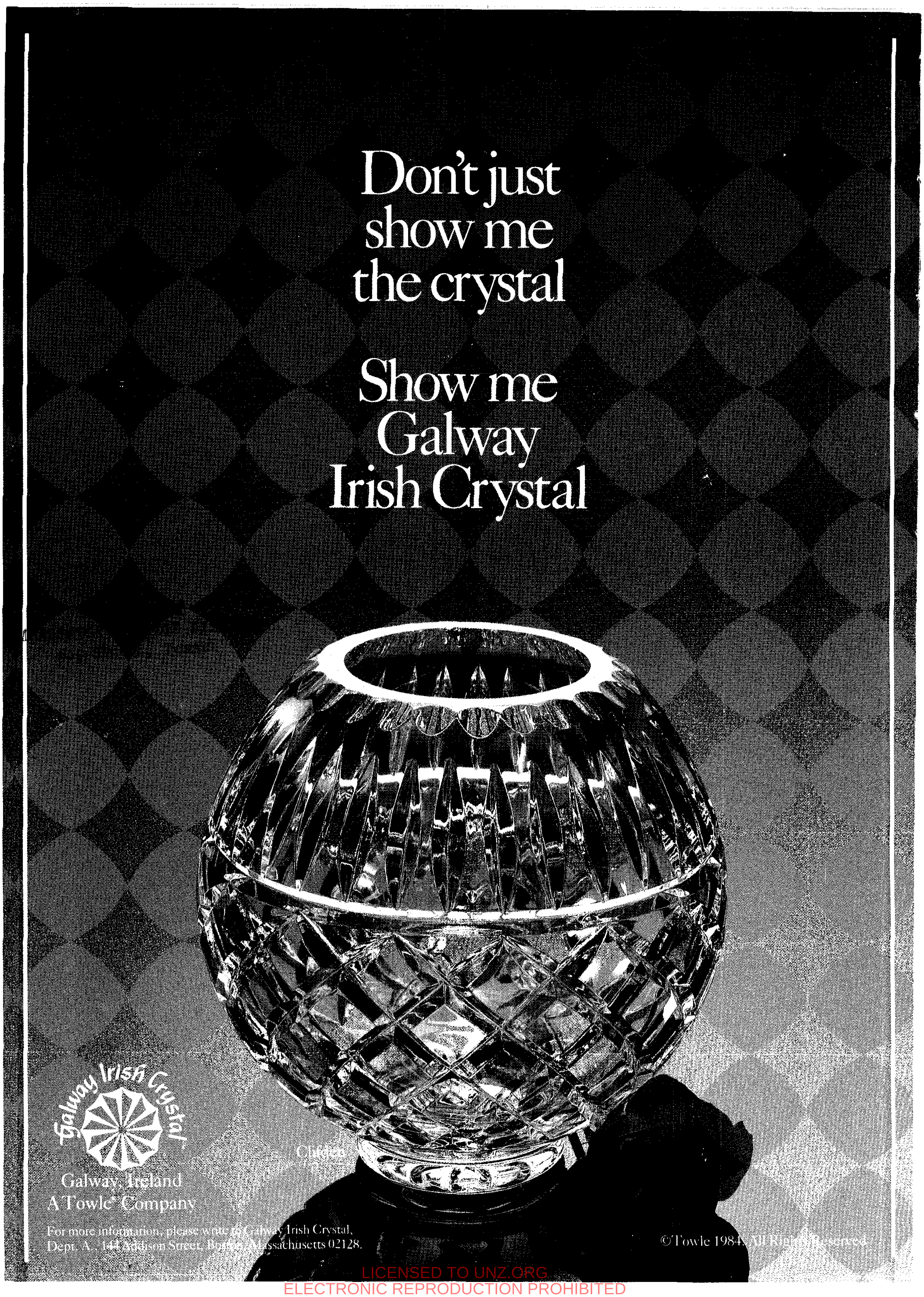

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